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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 526.—OCTOBER, 1935.

Art. 1.—ORIGINS.

Origins and Development of Applied Chemistry. By
J. R. Partington, D.Sc. Longmans, 1935.

IF all the museums of antiquities in the world were one museum, this book would serve as a *catalogue raisonné* of the contents. No book so complete has yet been written, and none will be required until new discoveries shall have been disinterred. The work has been done with a thoroughness traditionally accredited to the Teutonic professorial mind and alien to English thought. The purpose of the author is to give a wide and particular survey of the origin and increasing use of material things in all the ancient civilisations. They are traced to their sources, and the history of those regions is succinctly but adequately set forth. The writing occupies 597 large pages beautifully printed; the text alone demands 532 pages, and the indexes 65 pages more. These indexes contain over five thousand items. They indicate, in separate categories, authors and publications, persons and nations, places, subjects, and Greek terms employed. The list of authors and publications fills fifty long columns. For the skill and diligence which this compilation required the author gives the credit to his wife, herself a Master of Science, a product of the laboratory where so many modern scientists find their wives. There are 7,000 numbered footnotes, many containing more than one citation, so that the number of single references probably exceeds 25,000. It is too easy for an author to construct a bibliography of multiple and trivial references to the same authority; but Dr Partington assures us that he

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has verified this information at the source and has presented it in the original form.

In dealing with a subject so ancient and so erudite, he is obliged to use many foreign words. To forestall criticism he has stated the principles by which he strove to secure conformity with modern usage; and if they seem strange it is only because they are modern, that is, established within the present century. In Hebrew words the evanescent vowels are given as *ä* and *ë* instead of with the small letters commonly used; but familiar names are written as in the English Bible. Assyrian words follow Muss-Arnolt's dictionary; Arabic words are as in the catalogue of the British Museum; the Egyptian alphabet is adopted from the hieroglyphic dictionary of Budge. The liberty taken with Greek names is more disconcerting: 'Demokritos,' 'Diodoros,' 'Achaian' will yet seem strange to the older readers.

Dr Partington is an authentic chemist. When a scientist abandons his laboratory and enters the library, there is a natural curiosity and a reasonable apprehension about the result that will emerge. Sir Isaac Newton's observations on the Apocalypse and his other excursions into theology and divinity are not so convincing as his conclusions upon the conduct of the material universe. One opened Dr Partington's book with a similar alarm. He is professor of chemistry in the University of London; he is a graduate of the celebrated Manchester school; there and in Berlin he engaged in chemical research for three years; for twenty-five years he has held academic posts, and was a valuable member of the staff in the Ministry of Munitions. More than that, he is a mathematician. In 1911 he published his 'Higher Mathematics,' in 1913 his 'Thermodynamics,' and in 1924, with Mr W. G. Shilling, 'The Specific Heat of Gases'; as well as one or two others which are not available at the moment. These are by no means books for the novice; but his subsequent writings on the Alkali Industry, with Mr L. H. Parker, in 1924, made his name familiar to all, even to laymen, who are interested in industrial chemistry. It may be said at once that with his new book he emerges from the library with fresh laurels and enhanced credit. Indeed, this massive work of ordered erudition gives pause to the least glib of all reviewers.

But the task must be faced. It is, after all, very simple. The business of a critic is that of a judge. The words 'critic' and 'judge' mean the same thing. Having freed his mind from casual likes and dislikes, from predilections and misconceptions, he has merely to discern what the writer, or other artist, is trying to do; if it is worth doing; and if it is well done. In the present case the answers are instant. Dr Partington has brought into small compass all the existing material of antiquity; he has presented it in a form readily accessible; he has carried out his intention, which was to make a separate survey and give a concise and systematic account of the sources, production, and use of materials employed in Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria, in the *Ægean*, Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine from the earliest time to the end of the Bronze Age. This limitation in time should be noted, although in many cases reference is made to more modern times. India and China receive only casual mention, as they lie somewhat apart in their technical processes and their records are presently more obscure. The order of procedure is to consider in detail for each of those civilisations the use of metals precious and useful, including gems; non-metals, including stone, ceramics and glass, pigments, salt, and other chemical substances; organic materials, with especial reference to their service in medicine, for cosmetic and other luxurious purposes.

The alarm felt in opening the book turns out to be groundless. It contains neither abstruse mathematics nor specific chemistry. Both of these sciences demand a technical language, and it is doubtful if that language is always completely understood even by the professors themselves. They lay themselves open to the charge directed by Voltaire against the Basques: when they converse they pretend to understand one another; but in reality they do not. By industry one can learn to read mathematical and even musical symbols, as one might learn Arabic; but modern chemistry has developed an expression of terms which to the uninitiated, lamentable to admit, is little more than an unintelligible and shifting jargon. There is a point, too, beyond which the higher mathematician cannot be followed even by the most expert pursuit. Consciously or unconsciously he seems

to lay traps ; to leave lapses in places that are possibly obscure to himself, or even with the whimsical intention of leading his pursuer astray. The truth probably is that a mathematician, or chemist, like any other artist, is led by intuitions that are inexplicable even by himself. He leaps from one orbit to another leaving no trace, like one of the electrons in his own atom. Bertrand Russell admitted to the present writer that whilst he understood and agreed with Mr Einstein's conclusions, he could not surely follow the steps by which they were reached ; but he was generous enough to admit that there were five men in Europe who pretended that they could follow him.

Dr Partington has, therefore, wisely refrained from the attempt to explain what cannot be explained. He has left that task to those physicists and astronomers who leave with the reader, although he is vastly entertained, the delusion that he understands, like a child who has finished the writings of Lemuel Gulliver and Jules Verne. One result which these modern writers have accomplished is to convince the public that some things are smaller and some larger than they thought they were. In this universe of smallness and vastness there is room for surmise and conjecture ; it is all a world of romance filled with metaphor and analogy and assumptions that may turn out to be false, as the basis of an imposing fabric. There is room, too, for the sentimental and the emotional which make them popular as novels, for whimsies that entertain and analogies that create a smile. As poetry it is excellent, but as science a philosophic scientist like Max Planck does not think very much of it.

The poets have always been at work upon the universe. They peopled it with deities corresponding with the various types of men. They gave their names to the heavenly bodies, Jupiter, Saturn, Mercury, Venus, Mars ; and endowed them with human qualities, with influences and passions like unto our own. Even Selene, the phlegmatic moon, was brought down to kiss the sleeping Endymion in his Latmian cave. But there has always been a protest that this is not science. The pseudo-Plato protests : *Continens autem omnia terra est*, to which the real Plato adds : Everything, even heaven and hell, is of this earth. Astro-physicists so eminent and enter-

taining as Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington write so well that they have excited a certain criticism in the minds of scientists who have no gift in literature. Their concepts are so vast and so alluring that unthinking readers assume they are identical, in spite of the protest of Dr J. W. A. Hickson that the writers are distinct, and becoming more so, as the thought of each develops. The one remains mathematical and his cosmogony pancosmic; the other leaves the impression that Nature is a pantheistic consort of an anthropomorphic god, both operating under *a priori* laws, although in the end Sir Arthur Eddington does suggest that the earth may not go around the sun but goes 'anyhow it likes,' as does a very old member on the golf-links. It has long been allowed that the sun does not go around the earth. And both of these scientists, it must be admitted, make excursions into metaphysics and theology, philosophic fields into which by inadequate training and experience they are not professionally qualified to adventure.

Forty years ago the molecule was the ultimate; it gave place to the atom, then to the electronic affair; but now the chemists are complaining that the electron is not a final thing in itself, not small enough. It is in the world of the atom this process of simplification is carried to the limit. In a book, recent and therefore best, dedicated to 'Peter and Robin,' Mr Langdon-Davies explains the atom in terms so simple that even to a child or a reviewer the heart of the mystery lies exposed. It appears that Nature has made the world and all it contains out of only ninety-two building bricks, that these are dancing partners madly jazzing round, never still for an instant, and that one atom differs from another by stripping off its petticoats. But all these books are modestly interspersed with frequent 'nobody knows.'

If the Universe is nothing more than a 'state of strain' or a 'broadcast,' we are back in the Chaos once more. We are told further by the modern Spagyrist, that if the vacant spaces between these aerial sylphs of the Rosicrucians were removed, the earth could be compressed to the size of an orange. The chemical world now lies open to the sentimentalist. Elements that unite quietly with a chemical blush, and compounds that separate with a violent explosion, may be moved by emotions comparable

with those which govern human conduct. Dr Partington's mind is too austere for this essay in literature.

Of this romance there is none in Dr Partington's book. His style is dryly scientific; in his economy of words he displays no sensuous joy in their use. His descriptions partake somewhat of the nature of a text-book or a dictionary, but nothing is omitted. One example will serve: Nard is spikenard, the Arabic sunbul, the Greek nardos, the Hindu jatamansee. The spikenard ointment was composed of amomum, balsam, costus, myrrh, nard, and schoenus in nut oil. It probably varied in composition, he says, and quotes the Coptic version of St John as his authority. In this short passage he gives five relevant references. Myrrh is described more fully. Twenty 'bitter herbs' are cited; every flavouring plant, all aromatic materials for incense or perfume mentioned in the Scriptures are traced to the source. Trees, flowering plants, textiles, dyes, poisonous plants, ink, and writing materials are all identified with a precision and wealth of learning. Previous assumptions are demolished with deft strokes and mis-translations are set right.

To make a statement is not to utter a complaint. One finishes the book with a sense of loss. The whole modern world is left untouched. To Dr Partington the post-Homeric period, except for occasional reference, is quite modern. The ten thousand previous years are his main theme, and he rather deplores the craftsmanship that perished with the Bronze Age. But he leaves the impression that those ancient men conducted their lives much as we would have in similar circumstances. He describes the houses in which they lived, the clothes they wore, the tools they used, the food they grew and ate, the drink they drank, their attempts at decoration and adornment, and the weapons they employed in attack and defence. And he does not waste his time or ours in vain surmise or speculation upon the mental processes of those ancient men. Sobriety and reticence, adherence to evidence, is the method of the true scientist. These qualities are the signature in every chapter.

Palestine, the Holy Land, and the Hebrew records, although of the more general and immediate interest, occupy only sixty-two pages of the book. All the contemporary and antecedent civilisations are treated

with an equal thoroughness. The relationship between them, between races, empires, cities, and tribes, between Aryan and Semite, is always kept in view. The author exalts the Egyptians, Hittites, and Persians; but rather abates the modern enthusiasm for Babylon and the nineteenth-century enthusiasm for the Phœnicians. But yet in the voyages, traffics, and discoveries of maritime peoples he follows the trade routes of the world first largely explored by the Minoans. The needs of that world were the same as ours: for gold, silver, copper, tin, iron, lead, nickel, cobalt, glass; for wood, leather, and textiles; for ivory, spices, drugs, and all manner of luxuries. All these are traced to their sources: metals to their mines; other articles to the regions in which for climatic reasons they could be produced and by skill manufactured. The book is quite as modern as any commercial geography. Chemical analyses of combined metals and many other substances are fully supplied.

It has already been suggested that there is little mention of chemistry, but our gratitude is qualified by surprise that the mention is so small. The very existence of mankind, ancient or modern, is governed by the food supply; that in turn is governed by the supply of fertilisers; and of all these nitrogen is the most important. Sir William Crookes in 1908 embodied this suggestion in his presidential address to the British Association upon the Wheat Problem. In 1923 Dr Partington with Mr L. H. Parker published 'The Nitrogen Industry,' dealing mainly with the production of nitrogen from the air by means of electrical force. It appears from that book that in the air over every square mile of the earth's surface there are twenty million tons of nitrogen, which is twenty times the amount imported every year from Chili, the main source of supply, at a price varying from 8*l.* to 11*l.* By this means Germany extracted enough nitrogen for explosives during the war. Although the process was first discovered in England, she continued even in the war to depend upon the precarious import from overseas. Cavendish in 1785 produced oxides of nitrogen by passing a series of electric sparks through a confined volume of air. Davy in 1800 obtained the same result by passing air over a platinum wire heated by electricity. Sir William Crookes

in 1892 and Lord Rayleigh in 1897 proved the possibility of obtaining nitrogen from the air in large amounts. In 1899 Macdougall with a colleague performed the first experiments on the fixation of nitrogen by burning air in the electric arc, but the commercial value of the process was only realised in Norway three years later, when the foundation of the German industry was laid.

Dr Partington was quick to assume that this process might be generally available for agricultural purposes. Mr Howard Murray informs us that he is mistaken. It is too expensive. It cannot be done with profit even where the vast water-power of Niagara and Shawinigan is ready to be used. Men must still depend upon the lowly mechanism of domestic animals and the action of bacteria living at the roots of leguminous plants which have a capacity for fixing nitrogen from the air. Of these plants the best known is alfalfa, from the Arabic *al-facfacah*, which means 'the best kind of fodder.' The Greeks called it *Medicago sativa*, because they inherited it directly from the Medes. The wonder is that Dr Partington does not insist more definitely upon this source of primitive and modern wealth. He might well have observed that these ancient men did not drain off into the sea the chemical by-products of their human activity. The laboratory farmer is an unsafe guide.

The two subjects in which men have been eternally interested are gold and health. The search for these began in alchemy, which in turn created chemistry and medicine. These old alchemists were not so far astray in their doctrine of the transmutation of metals. The radium atom by some force within itself gives off an atom of helium, and what once was radium becomes—after two thousand years—lead. It is yet uncertain if the process can be reversed, the common to the more precious. The ancestry of gold is yet unknown. The philosophers' stone has not yet been discovered, nor the elixir of life either. The author suggests that the Golden Fleece was a parchment upon which the alchemist's formulæ were inscribed, or more probably a sheep-skin laid in the bed of an auriferous stream to entangle the grains of gold. A coarse blanket is used for that purpose in the modern smelter.

This book will create a new respect for the ancient

men with whom it deals. Their science, philosophy, and theology was confused; but they raised problems that are yet being studied in the laboratory and library. Knowledge was the possession of a secret priesthood, and secrecy breeds charlatanism as surely as our publicity does. Their charlatans were the most voluble and vociferous, and their performance has passed into history. In Egypt the physicians were embalmers as well as magicians, and they made much of their mystery. Mummies yet retain traces of alcohol, spices, and ointments, used as the modern undertaker or 'mortician' employs his devices to beautify the dead. The fact is that they treated the body as we would clean and salt a fish. The very name in Greek for an embalmer means one who salts. No question relevant to antiquity is left unsolved. Weights and measures in the various countries are given and compared; inks are analysed; cosmetics are described in twenty places; a dozen varieties of wine and beer are listed; coins are appraised and the relation between silver and gold established. Debasement was common, and there were separate scales for selling and buying. No activity of human life has escaped attention. Any one of this myriad of subjects could be expanded into a separate thesis.

Not John Calvin nor John Milton was the first to probe the problem of predestination, determinism, and free-will. The Persians, of whom the author is correctly tolerant, adopting the Babylonian distinction between male and female, between fire and water, defined two antagonistic principles which eventually became the source of the Manichæan heresy and the resultant semi-Christian gnosis of duality, of light and darkness, of good and evil. The principle of all things, whether it was water, or air and water, or the four elements earth, air, fire, water, developed into the theory of the four humours, which was the basis of human medicine from Hippocrates to Sydenham. With the discovery of the extra-spectral rays and others of greater intensity it may be surmised that the 'stellar influences' of the old astrologers had some reality. Upon these deep matters Dr Partington must have a large reserve of knowledge which he would do well to expose to the world; he might even investigate the 'nodes' which were atoms to the Phœnicians and

the 'pores' which to the Greeks were the mechanism of the human body—stopping short at the saying of Porphyry: all that exists is nothing but mind.

Dr Partington, although he displays a familiarity with the history of medicine, does not enter far into that field. Medicine as such had no existence in the time he has made his own, but it is clearly the main development of applied chemistry. Another and anterior subject yet remains: the practice of all parturient animals of a specific glandular therapy which has only been adopted into human medicine during the last two years. It was this observation that gave to Dr J. B. Collip the clue to the placental hormones. Men forget; they depend upon their parchments and papyri. These are lost, and their experience perishes. The experience and instincts of animals are indelible in their minds. It is quite certain that this book will be found, to be consulted, in every library; it should be found at the hand of every man who has a curiosity about human life and has forty-five shillings to spare for his daily instruction and entertainment.

ANDREW MACPHAIL.

Art. 2.—THE THEORY OF COEDUCATION.

1. *Bedales, A Pioneer School.* By J. H. Badley. Methuen, 1923.
2. *The Case for Coeducation.* By Cecil Grant and Norma Hodgson. Grant Richards, 1913.
3. *The Mixed School.* By H. A. Howard. University of London Press, 1928.
4. *Advance in Coeducation.* Articles by Various Authors. Edited by Alice Woods. Sidgwick and Jackson, 1919.

COEDUCATION is a system the meaning of which is often misunderstood. Some writers think that it means merely membership of boys and girls in the same school or college, taught by the same teachers, but kept apart more or less, *instructed* together it may be, but not *educated*. On the other hand the extreme view is sometimes taken that coeducation means the teaching of boys and girls the same things at the same time by the same teachers, the same methods being used and the pupils always living under the same regime, sharing all games as well as work. But coeducation in the fullness of the term implies neither of these alternatives. It implies the education in companionship of boys and girls, or youths and maidens, from the ages of infancy to adult life, neither sex being segregated, but taught many subjects together by teachers of both sexes, sharing many games in common according to individual taste and ability, with freedom to enjoy their leisure in each other's company, to work in groups in connection with their work, or to join in some social service. It is obvious that such a scheme is not easy to carry out.

Coeducation is making progress in European countries, whilst it has always existed in the U.S.A. After the Great War coeducational schools were started in Yugo-Slavia and Palestine, and increased considerably in Germany. Switzerland is more than ever a leader in this direction, and so are Scandinavia and our Dominions. It was in 1927 that a private crusade was started in Australia in favour of genuine coeducation. In England, however, we go but slowly. Under the Board of Education and Local Authorities, even when it is taken up, it is often very imperfectly carried out: e.g. in some schools that

call themselves coeducational boys leave at nine or ten, and there are only women teachers, whilst in some established schools freedom between men and women teachers and between boy and girl learners is sadly limited. In such schools no games are shared and choral societies exist for different sexes. This is not infrequently the case in the Eastern States of U.S.A., but there is an ever increasing number of exceptions, e.g. in New York the University or Dalton School, the Lincoln School, and the School of Ethical Culture, whilst there are many private schools throughout the country.

Coeducation has gone on steadily of late years in the British provincial universities, and has now definitely reached Oxford and Cambridge. At Oxford women are full members of the University, with definite restrictions as to numbers and various careful regulations, for example clubs, which may be either mixed or for different sexes. At Cambridge women have all the privileges of a share in administration, and are chosen as lecturers and tutors to both men and women, their number being also restricted. The old strict regulations as to friendly intercourse between the sexes in or out of college are practically done away with in both places. As to the action of local authorities, Kent is trying to segregate as much as possible because of the difficulty in getting suitable teachers for coeducation schools.

There are several reasons for the progress that coeducation has made in the last sixty years. There is now an almost general admission that boys and girls can be educated together up to the age of ten or even twelve, whereas in old days little boys of six or seven would be plunged into a rough school for boys only. There are various causes for such progress as exists. First and foremost, there are now very many private schools that believe in bringing up boys and girls together. These are often genuine pioneer schools run with great enthusiasm and success. In the next place economic considerations act as a powerful incentive to the State to erect one school instead of two, so that the sexes can be taught together, and the ratepayers' pockets spared. This is one of the greatest damages caused to genuine coeducation, and has done much harm in the U.S.A., where economy seems originally to have been the chief reason for the adoption

of the system advocated. Again, women are asking more and more for a share in commercial and industrial as well as professional and social activities, and by their demand to secure opportunities to fit themselves for such work they obtain entrance into universities, colleges, and technical institutions which, being already established for men, now open their doors to women. A still more important cause for progress is the tendency all over the world (with the exception of Germany and perhaps Italy) to accept social equality between the sexes; for the discovery of equal capacities established in the Great War has helped to raise a far-reaching cry in favour of freedom of association between men and women as well as 'equal pay for equal work.'

But the advocates of coeducation consider that the most satisfactory cause of all that has led to the increase of public opinion in its favour is that the actual principles on which it rests are coming to be more universally accepted. The most obvious of these is that to educate boys and girls together is more in accordance with nature's methods, bearing as it does some resemblance to family life. The next ground of belief and action is that which Plato brings out in his 'Republic,' Book V, that 'Women are of kindred nature to men.' The war showed us many capacities that men and women have in common which were not realised before, and we have also come to feel that each individual, whether male or female, has his or her special contribution to make to human life. This has led to a steadily growing conviction that every child, regardless of either sex or class, should have equal opportunities of studying every subject in accordance with power and inclination, and, although there are still many obstacles to surmount, should be granted facilities for entering every profession. In fact, the only profession which still actually bars entrance to women nowadays is the Church, and even here there are signs that women will one day be admitted to the priesthood. They can already be deaconesses and sit on Church councils.

It is coming to be understood that 'Service is our destiny,' and in order to bring about the most perfect service men and women must have a complete and thorough understanding of each other. A life lived together from infancy to adult age seems to many of us

the best preparation for such service. Even should there be a period of antagonism between the sexes, as some insist, it will be better to have it come into the open instead of forming complexes to work harm in later life. Lastly, there is an ever growing conviction that cooperation in the future will take the place of unhealthy competition. The existence of the League of Nations and growing belief in internationalism instead of nationalism will, it is hoped, be strengthened by coeducation, for the men and women who have known each other from childhood will be well-prepared for joint action not only in marriage but as fellow-workers in social, political, and commercial life.

It should be noted that one kind of segregation of boys and girls tends to arise within whole-hearted coeducational experiments, and that is where different subjects belong especially to boys and others to girls, each sex being supposed to choose quite freely. Here we should be very careful to make sure that there is really perfect freedom of choice which is still most difficult to secure, for public opinion is strong and would prevent boys from choosing cookery or domestic subjects or kindergarten teaching; whilst girls might realise that the authorities would prefer that they should not choose carpentry or metal work. Coeducators would naturally be pleased to find that *free* choice leads us to discover definite distinction in tastes and tendencies of boys and girls, since such genuine distinctions are one of our objects of research in experimental schools.

A really great fear still exists in the minds of many parents that if boys and girls are educated together during adolescence sex perversions may take place. This fear was far more common twenty-five years ago than it is now, for it is almost the universal opinion of the chief heads of coeducational schools that this very rarely, if ever, takes place, and if early love or passion should arise between the sexes it is easily dealt with, either because it is so obvious that teachers can detect its symptoms and speak a friendly word of warning, or the leaders among the scholars can make use of public opinion where a 'silly phase' occurs. As regards the opposite fear that boys and girls get to know each other too well, and so lose the wish to mate, the fact that 52 per cent. of the girls educated at Bedales have married speaks for

itself, and of these, twelve married old school-fellows. In a private girls' school out of a list of members of the old girls' association (covering a period of some thirty years) 35 per cent. married.

In another direction supporters of coeducation maintain that a marked improvement takes place in both sexes brought up together, for there is a distinct lessening of any tendency to self-defilement and homo-sexuality. This evil has long been recognised in boys' schools, but it has been shown in recent years to be far more prevalent in girls' schools than we of the passing generation ever imagined, not only in France but also in England and America. That these tendencies are reduced to a minimum in coeducational schools is the opinion of a doctor parent whose sons were educated in such a school, of an experienced schoolmaster, and of a biologist, for the following reasons. Long ago a German writer brought home to us the fact that few (if any) human beings are entirely masculine or entirely feminine; that there is in reality no sharp cleavage between the sexes. 'There may be,' he writes, 'wider variations and more fundamental differences in individuals of the same sex, than in individuals of different outward physical form.' In unisexual schools we find individuals with all variations of male and female characteristics. Those with a majority of feminine traits are drawn to those with a majority of masculine traits and vice versa. This leads to hero-worship, and may often be harmless enough and so end in healthy, perhaps life-long friendship. But unfortunately it is also known to lead to that physical homo-sexual association which is an unnatural moral evil. In a co-educational school, its supporters think, the masculine girl works off her excess of masculinity by a period of tomboyishness, or she makes the discovery that in contrast to the boy she has something more than he that is worth while. This leads to self-respect rather than to the conviction of inferiority which in times past has led to serious complexes. Opportunities occur for natural close companionship between boys and girls of opposite or similar qualities, so that respect of sex for sex is engendered whilst fantastic and foolish attachments tend to vanish. Sex-sentiment, many maintain, is developed more slowly than in separate schools. The weaknesses

as well as the powers of each sex become revealed, whether these are found in individuals of the same or different sexes, and this comradeship brings about healthy relationships and friendships between men and women so natural that it can no longer be said that 'every young man looks on every young woman not as a possible friend but as a potential wife.'

One of the strongest arguments against coeducation is that the career of women receives a serious blow. 'In coeducation schools,' it has been said, 'we are immediately struck by the deplorable fact that the head is always a man.' This, it is held, will undoubtedly teach the girls a lesson that 'only men are qualified for supreme responsibility.' The reply made by the supporters of the system is that although it is undoubtedly true that men are usually heads of coeducational schools, it will not always be so, for the more boys and girls grow accustomed to governing each other, the more ready will they be in the future, as governors of schools, to give the headship to the one best fitted to lead regardless of sex. Advocates of the system urge women to exercise much patience for some time to come, but they have hope for the future.

A still more serious objection is that in coeducational schools the girls' interests are apt to be sacrificed to those of the boys, and the girls are made to fit into a system which is far from perfect for either sex. Fortunately we are now becoming far more conscious of our defects and all education is being overhauled, and the practical advocates of coeducation believe that it will help us to discover remedies for our failings. Opponents say that differences between boy and girl will never be sufficiently considered in coeducation schools, but how can genuine *difference* be discovered when we deal only with *one* sex? We have suggested that differences between individual boy and boy, and girl and girl, are often found to be greater than sex differences. Many supposed sex differences are the result of adult imagination and differences that really exist are more likely to come to light when boy and girl are brought up together. To make sure of these discoveries freedom of choice is most necessary. This is not always given as it should be, but under the Dalton method of teaching, in which each scholar can work at his own pace and more or less at chosen

subjects, there is so much more freedom as to rate of work and choice of subject that sex differences come to light more readily than in old-fashioned schools.

Another objection brought forward is that boys and girls ought not to play the same games. This is no real difficulty. Boys and girls are not required to play the same games, and after the age of eleven they do not do so in many combined schools. Girls at Bedales once begged for the cessation of mixed hockey 'because they played so much better than the boys,' for the fast running and hard hitting of the boys often spoiled the more skilful combinations of the girls. Differences in physical strength are not hard to recognise, and any really exceptional case can be provided for by making no difficulty in admission of girl or boy to the group that suits them as individuals. Opponents say that mental strain is put on girls when they are physically unfit. Advocates reply that this can be avoided, as it sometimes is, by letting girls go in for examinations at a later age than the boys, who are likely to get ahead of girls at about fifteen years of age. At a younger stage girls are often found well ahead of the boys. This is often an advantage to girls, as it helps to give them confidence in their powers. One great advantage of this recognition of differences is that it helps the Dalton system to do away with that place-taking in class which is coming to be regarded by advanced educators as one of the evils of our present plans, leading as it does to rivalry and competition instead of co-operation.

Psycho-analysis is still in an early stage, but we look forward to careful studies of the effects of coeducation. One fact has certainly come to light, i.e. that vast numbers of both boys and girls suffer from an inferiority complex, and many girls feel the effects all their lives of their intense desire as children to have been born boys. Both supporters and opponents of coeducation agree that such complexes should be prevented, but they insist on approaching the question from different angles. Two chief opponents, Professor Foerester of Zurich and his followers and the late Dr Reddie of Abbotsholme, who never, I believe, actually worked in a coeducational school, held earnestly that the characters of men and women are essentially different, and that it is the difference and not the approximation of character that should be

emphasised in their education. Coeducation, they say, prevents the possibility of this by making boys and girls too much alike. On the contrary, its advocates maintain that the only means of ascertaining what the real genuine differences are is to bring up boys and girls together, and that it is the likenesses between them which lead to sympathy and understanding, and so to better work for their fellow men.

Practical coeducators find that the inferiority complex peculiar to girls is often due to the different conventional treatment which the two sexes receive from their birth onwards. They maintain that much experimental work is needed before laws can be laid down as to the mental and moral differences that arise from biological diversity. There should be, they say, a definitely common ground before differences come clearly to light. Coeducation should begin in the home from the earliest years. Already much is being done in this direction by similarity of dress and short hair for all, but it is scarcely carried far enough, and toys are nearly always chosen for children by adults according to their sex. A consensus of opinion is almost universal that boys are usually more attracted by science and mathematics, whilst girls prefer art and literature, and that girls show more conscientiousness and refinement, whilst boys are more vigorous and adventurous, fonder of 'playing the game' and less sentimental; but we really cannot be sure of all this until freedom of choice is such that every individual can follow his or her inclinations without any feeling of shame. Genuine freedom of choice is needed in all schools.

Certain typical views are of interest. Men at Oxford are for the most part quite indifferent to the presence of women. Some are willing to give these inferiors in intellect, as they consider them, a good chance to earn their living. Others think that the presence of women will bring practical views to bear upon the academic bias in a university. Their presence in societies will cause a better understanding between the sexes, and make men realise that women of to-day can no longer be regarded as having no outlook beyond their families. Certainly in the associations formed under the religious Group Movement, men and women seem to be on an absolutely equal footing. If there should be occasions

on which men or women prefer to deal only with their own sex, surely no difficulty should be raised on either side. The public school boy thinks that coeducation would minimise awkwardness in the presence of each other. It would make a girl hardy and sensible, but might produce a weak-kneed boy. Girls sometimes fear too close a likeness between the sexes as regards coarseness and sentimentality, but think that shyness would disappear and the boys come to realise that 'women have a definite place in the wide world.' The coeducated regard coeducation as a matter of course. They say that foolish friendships die out of their own accord if not treated seriously. Boys bring to the girls, they think, a stronger *esprit de corps*, a love of important causes, greater tolerance, contempt for backbiting, verbal teasing, and downright lying, and better control of emotion. Girls bring to the boys greater sympathy with the individual, more refinement, a stronger moral character, unashamed love of small and beautiful things, a contempt for bullying and cheating, and a control of the tongue. In consequence, they hold, full mutual understanding results, leading to happier married lives for 'the whims and irritabilities of boys and the fancies and fads of girls' are comprehended by both parties.

Altogether it seems that coeducation has come to stay, so it is most desirable to consider what precautions are necessary in order that it may indeed prove to be of the value that its advocates anticipate. In the first place it seems clear that such schools should not be established merely for the sake of economy or for convenience of organisation without any consideration of the principles on which they should be founded. The economic motive has, as we have said, wrought harm in the U.S.A. and also in some of our own secondary schools in which boys and girls brought up in separate schools are put together at the age of fourteen. Monsieur Adolphe Ferrière, the champion of coeducation, was so much struck by the mistakes made by its sudden introduction into secondary schools, that at one time he was inclined to think it would be better to keep such schools separate, but many teachers feel that we are still at a stage when every experiment must be tried and abandoned if it can be proved unsatisfactory. One of the gravest

doubts at this time, 1935, is whether coeducation should 'go on' up to thirteen or fourteen, then for the sexes to be separated until early adolescence is over, and be once more brought together at college. Those who believe that the strongest and truest adult fellowship is secured by life-long association naturally hold that coeducation should go on from birth to adulthood. Already there seems little doubt that where the system has failed in England, Scotland, or Wales it has been because it was started for merely economic reasons, because the pupils have been plunged into it too late in life, or where co-instruction has taken the place of coeducation.

There is, however, a still more dangerous mistake and that is the great difficulty of getting the right kind of teachers. There should be not only children of both sexes, but a staff of men and women, each member of which has his or her sex life well under control and should be of definite personality, with a flair for both boys and girls, as well as possessing most of the qualities required of a really good teacher. Such a staff would treat coeducation as one of the most natural of conditions and encourage pupils to look upon it as matter of fact. It has sometimes been held that the number of pupils should be limited in every school to just the number that the head can know individually, but with a thoroughly satisfactory staff this is not so essential.

As we have mentioned, the prejudice against placing a woman as head of a school for older boys and girls is gradually diminishing, for there is little objection to having a woman head of a school for children under twelve with men working under her, and at any rate one experiment is now being tried of a man and woman being joint headmaster and headmistress. In course of time there will probably be no objection to make a woman the chief leader in a school that includes youths and girls should she be the most suitable candidate for the post. Teachers who are in earnest about coeducation should lose no opportunity of studying the subject in schools where it is actually being carried out, and all who are interested should make a point of reading as many as possible of the books published on the subject, such as those named at the head of this article.

ALICE WOODS.

Art. 3.—THE BALANCE OF NATURE.

NOT the least interesting subject in connection with the animal kingdom is its constantly changing population. This does not refer to the forms of life which develop and pass with each distinct phase of a planet's existence, but rather to the periodical increase or decline which is frequently observed among the wild creatures of our own time. Almost any one who has made an extensive study of such matters has witnessed the passing of some species from a given locality or can call to mind bird or beast that at the present time appears to be upon the verge of extinction. Upon the other hand, there will probably be examples of creatures that within living memory have multiplied to an extent neither preceded nor anticipated.

In either event, man is usually the responsible agent, directly or indirectly, since human activity can scarcely fail to derange natural economy. Pioneers of commerce when invading territory as yet unaffected by progress usually find general abundance if not actually 'peace upon earth.' The wild creatures hunt and destroy one another, indeed, but there is no extermination. Though preyed upon, the species not only survives but thrives, hunter and hunted each taking its place in the original scheme. It is only when civilisation has established its sovereignty that a wild race is threatened with extinction. Broadly speaking, such is the rule. It is now more or less generally recognised, however, that wild life is subject to an ebb and flow, due to entirely natural causes, but not always accountable. Abnormal increase among rodent races does not constitute an apt example, although it is usually counteracted by a corresponding decline in the course of years as the inevitable effect of overcrowding. The case rather illustrates the indirect effect of human interference. Increase or decline is frequently observed among creatures that have neither been artificially preserved nor persecuted, and more often than not one turns to Nature in vain for a solution of the mystery.

A typical example of a British bird whose status is steadily decreasing, despite every effort to prevent its total disappearance, may be found in the once common chough. In a few localities this attractive bird still

breeds, but with little hope of ultimate survival. Until the beginning of the present century a well-established remnant persisted upon the Cornish cliffs between Tintagel and Boscastle, where a group of a dozen or so upon the rocks around Willapark was not an uncommon sight. The lord of the manor of Trevalga at that period employed a watchman to ward off that most pertinacious enemy of all rarities, the egg-collector. The precaution lapsed, however, with the death of the landowner concerned, and his choughs soon went the way of their fellows. A farmer in the district, when recently questioned about this species, replied to the effect that he had been consulted upon the same subject by a prominent member of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds twenty years ago. Upon that occasion he was able to indicate the whereabouts of a pair, but had not encountered the bird since, and believed it to be virtually extinct in north-east Cornwall. It is to be feared that this pessimistic estimate is not far from correct, although some difference of opinion may exist as to the causes that have effected the chough's banishment. The collector played an active part in the closing stages of the bird's history and some naturalists are inclined to blame the aggressive and ubiquitous jackdaw; but, as usual in such cases, responsibility cannot justly be assigned to any wild species. The nesting facilities upon the extensive and precipitous coast-line are sufficient to accommodate cliff-builders of every description, and if ejected from one stronghold, others remain available. It should be added that the expanse of cliff upon which the chough was last observed as a breeding species in the Boscastle area is singularly free from jackdaws.

All considered, it seems more reasonable to attribute the circumstance to that sheer lack of natural tenacity which is characteristic of certain races, whether human, avian, or four-footed. By way of example one has only to think of the Maoris, the Incas, the North American Indians; among birds the dodo and the great auk, victims of persecution, indeed, but owing their extermination mainly to the lack of natural means of defence; while among English beasts there is the typical case of the rapidly disappearing red squirrel. As for the chough, other birds have certainly occupied its ancient haunts, but mainly because the original owner has relinquished

them. It is a characteristic instance of confused cause and effect. Undoubtedly a declining species is hastened along the downward path by its more powerful competitors, but that is Nature's law—the survival of the fittest principle in operation. It is rather the rule than the exception for a weakly individual to be hurried out of life, directly or indirectly, by its associates, and such is the fate of a nation or species that, owing to some unaccountable racial defect or lack of recuperative qualities, is unable to survive the vicissitudes of existence.

The case of the chough, though in itself sufficiently obvious, opens a question which is of particular interest to all Nature-lovers, and especially those directly concerned with the protection of bird life and the numerous issues involved. One refers to the preservation of those species now reduced to mere minorities or in danger of being relegated to that category, and the measures, if any, that should be taken to aid their recovery. Before entering upon this subject, however, there are one or two aspects of the case which should be considered.

Since familiarity breeds contempt, it is not remarkable that the value of any species should be measured by its abundance or scarcity. The English sparrow was desired in America because unrepresented. When introduced, it multiplied and was soon regarded in the same light as are the rabbit in Australia, the little owl and the grey squirrel in this country. A campaign for the restoration of the buzzard in our western counties was attended with satisfactory if limited results, only to be followed by the complaint, even in more or less responsible circles, that the birds are now in danger of becoming too numerous. One can assume with tolerable certainty that history will repeat itself in the case of Montagu's harrier, if the present efforts to strengthen its status prove successful. Upon the same principle, there is scarcely a naturalist who would 'waste' time in studying a rabbit, although its unaccountable behaviour in many respects would provide scope for the most interesting research. Being always upon view, it is barely noticed, even as local beauty spots are seldom visited by people who live in their immediate neighbourhood. One might add that there are few ornithologists who would not take considerable trouble to obtain a glimpse of the Dartford warbler—

a most engaging little bird, but not more charming than the minute and fairy-like goldcrest, abundantly represented and, therefore, ignored. It is worthy of note that some of the most attractive British birds, such as the song-thrush and robin, seldom figure upon the fully protected list. Though inoffensive and definitely useful, they are denied this privilege purely upon account of their ubiquity. The complete protection of a rare species would be demanded even were the bird in question eminently destructive.

This attitude, though unsympathetic, is at least logical so far as it goes. The matter of wild bird preservation assumes a more serious complexion, however, when its promoters abandon the purely defensive attitude, which was at worst innocuous, in order to attempt the somewhat hazardous task of artificial adjustment. Here, perhaps, there is some danger of inconsistency. While denouncing the destruction of birds which play havoc with private property, a similar line of conduct is sometimes approved when directed against those species which are suspected of preying upon their less numerous contemporaries.

It is now recognised that commercial or sporting interests should not entirely supersede æsthetic considerations. When the agriculturist, game-preserved, or fisherman demands the destruction of some decorative but harmful creature, there is an outcry for a more public-spirited attitude upon the part of those concerned. To destroy a golden eagle would be considered vandalism, even though the mere shadow of the royal pirate is disastrous upon the grouse-moors. Such an outlook is commendable, but it is not illogical to suggest that the extensive destruction of wild life to safeguard some rarer species is equally unjustifiable. None the less, there appears to be an increasing tendency towards 'black-listing' birds which have acquired a bad name as persecutors of their fellows. The necessity for an extensive slaughter of the larger gulls around our coastline has been advocated, the contention being that weaker species, such as terns or puffins, are incapable of resisting the ravages of these formidable neighbours. So far as England is concerned the species mainly concerned are the herring gull—the most common upon the coast—

and the great black-backed gull, a bird that not long ago was welcomed in certain districts as a breeding species, being then comparatively rare. Its numbers have increased within recent years, and its assaults upon other birds, especially the puffin, have caused considerable consternation.

The need for caution, however, is obvious in any policy of artificial adjustment, since the principle, if once adopted, is liable to develop into an exceedingly dangerous 'red herring.' It is sufficiently elastic to provide an excuse whenever a pretext for bird destruction is sought. The risk of abuse is too great, nor would the task of correcting the balance long remain in the hands of discriminating persons anxious only to achieve a definite end. Gull-shooting, for example, once countenanced, would certainly develop into a sport, as in the case of cormorants and grey seals, with the same inevitable result. The spectacle of a shore strewn with dead and dying birds, the victims of oil wastage, is already too familiar and distressing without the aid of the gun to supplement the sad total. It is little wonder that the majority of naturalists are reluctant to advocate direct action, particularly when the doleful precedent of the shag is called to mind. Formerly, in the interests of the fishing industry, a bounty was paid for the destruction of this bird in Cornish waters. Large numbers were secured, and owing to the inaccessible character of the rock-bound coast as many more that never came to hand were killed and wounded. It was then established through research that the shag's principal food did not consist of fish required for human consumption. It is equally conceivable that the large gulls, which are in some respects eminently beneficial in that they consume refuse in great quantities besides rendering service to the agriculturist, may not after all be so harmful to their feathered neighbours.

Further, there seems little point in endeavouring to re-establish rare birds of the rapacious order, if their tolerable abundance, when effected, is only to be followed by a demand for a reduction in their numbers to protect other forms of wild life. If all creatures that may in any sense be regarded as harmful must be sacrificed—and if license is allowed in one case it must be granted in

another—few would escape condemnation, since there is scarcely a species whose entire innocence can be established. One has known bird-lovers who systematically seek and abstract the eggs of the cuckoo, for the sake of the birds that would otherwise be victimised. That is sound policy, so far as it goes, but if generally carried to a logical conclusion, the ultimate effect scarcely requires depicting. The Utopian picture of a countryside inhabited only by inoffensive birds and beasts is not particularly attractive. If, again, majorities are to be sacrificed for the problematical benefit of minorities, the prospect is not alluring to the average bird-lover, who maintains, not unreasonably, that an abundance of the more self-supporting species is to be desired rather than general scarcity.

The question of preserving struggling minorities, indeed, bristles with difficulties which only increase upon consideration. If these birds are to be maintained in tolerable abundance by the subjugation of their more powerful and numerous contemporaries, it is hard to see where the policy should begin or end. The points of view to be considered are innumerable. The predatory species whose destruction is demanded by those who would cherish the weaker are equally interesting and decorative. Many people would prefer a coast-line abundantly tenanted by herring and black-backed gulls to the knowledge that a few terns were maintaining a precarious existence in the vicinity.

The claim for 'discrimination' is largely based upon the contention that it is not a question of interference with Nature's balance, since the natural scheme has already been upset. The mightiest predatory creatures were banished long since, and unless man steps into the breach, there is nothing to curb the activities of the minor but still formidable robbers of the air who now rule in their place. The great predatory gulls, it is urged, have themselves no natural enemies, and can, therefore, prey upon their weaker contemporaries unchecked. This is true, but the argument is vulnerable when it is remembered that large rapacious animals, whether beasts or birds, were never subjected to systematic attack by others. No beast habitually destroys the lion until, when actually dying, he falls a victim to the hyenas which shadow him

during his last hours. Yet lions, obviously, did not become so numerous that nothing else could exist. The wolf is nobody's game, yet grey wolves and coyotes abounded upon the Western Prairies in the company of the buffalo, the pronghorn, the jack-rabbit, the grouse, and the partridge of the country—correctly described as 'a teeming land of game'; nor did protection for the latter become necessary until the white settlers arrived and waged war upon the carnivorous fauna.

Parallel in every respect is the case of British birds. No rapacious species that ever haunted our cliffs habitually preyed upon the great robber gulls. The sea eagle was the only species capable of doing so, and such was the last course that he would have been likely to adopt, easier game being available. That one hawk does not pick out the eyes of another is proverbial, and although this may not be due either to *esprit de corps* or undue delicacy, the principle applies to a large extent throughout the animal kingdom. That rapacious creatures occasionally run foul of and destroy one another is sufficiently apparent. A certain amount of indiscriminate piracy prevails, and the stronger animal is always liable to obliterate the weaker if the latter is caught in a corner. This applies even to conventionally peaceable species. Old cows will kill their juniors; a domestic hen any chick that is not her own. An eagle, therefore, might strike down a young skua or black-backed gull, but not as a regular practice, any more than the tiger would systematically hunt the panther or the buzzard the kestrel. As a rule, a state of armed neutrality exists between the larger and fiercer hunters, and Nature's balance is not maintained by destruction all down the scale. The scheme operates, apparently, upon a simpler basis, the largest and most unassailable animals being usually the least prolific.

In this connection, a somewhat interesting comparison might be drawn between the great black-backed gull and the puffin, for the too frequent destruction of which the former stands convicted. Generally speaking, the smaller the bird or the greater extent to which it is harried, the larger its clutch of eggs or the more frequent its production. Thus the goldcrest and the long-tailed titmouse are prolific layers; the woodpigeon—everybody's game—

rears brood after brood ; while the swallow, together with many other small birds which are called upon to face countless perils, produces at least twice within a season. The great black-backed gull as often as not rears one chick only, while, contrary to the common rule, the persecuted puffin undertakes an equally limited family. There is, however, a significant difference, for whereas the powerful gull fosters his young bandit upon the open summit of a rocky islet, where he is exposed to the full fury of the storms, the solitary puffin chick is housed in the little nesting burrow until, conventionally at least, he can take care of himself. The effect of this natural safeguard upon the status of the species is obvious, for even upon coasts where the black-backed gull is well represented puffins still throng the sea in countless multitudes, despite the heavy casualty list. One deplores the latter, but, to adopt the argument frequently employed upon other occasions, the species is numerous enough, and there is no reason for supposing that its fate is harder than that of the grouse devoured by the eagle or the young lark upon whom the kestrel descends.

An inevitable and entirely laudable sympathy with individual victims, particularly when they belong to a species for which the observer entertains a 'soft spot,' is always liable to bias one's sense of proportion in such matters. That is unavoidable, and it is more than possible that an element of partisanship at times prevents one from realising the relative insignificance of incidents which in themselves seem ultra-tragic. It has been pointed out that a national disaster which is regarded as stupendous when judged from the human standpoint might conceivably appear less than trivial in the eyes of Omnipotence, and the same thought is applicable to the minor tragedies of the wild. Generally speaking, the natural balance is affected very little by the fate of individuals when the occurrence is mainly incidental, as in the case of fratricide—one might almost call it cannibalism—among sea-birds. That such occurs is undeniable, but it is not predominant. Life, not death, is the keynote of primitive Nature ; *joie de vivre* rather than tribulation. It is the *living* pageant with which one is impressed when surrounded by the wild population of cliff, wood, or rough hillside, and its note is jubilant.

Now and again a shadow crosses the scene as tragedy scores a swift stroke, but the cloud passes and the doom of the one that has fallen is insignificant when compared with the happiness of the many which remain.

After all, it is the latter that counts, and this aspect predominates when one regards a sea-scape teeming with feathered life—abundant despite the scarlet tooth and claw ; or a cliff summit where the skylark, the linnet, the pipit, the stonechat remain in triumphant evidence although robber birds cruise ceaselessly overhead with keen eyes alert for everything that might be turned to profitable account. It was interesting upon a recent occasion to discover the nestlings of a rock-pipit, concealed only by a clump of thrift, within a few feet of a ledge upon which forty-one herring gulls had just been standing. Even more worthy of attention was the remark of an open-minded Cornish cliff-farmer, who attributed the scarcity of partridges to a super-abundance of guns rather than gulls in the locality. The magnitude of the task with which those who favour the artificial control of British avifauna would be confronted can best be realised when one studies a great nesting colony of sea-birds at close quarters. Such a place has no equivalent in the feathered world, and in human life could only be compared with a huge cosmopolitan city wherein people of many classes and distinct nationalities pursued their respective affairs in comparative harmony, quarrelled or pillaged now and again, but combined against an alien invader, and upon the whole contrived to maintain a high general standard of prosperity.

Off the north coast of Cornwall, not far from the romantic and once 'lone Tintagel,' lies a small group of islets, most notable of which as a wild-bird stronghold is the Lye Rock. Although not comparable with corresponding centres of avian activity in Scotland or the Hebrides, the place has few equals in southern England, not only in the quantity and variety of its feathered inhabitants but in the facility with which they may be studied. Separated from the mainland by a narrow chasm which only wings can span, the rock is overlooked from the summit of the opposing cliff at sufficiently close quarters to permit easy observation of the birds upon their nests, their procedure with the young, and their deport-

ment towards one another. Around this rock and its companion islets there rolls the enchanted Cornish sea, painted as though by a sweep of Merlin's wand with colours which neither brush nor pen can adequately depict. At its base the grey seal rides upon the swell; above and around the air is clouded with a perpetual snowstorm of white wings, while night and day there arises a veritable babel of bird voices; perpetual sound, perpetual motion, perpetual life. There one finds the guillemot, the razorbill, and the puffin in multitudes. There nest the herring gull, the great black-backed gull, the jackdaw, the cormorant, the shag, the rock dove, and the kestrel. There the chough lingered until the latter end of its day; perennially the oyster-catcher haunts the coves, while the gannet comes early in the year and the peregrine falcon and the ravens are no strangers.

Here, indeed, one sees the principle of 'many mansions' applied to primitive Nature. Although seemingly pursuing a communal existence, each species actually lives in a world distinct and apart; taking its own prescribed line, seeking its own favourite food, attending to its own affairs and interests, and to a large extent associating with its own kind—worlds within worlds, congestion without disorder. It is noticeable that the requirements of each species usually differ somewhat from those of its contemporaries. Thus the great black-backed gull occupies the summit of the rock, either for perch or nesting site. Such is his appropriate place as monarch of the cliff. The countless nests of the herring gulls are arranged along the ledges wherever secure anchorage can be found, too exposed for the jackdaws, unnecessarily spacious for the razorbills. The latter sit tucked away, like love-birds, in little deep depressions scarcely suitable for the larger species but insufficient for the puffin, who solves his own problem by burrowing for himself. The jackdaw is content with holes excavated for him by that most assiduous workman, Time. The shag takes possession of the deep caverns, which he shares with the grey seals and the booming echoes that interfere with nobody; while the cormorant, for whom water in any form has no terrors, occupies the wave-drenched face of the rock, regardless of storm and spray.

In the general conduct of their affairs the same tendency is displayed. When resting, fishing, or afloat upon the water, birds of a feather flock together as far as is reasonably possible. One species or other preponderates in every group, although a certain amount of mingling is inevitable upon crowded waters. Gulls and cormorants, for example, each have their approved alighting places where numbers congregate. One may see gulls among cormorants or cormorants among gulls, but their respective notions of desirability are clearly evidenced. At the common breeding-places, again, marked distinctions are observed, and the propensities of each species recognised. The jackdaw may walk about among the eggs or young of the herring gull unchallenged, but the great black-backed gull must adhere to his own levels when there are chicks to be protected. The herring gull, upon his part, may not approach the nest of his mightier kinsman. So long as each keeps a reasonable distance, however, the even tenor of life proceeds. No gull regards another actually in the light of a natural enemy, but merely as a neighbour upon whom a careful watch must be maintained.

The kestrel is regarded by the larger birds as tolerably innocuous, but not so the far more formidable and fiercer peregrine falcon. In the gulls' scheme of things the latter certainly figures as 'Public Enemy No. 1,' who comes for no other purpose than murder—and, therefore, at his peril. Despite the peril, which is emphasised upon every possible occasion, this lightning-winged bandit is a frequent cause of disturbance in a gull community. During the recent hatching season one peregrine, a tiercel, paid regular visits to the Lye Rock about midday in the hope of collecting some lunch. His raids, though necessarily daring, were executed with address. A buzzard when approaching came openly—doubtless because entertaining no dark designs—cruising aloft upon ample wings, only to be assailed by a sortie of vociferating householders, before which the buoyant-pinioned suspect was compelled to retire, vainly protesting the innocence of his intentions. The peregrine, after the frequent manner of death who is his shadow, approached unostentatiously, gliding to some approved vantage-point and awaiting his chance like a skilled strategist. He had

discovered, apparently, that the summit of the adjacent cliff was neutral territory upon which any one might alight so long as no descent was made upon the nesting area, and of this privilege he took full advantage.

Here, upon a favourite strip of turf, the gulls when unoccupied assembled in vast numbers. Like all gregarious creatures, they packed as closely as possible, from a distance resembling a huge patch of sea campion or an outcrop of white spar. Here and there in the thick of the crowd a great black-backed gull would squat, a little clear space around him, while the jackdaws strutted about like saucy boys, regardless of everybody. Upon one occasion a raven took his stand—a conspicuous black figure between two great companies in white and silver uniform, but the communal character of the place was best emphasised when the falcon, approaching from inland, alighted upon the outskirts of the assembly. One would have expected immediate outcry and denunciation of the bandit. Upon the contrary, not a wing was raised, not a warning note uttered. Neither the peregrine himself attracted any apparent interest nor his subsequent exit, which was effected as quietly as his arrival. He disappeared over a shoulder of the cliff to the rear of the resting gull army, and for a while all remained peaceful, as before. To the onlooker no alarm signal was apparent—not remarkable, since even the report of a gun would scarcely have been heard above the incessant thunder of breaking waves and the multitudinous bird voices. Imperceptible as it was to human ears, however, the warning came, and all in an instant peace became pandemonium. The white company arose from the turf like a cloud of dust lifted by the wind. Bursting up from rock, precipice and sea, a thousand gulls were aloft filling the air with a wild tumult of cries, while from the seaward extremity of the islet there emerged the lithe, sinister shape of the tiercel, retreating from the fastness which he had disturbed, a soldier of fortune foiled for the time being but resolved to renew the attempt at the first favourable opportunity.

The general cry of 'Stop thief' usually indicated that a definite raid had been attempted. Upon one occasion, having successfully annexed a nestling, apparently that of a herring gull, he was compelled to run the gauntlet

around the entire rock with the victim still gripped in his claws, before making good his escape. In this instance, though closely pursued by the wrathful mother and hampered both by the load and the attacks of other gulls swooping across his line from every direction, the peregrine's superior speed proved equal to the occasion, and he broke away, heading inland with the unsuccessful rescue-party clamouring astern. Interesting from many points of view was a meeting between another peregrine falcon and a great black-backed gull, when each bird was cruising alone along the cliff's face. One might have expected a most instructive conflict between the respective representatives of brute force and agility, the big bully opposed to the trained assassin. Actually, the meeting terminated in nothing more than a tacit tribute to materialism, the falcon not only declining combat despite an unmistakable challenge, but hastily vacating the field.

Scarcely less unwelcome was the raven, and this was demonstrated with tragic effect one June afternoon when three young birds were unwise enough to alight upon the nesting cliff. They doubtless emanated from a neighbouring historic eyrie of fifty years' standing and were obviously acting independently of their parents, who were not in sight. Until they alighted, however, no objection was raised, and then only by gulls in the immediate neighbourhood. The matter was personal rather than public, in which respect it differed notably from a falcon raid. Unfortunately, however, an uninhabited spot could not be found. Wherever a raven set foot he was challenged by somebody, and since the pugnacious young strangers were never content to withdraw without contesting the point, they were embroiled in an endless succession of affrays upon the ground and in air as fresh combatants arose to give battle.

The gulls plainly had no object other than the protection of their young. The manner in which they distinguished the ravens from the jackdaws was interesting and whereas the latter, though continually passing, were disregarded, the whereabouts of the former when upon the ground could always be determined by the direction in which the necks of the brooding gulls were craned. Why the ravens remained there was a mystery. Behind them at their undisputed disposal lay the entire Cornish

peninsula, but whether they lacked the wit to seek more peaceful quarters or actually preferred to continue the unequal fight could only be conjectured. At all events, far from evincing any desire to escape, they took the offensive as frequently as their opponents, each side combining in attack, defence, or rescue, as occasion warranted. For an hour or so the 'noise of battle rolled,' around the rock until the inevitable happened. A raven fell, the death-blow being administered by one of the powerful lemon-coloured beaks, which gripped the young unfortunate across the back with paralysing effect, and as he dropped into a dark, shag-haunted cavern above the sea, a contingent of grim gulls followed his descent—in case of accident.

He was washed ashore next morning, or all that remained of him. Nothing indicated the fate of his companions, but the appearance of two similar birds farther down the coast suggested that they had learned their lesson. Overhead the snow-winged gulls swept and circled in tireless procession. Below the ultramarine of the sea was sprinkled and streaked with bright companies of guillemots and razorbills. About the sunny slopes and ledges of the rock there trickled minute grey specks, the young gulls for whose sake the battle had been fought. Peace and the gladsome life—after the storm.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

Art. 4.—JUSTICES OF THE PEACE: ABOLITION OR REFORM?

1. *Report of the Royal Commission on the Selection of Justices of the Peace.* 1911. Command Paper 5250.
2. *English Justice.* By 'Solicitor.' Routledge, 1932.
3. *The Penal Reformer.* Howard League for Penal Reform, October, 1934.
4. *Notes for New Magistrates.* By Cecil Leeson. Magistrates' Association, 1935.
5. *Wife v. Husband in the Courts.* By Claud Mullins. Allen and Unwin, 1935.

AN impression of the importance of our Courts of Summary Jurisdiction (often called Police Courts, a very unsuitable name) can be obtained from the following extract taken from a recent official volume of 'Criminal Statistics':

'The figures show how large a share of the criminal jurisdiction is exercised by the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction. These courts not only dealt with over half a million non-indictable offences, but disposed of 86 per cent. of the persons found guilty of indictable offences—those committed for trial being only 14 per cent. of the total. The figures published by the Prison Commissioners also show that of 39,354 persons received into prison on conviction for indictable and non-indictable offences, 32,982 or 84 per cent. were sent by the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction.'

In addition to these convincing figures it has to be remembered that of this 14 per cent. of indictable cases tried by jury in the higher courts (Assizes, the Central Criminal Court, and Quarter Sessions), 9 per cent. were dealt with in the last-named. This leaves only 5 per cent. of indictable crime which is disposed of in courts where Justices of the Peace can take no part. Further it should be realised that the whole of this 14 per cent. of cases began in the Police Courts, their function being to hear all the evidence against the accused and to decide whether it was sufficient to put him on his trial. Besides handling this vast volume of crimes and offences, our Police Courts have a considerable civil jurisdiction. This includes most of the matrimonial troubles of the poorer sections of the community; some 22,000 cases between husband and wife are heard every year in the Police Courts. These courts

are also the only courts in the country where unmarried mothers can obtain orders against the putative fathers of their children, and every year some 7000 of such cases are heard; no court in the land has a more difficult or responsible task than the determination of disputed paternity in a bastardy case. Police Courts have in addition a jurisdiction in small landlord and tenant cases and every year about 5500 of such cases are disposed of, the intricate Rent Restriction Acts applying to them just as much as to the similar cases dealt with in the County Courts. It seems clear, therefore, that a certain High Court judge was very wide of the mark when, in a moment of exasperation at the growing jurisdiction of Police Courts, he said that a Police Court is 'a place where small motoring offences and such things are dealt with' (the 'Times,' Oct. 22, 1931). In fact, these courts are far and away the most important in the country.

There are just over a thousand Police Courts in England and Wales. Except in London and in eighteen other towns these courts are composed entirely of two or more lay Justices of the Peace, men and women. In the City of London the court is composed of a single Alderman, a combination of municipal and judicial functions that has nothing but history to defend it. Elsewhere in London (but not in its suburbs) a single stipendiary magistrate does the ordinary Police Court work, but lay justices do the work connected with the licensing of places where alcohol is sold, much of the rating work, and they have many functions to do with education. In the London Juvenile Courts lay justices and stipendiary magistrates sit together. There is no reason or system in this division of work. In some parts of London rate arrears come before a lay court and in other parts before a stipendiary. In the Police Courts of London established since 1829 the court may theoretically be composed of lay justices, but there is no record of any attempt by lay justices to exercise such jurisdiction since 1835. Any such attempt would raise technical difficulties because the statute book still has some relics of the embargoes upon the taking of fees placed upon 'trading justices' who up to the nineteenth century sold justice to their personal advantage.

Nor is there any logic about stipendiary magistrates in provincial towns. Grimsby and Pontypridd have

stipendiaries, but Sheffield and Bristol have lay justices. There is also no uniformity in the relations between stipendiary and lay magistrates where the former exist; the stipendiary magistrate may sit alone and does so in ten towns, but, according to an unpublished ruling of the Law Officers of the Crown in 1855, lay justices have a right (but not in London) to sit with him. They do so in seven towns ('The Magistrate,' January/February, 1935). Elsewhere stipendiary and lay justices share the work by local arrangement and tradition. Englishmen do not criticise their institutions merely on the ground that they are illogical. The facts set out above are in themselves no reason for urging the overhaul of our system. But when such an overhaul comes (and this article will try to show that it is urgent on other grounds), the division of work and the relationships between stipendiary and lay magistrates will both need to be revised.

In common with all our other legal institutions our Police Courts are being freely criticised, and this is wholly good. The anonymous 'Solicitor' has, in his ultra-critical but somewhat unconstructive book 'English Justice,' gone so far as to say that

'the working classes know of the injustice that occurs in Police Courts. . . . The presumption of innocence does not exist in the Police Courts. . . . That there are likely to be many innocent persons wrongfully convicted seems on the face of it probable. . . . It is hard to make people understand the injustice that is done in the Police Courts. . . . Many innocent persons are convicted, and many other irregularities are committed by the magistrates.'

I heard Mr D. N. Pritt, K.C., say at a meeting of the Howard League in the Middle Temple Hall, on April 3, 1935, that 'the vast bulk of people in this country feared, hated, and despised Courts of Summary Jurisdiction.' It is easy to write and say such things and it is equally easy to denounce and ignore such criticism as exaggerated. I propose to do neither. I am convinced that much of the criticism is justified and that many big reforms in our Police Courts are urgent. But I believe also that much valuable work is being done and that reform should come by evolution, without any drastic sweeping away of the system that history has handed down to us.

One suggested remedy for existing deficiencies is the universal appointment of stipendiary magistrates. This drastic step has been taken by the Summary Jurisdiction and Criminal Justice Act of the Parliament of Northern Ireland. Section 2 (1) provides :

'Subject to the provisions of this Act references to a Court of Summary Jurisdiction, where they occur in any enactment whether past or future . . . shall be construed as referring to a resident magistrate . . . sitting in petty sessions.' Section 3 (1) provides : 'Except as otherwise provided by this Act the powers and duties of a Justice of the Peace as existing immediately before the passing of this Act shall . . . be exercised and performed by a resident magistrate . . . and no Justice of the Peace not being a resident magistrate shall have jurisdiction to exercise or perform the same.'

The section then proceeds to permit lay justices to perform a number of minor administrative acts, to hear cases of drunkenness or vagrancy and, if no resident (i.e. stipendiary) magistrate is present, to do the preliminary duties connected with the committal for trial by jury of those charged with indictable offences. This break with the history of centuries has had a mingled reception. The Magistrates' Association of Northern Ireland has been advised by counsel that the Act is unconstitutional and a petition was sent to the King on this issue. On the other hand the Act is popular with the legal profession, which incidentally will provide all the paid resident magistrates. So confident in its virtues was the Attorney-General for Northern Ireland that he claimed that 'the measure would be followed in Great Britain within the next five years.' Many English lawyers think the same, and it is significant that a regular contributor to the 'Law Journal' wrote that this was a 'bold and probably an accurate statement of faith' and that the Bill will 'be a useful and powerful weapon in the hands of the English reformers who have been endeavouring, with remote chances of success, to replace the unskilled J.P.s with qualified stipendiaries.'

My own view is that such a change in this country is not to be desired and that it is in any case not practicable ; it is worthy of note that even the caustic 'Solicitor' writes that 'it will be unfortunate if the evils of the existing

system of an unpaid magistracy lead to its being swept away in favour of stipendiaries. . . . It is not desirable that stipendiaries should be substituted for lay magistrates.' Even if I believed this change to be good on its merits (which I do not), I should hesitate long, keen law-reformer though I am, to propose a wiping-out of six centuries of history. In the first volume of his 'History of English Law' Sir William Holdsworth tells us that 'in 1327 . . . statutory provision was made for the appointment of conservators of the peace in each county. They were given power to punish offenders in 1328.' The people of this country will be in a very un-English mood if ever they consent to abolish the judicial functions of lay justices, the successors of the conservators. Another important factor is that any such abolition must inevitably be expensive. But in my view the main reason why any such proposal must fail is that Police Courts are becoming more and more social institutions as well as criminal courts. Slowly this truth is dawning upon the authorities, and the labours of the Home Office Department Committee, now sitting, on Summary Courts (Social Services) are likely to provide arguments in this direction.

One of the most valuable qualities on the Police Court bench is an understanding of the people, and it is desirable to face frankly the question whether on the whole professional lawyers are as likely to possess this quality as are men and women selected from all social classes and with experience of unlimited variety. The training of a lawyer is unfortunately a narrow one. In the scheme of education for barristers and solicitors the social sciences, criminology, psychology, etc., play no part. It can scarcely be claimed that the environment of the Inns of Court and the general atmosphere that surrounds practice at the Bar necessarily equip barristers with the training and experience necessary for dealing with the social aspects of judicial work. Coming from this background, lawyers naturally tend to take a purely legal view of judicial problems. A particular example of this tendency is that very important branch of Police Court work, the hearing of disputes between husband and wife. This is a branch of our work in which I happen to have taken a special interest, and my recent book 'Wife v. Husband in the Courts' has, I hope, done something to emphasise the

vast social importance of these issues. Hitherto this kind of dispute has as a rule been inadequately handled in most Police Courts. The system was invented by lawyers and, whether worked by stipendiary magistrates or lay justices, it provides for a method in court that differs in no essential from the method employed in a criminal case or a motoring offence. To quote from my book :

' At present the sole legal obligation resting on Police Courts in domestic, as in other, cases is to listen to such evidence on the legal issue as the laws of evidence permit, and then to decide the legal issue. A justice in a busy court once said to me, " I am a referee in a dog fight." He was legally correct ; our legal task is to watch the struggle, blow the whistle when necessary, and to decide which side has won. . . . I regard it as a mediæval conception that husband and wife cases should be regarded solely as legal issues so far as the court is concerned. In many such cases there is no legal issue for the court to try ; the husband has admittedly deserted his wife or has given her many black eyes. Is judgment to follow automatically when these facts are clear ? . . . In the vast majority of cases a Police Court should postpone as long as possible its answer to such questions as " Has desertion been proved ? " and devote itself, with the consent of the parties, to the preliminary problems, " What is the root cause of this trouble ? " " Can it be put right ? " and " Is it necessary to decide the legal issue at all ? " None of these considerations apply in a criminal prosecution or motoring summons.'

Reform in our methods of hearing matrimonial disputes is, I believe, coming soon, for public opinion is demanding it. It is likely that one of the reforms will be the associating for these cases of selected lay justices with stipendiaries where so far the latter have sat alone ; this has been the practice in our Juvenile Courts since 1908.

These considerations are in some measure relevant to most branches of Police Court work. In the handling of crime, as in handling matrimonial cases, it is difficult to separate the legal from the social aspects and almost equally dangerous to ignore the latter. In Police Court criminal work the social and criminological factors are so constant and so important that to introduce now a universal system of trial by lawyers alone would be a retrograde step. By reason of the nature of the cases with which they deal, Police Courts are able, for instance,

to make far greater use than are other courts of the Probation Act. Of 558,000 persons annually found guilty of crimes and offences in Police Courts some 95,000 are dealt with under or in the spirit of the Probation Act, no conviction being recorded. A further 438,000 are dealt with by fines. To administer the Probation Act with its great elasticity in a wise manner requires social qualities and experience of a high order; there is need for a wide acquaintance with many kinds of remedial institution—prisons, Borstals, Approved Schools, Remand Homes and so on—and also some knowledge of the possibilities of psychological treatment for many types of offenders; also of the facilities offered by various charitable societies. Such an apparently simple matter as the assessment of fines requires also a knowledge of the economics of the people, for otherwise rich and poor may be fined on the same scales, a palpable injustice and the cause hitherto of much unnecessary imprisonment. It seems obvious, therefore, that intelligent laymen from varying walks of life with records of useful social work are as likely to be successful on the Police Court bench, at least after verdict, as are men whose lives have been spent in the somewhat narrowing confines of legal practice. In this Review I wrote an article 'After the Verdict' (October 1933), in which I pointed out that all criminal courts have two distinct functions, the decision as to guilt and the decision as to penalty or treatment. Lawyers are naturally better than laymen in conducting trials and ascertaining guilt, though experience shows how successful many laymen become, assisted as they are by expert clerks of the court. But is there any reason why lawyers should be better than laymen in dealing with law-breakers after verdict? When guilt is admitted or proved all our law-breakers in all our courts are in the hands of men (and women) who are amateurs in penology. In the article just referred to I quoted from the book 'Courts and Judges in France, Germany and England' by Mr R. C. K. Ensor the following story. Mr Ensor once asked Lord Chief Justice Alverstone whether he was interested in books on criminology, and the reply was that the Lord Chief Justice never read any. 'I prefer to rely on common sense,' he said. Valuable as common sense undoubtedly is, how can it alone suffice when a court is confronted, for instance,

with a sexual offender or even with a woman shop-lifter of 45? The science of criminology scarcely exists in this country, but this cannot continue indefinitely. One of the principal lessons that four years' work in Police Courts has taught me has been that lay justices (and I admit that I only come into contact with the best of them) are more interested in criminological problems than are lawyers. Most of the helpful proposals for criminological reform come from the Magistrates' Association (where professional magistrates are but a small minority). The traditional attitude of our professional bench, as I pointed out in another article in this Review (July 1933), is one of complacency and conservatism. A great deal of energy and initiative would go out of our judicial system if ever the country were deprived of the services of the lay bench. I admit that the logical consequence of what has been written above is that every Police Court should be composed of both a stipendiary and lay justices. This would be the ideal system. But as a practical man I do not see the necessity for either of the changes that the adoption of this ideal would require; there would have to be a stipendiary magistrate in every court and every stipendiary would have to be associated with lay justices in all his work. Both changes would arouse opposition.

To believe in the inherent virtue of a system of lay justices is not inconsistent with a firm belief that all is far from being well with our present system. Criticisms such as those quoted above cannot safely be ignored. Early in 1935 the 'Times' opened its columns to this subject, and no one who read the articles of Mr J. W. Robertson Scott, the editor of the 'Countryman,' or the letters that followed it, could escape a conviction that considerable reforms are urgent. My own view is that of Lord Mamehead, who wrote on Feb. 2: 'The lay magistracy is worth preserving, not only on account of its historical traditions but also because at its best it provides a variety of human experience which, combined with the legal knowledge of the clerk to the court, may furnish all the requisites of an ideal bench. But in practice many courts fall far short of this ideal.' The wise course would seem to be the truly English course, namely to secure an all-round improvement by raising the standards through education and better selection.

The first problem to be tackled, as it seems to me, is the method of appointing Justices of the Peace. The late Lord Gladstone, when Home Secretary, appointed in 1909 a Royal Commission on the Selection of Justices of the Peace. In July 1910 this Commission issued a report of a most unambitious nature. It is well worth reading to-day, not because of the value of its recommendations, but because of its numerous admissions of serious evils, evils which have not been rectified since. Included in the report were the following statements :

'Some of the indignation aroused in connection with appointments to the Bench is due to the fact that the office of Justice of the Peace is often desired for the sake of the social distinction which it is thought to confer. . . . By many who are appointed Justices the office is regarded as one of social distinction only ; the duties of the office are forgotten and the discharge of them disregarded. . . . In many districts the selection of even competent Justices of the Peace is regarded as the result of party success, and the justices themselves are regarded as the representatives of a political party or of a social class.'

The report condemned all this and expressed pious hopes as follows :

'The office shall be filled by men of sufficient ability, of impartial judgment, and high character. . . . The evils now existing in the system of selecting Justices of the Peace can, to a great extent, be remedied by removing political opinions and political action from the influences affecting such selection. . . . Appointments influenced by considerations of political opinion and services are highly detrimental to public interests. . . . It is in the public interest that working men with a first-hand knowledge of the conditions of life among their own class should be appointed to the County as well as to the Borough Benches.'

Yet one of the main results of changes made after the report has been to rectify the predominance of Conservative politics on the bench by the nomination of Liberal and Labour men and women. The political bias became all the more serious because it was made tricolor. Despite the condemnation in the report of political appointments, the 'Times' in a leading article on Jan. 19, 1935, felt it desirable to write that 'it is necessary to make a complete break with the notion that the first claim of a local bench

to public confidence is a nice balance of political persuasions.' The principal recommendation of the Commission was that 'in every county one or more Justices' Committees, consisting of not more than five members, should be appointed by the Lord Chancellor.' This system has now been at work for many years, but the evils denounced by the Commission have not ceased. As 'Solicitor' wrote,

'active work as a political partisan is the worst possible training for a judicial position. In addition, a strong party man is always liable to be suspected of bias on the Bench. Yet it is from this class that Justices of the Peace have during the last twenty years been mainly recruited. . . . The men and women who exercise this enormously important jurisdiction are chosen from those who are likely to have strong prejudices and to lack judicial qualities.'

The key to reform seems, therefore, to lie in the re-modelling of the Committees that advise the Lords Lieutenant about appointments to the bench. This has been suggested both by 'Solicitor' and by the Howard League for Penal Reform. The latter in its 'Penal Reformer' for October 1934, put forward a detailed plan to secure this reform. Only on some such lines are the desires of the Royal Commission likely to be fulfilled. To-day, in the words of Lord Mamhead, 'the Advisory Committees normally represent the three political parties. As a result it may be difficult for a well-qualified man or woman to become a magistrate who does not actively belong to one of the parties.' Yet are not such men and women the most likely to make good lay justices? At the head of proposals for reform I, therefore, place the following :

1. Advisory Committees might be re-constituted. A proportion of their members might be nominated by county and/or municipal councils. Local County Court judges, Recorders, stipendiary magistrates, etc., might be ex-officio members.

The Royal Commission discussed at length whether 'unasked-for advice to appoint Justices' might reach the Lord Chancellor or the Lords Lieutenant and advised that both 'should firmly refuse to receive any applications, or unasked-for advice from Members of Parliament or Candidates in their own constituencies, or from political agents.'

But the Lord Chancellor, the Lords Lieutenant, and the Committees might apply for such assistance. This is dangerous ground. Prohibitions are difficult to enforce. The Howard League has suggested that it would be better to allow suggestions freely, but to require that every recommendation 'should be accompanied by a statement of the qualifications of the person proposed.' I am inclined to agree and would recommend for consideration :

2. Advisory Committees could be bound to consider any names submitted by local chambers of commerce, trades councils, etc., or by any twelve local electors. Any such submission should set out fully the qualifications and experience of the person proposed.

3. The principle of selection for nomination could be that political or local government service shall neither qualify nor disqualify, but that the Committees shall be satisfied that the persons concerned have (a) independence and integrity of character, (b) judicial outlook and freedom from bias, and (c) ability and willingness to give the necessary time.

But even so a further change, one that so far as I know has not yet been put forward, seems to me essential. No improvement in the method of appointment will entirely get rid of 'the candidate whose desire to "serve" is primarily a desire to put the letters "J.P." after his name,' to quote the 'Times.' Such people, when sifted by the Advisory Committees, can do useful work in out-of-court administrative functions. In my opinion a great advance would be made if we could break down the idea that every Justice of the Peace is automatically entitled to do judicial work in court. Court work could be reserved for those who have specially qualified themselves for it. The acceptance of this principle would enable us to bring about that separation between judicial and municipal work which seems very desirable. At present mayors and chairmen of District Councils are automatically justices and are sometimes automatically chairmen of Benches. This seems wrong. Aptitude in municipal politics does not signify a judicial mind, and we must remember how frequently local councils are concerned in cases in Police Courts. I recommend for consideration :

4. A distinction might be drawn between Justices of the Peace and Court Justices, only the latter being entitled to take part in judicial work.

5. Membership of any local authority (which need not include nominated membership of municipal Committees) might disqualify from acting as Court Justice during such membership.

6. It might be provided that no justice should be entitled to act as Court Justice until he or she has made a statutory declaration of having (a) attended a minimum number of sittings of Assizes, Quarter Sessions, and Police Courts, (b) read and studied a minimum list of books about judicial work, (c) ability to give the time necessary for regular attendance at court, and (d) joined the Magistrates' Association.

Suggestion 6 (b) may appear Utopian, but I do not regard it as such. The Magistrates' Association has recently published for its members an admirable little book of 100 pages which contains all essential knowledge for a lay justice. It is written in non-technical language and no one ought to be permitted to sit on the bench who either cannot or will not master it. I have endeavoured to give a similar simple explanation of Police Court matrimonial work in my 'Wife v. Husband in the Courts.' The Lord Chancellor's office would have little difficulty even now in drawing up a minimum list of books the mastering of which should be a condition precedent to acting as a Court Justice. As time goes on other books suitable for lay justices will doubtless appear. There is a real need for a short and simple handbook on the way in which the various types of law-breakers can be, and should be, dealt with. I have sufficient knowledge of the keenness of lay magistrates and sufficient faith in their desire to equip themselves for their duties to believe that there would be no practical difficulty in every district in finding men and women (and not many would be required in any one district) who would undergo this process of voluntary self-education and thus fit themselves to act as Court Justices.

The adoption of this principle would pave the way for two other and very valuable reforms. At present there is no limit to the number of justices who may compose a court, save in the Juvenile Courts. A swollen bench is an evil, particularly in matrimonial work. Three or at most five justices who have studied their work in theory and practice would be an immeasurably better court than ten or more justices who approach their work as do jurymen. Secondly, a distinction between Justice and Court Justice

would make easy the adoption of an age limit. The following words were recently uttered by our present Lord Chief Justice, who is, incidentally, a stout critic of a compulsory retiring age for High Court judges: 'It may be preferred that boys and girls in the Juvenile Courts should be dealt with by parents rather than by grandparents. . . . Too often is the elderly magistrate tempted to a mistaken kindness, and allows himself to dispose of the case with a few words of benign advice to a tearful youngster, who in ten minutes may be chuckling in the street.' The reverse also happens, for elderly people on the bench are sometimes driven to undue severity simply because young people act differently from what was regarded as fitting two generations ago. To quote again the editor of the 'Countryman': 'If Justices of the Peace are to keep in touch with modern ideas of dealing with offenders, particularly young people, some of the magistrates ought to be in their forties and a few in their thirties' ('The Times,' Jan. 1, 1935). The to me convincing argument for a compulsory retiring age for all in judicial positions (with exceptions for the appellate courts) is that it is undesirable that there should be too wide a gap in age between the parties and the bench. With a separation between Justices and Court Justices it would be easy for the latter to revert automatically into the former at about seventy, and then they could still perform useful administrative functions if their health permits. I would recommend:

7. No Bench need be composed of more than five Court Justices, smaller numbers being the maxima, as now, for Juvenile Courts and possibly for the hearing of matrimonial cases.

8. No Justice over seventy should be permitted to act as Court Justice.

Except in the big towns the clerk of a Police Court is usually a solicitor in local practice. As 'Solicitor' has written, 'the persons who appear before the magistrates he advises may be, and often are, his own clients, as also may be those same magistrates.' Obviously an undesirable situation may easily arise here. The Departmental Committee on Imprisonment in Default of Payment of Fines (1934) reported that outside London there are 50 full-time clerks and 940 part-time solicitors in

private practice acting as clerks. The Committee did not feel competent to decide 'whether it is practicable and desirable to increase the number of full-time clerks by arranging for neighbouring courts to employ the same clerk or by enlarging the Petty Sessional Divisions,' but it seems that some such change is most desirable. The nearest approach to a perfect system in judicial administration is the present system for providing the clerks of the metropolitan Police Courts. They are civil servants, appointed as are all civil servants and pensionable; before taking up their work they have to study the branches of law which the courts administer; on these subjects many of them become masters, and some of the most used legal text-books on Police Court work are written by them. The whole system works admirably and incidentally it affords a complete answer to the evidence given before the Royal Commission on the Civil Service (1915), where arguments were put forward in favour of continuing the system of judicial patronage that still prevails in the High Court and at Assizes. Such clerks as are to be found in the metropolitan courts know more of the law and practice of Police Courts than probably the large majority of practising solicitors who hold the part-time clerkships, and the absence of knowledge in them of conveyancing and other branches of law matters nothing. It would not be possible to introduce a universal system of full-time clerks at once, but a gradual process could be begun. No scheme to improve our Police Courts is likely to be adequate that does not contain some scheme on these lines:

9. Gradually a system of whole-time clerks to justices might be introduced, such clerks being civil servants and serving as many courts as can conveniently be grouped together. Where local offices are desirable, arrangements could be made with local solicitors to act as deputies.

Finally a few lines must be devoted to the important question of Quarter Sessions. These historic courts deal with most of the appeals from Police Courts and they also try, with the assistance of juries, the cases which the law considers to be too difficult for the Police Courts but not so difficult as to require the attention of a High Court judge. Yet the law does not provide for Quarter Sessions

having any legally trained members. Chairmen and members of Quarter Sessions may be ordinary Justices of the Peace, laymen without any legal experience. One result is that where stipendiary magistrates sit in Police Courts, appeals from their decisions can go to a lay court. In boroughs Quarter Sessions are presided over by the Recorder, who must have had legal training. But quite often a Recorder is practising in branches of the law that have no connection with Quarter Sessions work; often too he has long ceased to practise at all; on occasion he has been so elderly that he seldom sat and nominated a deputy when there was work to be done. The Home Office now insists, when nominating a Recorder, on an agreement to retire voluntarily at a definite age. But the whole system of appointing Recorders, as well as the chairmen of Quarter Sessions in the counties, needs examination. Before the Royal Commission on the Dispatch of Business at Common Law, Sir Ernest Hart, chairman of the Society of Clerks of the Peace, gave evidence that his Society holds the opinion that there is a distinct advantage in a Court of Quarter Sessions being presided over by a Chairman with legal experience. The following suggestion is, therefore, worth consideration:

10. Quarter Sessions, both in town and country, might be presided over by a stipendiary chairman with proper legal qualifications and experience. Where the volume of work is insufficient to justify a full-time appointment, the work could be combined for neighbouring areas, town and country. Gradually the present system of having *ad hoc* Recorders in towns could cease.

These ten suggestions are put forward for the purposes of stimulating discussion. On all the points that they cover there is to-day a considerable volume of criticism, and it is not to the public advantage that criticism should reach the point where a lack of confidence in the administration of justice becomes widespread. Our system is very old and it is a long time since there was any survey of it. Such a survey is now an urgent need. In the words of Lord Chief Justice Denman (1851), 'the existing system is, for the most part, the neglected growth of time and accident.' These are days when the public is not content to believe that the thing that is must be for the best.

CLAUD MULLINS.

Art. 5.—THE VICTORIAN BOOK-SHELF.

The Victorians and their Books. By Amy Cruse. Illustrated. Allen and Unwin, 1935.

THE author of this comprehensive work has fulfilled a required task excellently. Those who were born within the period of years that stretched from Queen Victoria's accession in 1837 to her Jubilee half a century afterwards will delight in recapturing something of the literary magic of that time ; while those who had the fortune or misfortune—the choice shall remain with the reader—to come into existence after 1887 should still find in this book much that is enjoyable and curious. For the forty-eight years that have elapsed since the celebration of the first Victorian Jubilee have wrought fundamental changes in the world, and to Britain as much as to any country. Human nature, of course, remains as always ; but owing to the Great War and other modifying causes, man's environments, spiritual, material, and political, are as different now from what they were in 1887 as is the proverbial chalk from cheese. But why did not Miss Cruse continue her study to 1897, which, even more than 1887, was the Queen's culminating imperial year ?

There can be no truer means of estimating the moral and intellectual values of an age than through its popular reading ; and by that in this place is meant not merely the easy-going novels and other books generally of light heart from which the 'tired business man'—to borrow an American expression—after the day's work finds refreshment for his brains and nerves, with sometimes a little sleep ; but everything which the intelligent majority of the people have discovered as necessary to the nourishment and recreation of their minds. Miss Cruse has gathered with painstaking and discernment a rich harvest. She has sought through the records of all manner of readers during those years of her study, ending with such as the Lytteltons, the Bensons, Joseph Chamberlain, Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris, Walter Besant, Ellen Terry, Arthur Balfour, William Archer, Thomas Burt, Mr. Arthur Waugh, and Queen Victoria herself, for evidence of works by divines and writers upon science, poets major and minor, essayists

and novelists, comic writers and even the masters of inspired nonsense ; volumes serious and sentimental, bad and good, but all of them books which did affect in some measure the courses of Victorian thought and feeling ; and having garnered her harvest, she presents the results with humour and grace of expression in a fine profusion.

Incidentally, of course, she reflects as well the character of the half-century which that highly diverse literature adorned, and thereby enables readers in the present to see something of the greatness of that definite chapter of the past ; while revealing also the truth that the Victorian age was a good deal worthier of admiration and gratitude than many of those who have ventured to deride it seem to know. It was outstanding for the multitude, diversity, adventurousness, and genius of its writers. Only the periods associated with the royal names of Elizabeth and Anne can well be preferred to it for literary fullness combined with excellence—a conclusion which stimulates the further thought that it is curious, though doubtless accidental, that in three of the supreme periods of intellectual and artistic supremacy in our history England happened to be governed by Queens. We need not press the circumstance. Too many different conditions go to fulfil the blossoming and fruitfulness of a time.

The Victorian reign opened in seriousness and remained serious throughout its course, though less heavily so as the years covered by this book progressed. Hearts and consciences were troubled over many things ; amongst the chief of which were the truths of religion and the social misery that was a legacy from the economic ruthlessness and want of due regulations for the protection of the workers in the recently developed industrial system. But it was necessary for the social problem to wait—flesh and blood being cheap—while the religious differences confronting a re-quickenened Christendom and a community that had somewhat lost its way began to be re-discovered and fought out. It was an inevitable controversy if religion was to be a living force again, as the Faith then was hurt less through the verbal impertinences of the successors of Tom Paine—at best a bitter small minority in the over-crowded towns—than through the lingering sloth out of which Wesley and his fellow Evangelists

after preachings and journeyings had partially roused a sluggish ministry and congregations indifferent or misled. But the great evangelical crusade was over, its energies were largely spent; and while the opposite extremes of Rome and of cold or contemptuous negation still were disliked and feared by the majority of thoughtful citizens, there was ceaseless disquiet among earnest people over the truths of religion as taught, and in which they looked to reasoning and to a hard interpretation of the Scriptures to help them.

Then came the series of 'Tracts for the Times,' which made history, spreading light and anger; with Newman as their guiding influence, at the same time as in support of the renewed Anglo-Catholic idealism he was preaching in St. Mary's at Oxford sermons that a young Scottish undergraduate described as 'high poems of an inspired singer or prophet.' The excitement grew. The world was hungry for truth and uncertain over most things. Hudibras' 'drum ecclesiastic' was being beaten vigorously; while books and pamphlets were outpoured, until 'Tract 90'—Newman's—was published and, though it belongs rather to religious than to literary history, led to an extraordinary upheaval and long-continued agitations and contentiousness which at times caused the deepest sorrow to the better natures in all branches of Christian thought. Big guns and little guns, clerical and lay, joined in a noisy duel, requiring the calm, uplifting poetry of John Keble to restore something of the sweetness of spirit which should prevail, but rarely has done so, in such discussions. In those argumentative battles and rival interpretations of Holy Writ books were of more lasting effect than speech, and library-shelves soon were crammed with printed works, expounding, advocating, examining, contradicting religious truth in its innumerable aspects; until the novelists joined the issue, having found among the leaders and rank-and-file of the Churches and Chapels plentiful opportunities for portraying human nature in its passions and vices, its strengths, nobility, and occasional spiritual splendour.

This result, as Miss Cruse claims, was merely a rounding of the circle, for she detects in the romantic and poetic impulses animating the 'Tracts' and other works of similar appeal the influence of Sir Walter Scott, and is

able to quote George Borrow in support of that conjecture. In his thumping fashion that most famous of colporteurs insisted that both Laud and the Pretender were dead and buried—'till Scott,' said he, 'called them out of their graves; when the pedants of Oxford hailed both—ay, and the Pope, too, as soon as Scott had made the old fellow fascinating through particular novels, more especially the "Monastery" and "Abbot."' If that were so, then so much the better! An impenitent admirer of Sir Walter, conscious of his debt for happiness received, wishes the same inspiring influence might be as effective now as it was—and on published sermons of all things—a hundred years ago. That, however, is by the way. Not a great deal is left as still-readable evidence of the peculiar vigour of religious hearts and pens that roused and distressed those early Victorian years; and still the best of them are found in the prose works of Newman, especially his 'Apologia,' and in Keble's 'The Christian Year.' The fictional descendants of that excitement, however, are still much alive; all sorts of conditions and contradictions of men and women, sincere and otherwise, people vividly and in wide variety our bookshelves, clothed in drab or in serviceable black, amongst them Stiggins and Chadband, the Reverend Charles Honeyman, Mrs Proudie and her Barsetshire subjects, Adam Bede, Charlotte Brontë's curates, the deacons of Mark Ruthford and, lagging to the rear somewhat tediously and tiresomely, Robert Elsmere.

Apart from its religious or pseudo-religious associations, that was a fine flowering-time for the English novel. The many impulsive energies then released sought and found expression through infinite aspects of imaginative truth. But the prejudice that ever has been as a cloud pursuing the advance of the spirit was alert against Fiction, though not quite so much as against the Stage. These influences of entertainment and enlightenment were felt and declared to be temptations, snares of the Evil One, inducing to idleness, to sloth, and to faults far worse than the innocent vices that stirred the muse of Dr Watts; though poetry, however imaginative and emotional it might be, did not share an equal distrust. One old clergyman, of whom we are told, loved Scott's poems and even more so those of Byron, but he would not read 'Waverley'

although he read and re-read 'Don Juan'; while as to the Stage, Sir Edmund Gosse, in his 'Father and Son,' has recorded the incident that as a boy he heard a speaker at a religious conference declare 'at this very moment there is proceeding unreprieved a blasphemous celebration of the birth of Shakespeare, a lost soul now suffering for his sins in hell.' The world, it is seen, went very differently then; the wheels of its morality shrieked, lacking the lubrication of a greater charity and common sense, and through an occasional want of sincerity among pastors and masters gave occasion to Dickens and others to satirise those who were really trading or merely parading in the name of Christ.

Gradually healthier conditions grew, until the evangelical themselves recognised the good that may come from story-books, and gave to children and others, older but yet of childish or child-like minds, tales in which a sectarian purpose was stressed; though too often the poor hero or heroine, or both, for mistakenly moral reasons died early of consumption amid plasterings of scriptural texts. What profusion there was of such books—'Jessica's First Prayer,' 'Christy's Old Organ,' 'Little Dot,' 'The Dairyman's Daughter'! Examples of that library are still to be discovered, the worse or the better for wear, on the fustier book-shelves, and to our more sophisticated sympathies seem curiously pathetic. Who now could read them through?

But a similar question might be asked of most of the works published in that earnest, anxious time. Of a greatly superior character and at much the same period, still using the tenderness evoked in the more spiritual natures and rightly adding to the popularity of fiction, came novels like Charlotte Yonge's 'The Heir of Redclyffe' and Mrs Henry Wood's 'The Channings,' which helped to restore the world to health and happiness.

But the sentiment, the sentimentality! Emotions then were very easily expressed. Tears flowed for the flimsiest reasons. Strong men wept willingly in a miserable joy. The ladies did so too; but such indulgence was expected of them, though hardly of George Eliot, who had some 'delightful crying' over one of Harriet Martineau's novels. Here are a few unexpected instances, taken from many, revealed in Miss Cruse's sympathetic chronicle.

Francis Jeffery, whose critical pen could be as savage and tartarly as any, confessed to Dickens that he sobbed and cried over the death of Paul Dombey 'last night and again this morning'; while Daniel O'Connell, on coming to the demise of Little Nell, began to sob aloud and in grief and indignation threw the book out of the window. Albert Smith, the comic lecturer, blubbered like a schoolboy over the death of 'that sweet Milly' in 'Scenes of Clerical Life'; Dean Liddell when reading 'Enoch Arden' aloud 'fairly broke down'; and George Du Maurier while illustrating Florence Montgomery's 'Misunderstood' 'cried pints.' And they really did. Even Dean Farrar's 'Eric,' surely the unhealthiest book of its bad kind, brought tributes of wasted tears, sincere in quality, yet how inglorious! And the same honest people roared when they laughed. Whether in sorrow or joy they were habitually more than thorough.

There was call for the services of sympathy, if not of tears, idle tears, in those years of quickening consciences over the wrongs and cruelties of a too rapidly developing social and industrial life. This now is only so far our concern as it was the concern of the novelists and poets, the philosophers, historians, and reformers, who used literature as a means for calling attention to and redressing the sufferings of the weaker victims of the race for wealth then being run, with the brazen motto 'Laissez faire' as its justification. Not only consciences but minds were alert to new possibilities, rights, and duties; and a passion to know and to teach was quickened. In time principles were formulated, purposes strengthened. There were greater and more persistent demands for reforms through national and social endeavour. Already Dickens had well-earned his immortality through his revelations of the evils due to the Bumbles in the Poor Law, to the Gamps in the profession of nursing, to the educational methods of Dotheboys Hall, to the follies and iniquities of the Law as displayed in 'Bleak House,' with red-tape and official stupidities overwhelming in Circumlocution Offices, high and low, everywhere. Disraeli helped the human cause in 'Sybil' by pointing the differences between the 'two nations'—of the rich and the poor; the moral of his imaginative appeal being emphasised by Carlyle, who had not yet come to the loud scorn and egoism which grew in

him as his studies of Frederick the Great and of Prussian ascendancy continued. The Chartist movement was the natural outcome of the wrongs and agitations of the time ; added to the fact, as Miss Cruse reminds us, that ' the root of England's trouble was that her aristocracy had failed her. . . . The people had lost their natural leaders and so had gone astray ' ; while the demands of the People's Charter for political rights were so moderate, in spite of the fears of many that revolution had come, that every one of its six points have since been conceded with the exception of the first, which called for annual parliaments.

But other voices, poets' voices, also were expressing the demands of reformers for more human relations between employers and employed. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's appeal for the children over-worked in the mills, factories, and the ' coal-dark underground,' and Tom Hood's ' Song of the Shirt '—its very simplicities of rhyme and the lilt of the rhythm helping the call—proved unconquerable :

' With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread. . . . '

Still the pathos rings. That call cannot grow hackneyed. But although Mrs Browning's poem helped soon to bring the fulfilment of its purpose, it took many years before the iniquities of sweating were abolished—if they are abolished yet. The novelists helped. Charles Kingsley with ' Alton Locke ' and ' Yeast ' was a masterly pen-swordsman in the cause. It is difficult to judge how powerful those novels would prove if they were published or read now for the first time ; but a Victorian who absorbed them in his youth remembers well how deeply they moved him ; although many of the reforms they championed were won. Their strength rested in the vital truths they disclosed. Every tailor's workshop at the time of Alton Locke's restricted struggles to live was a witness to conditions of ill-health, want, half-starvation, and worse, that called for pity and indignation ; while the lot of agricultural labourers, as exposed in ' Yeast,' was beyond all dispute bad. Christian England could only be shamed and saddened by such disclosures frankly,

sincerely, sympathetically made ; and it is to Kingsley's credit that he used his pen in such noble causes. The pity is that in 'Yeast' and elsewhere his anti-Catholic, anti-Jesuit feelings were so militant, especially as that fault was the cause of his mistaken step against Newman which led to the answering and unanswerable trouncings of the 'Apologia.'

Not only in fervid denunciation or by mordant descriptions of others' sufferings was the work for ill-used humanity continued. Idealist efforts also were active. Ruskin had begun his appeals for truth in art and beauty in life and was writing the series of ethical-economic treatises (with some practical road-building at Oxford) which affected public opinion extraordinarily and were examples of polished loveliness in English prose. It is curious that Ruskin should be—as he seems to be—a faded force in these days ; but surely he will come again. His messages in many respects should be helpful now ; and if the tendencies of the times have outrun his social gospel, his spirit and works still must have an abiding value because they were noble. The Victorians were fortunate to receive his teachings warm from the heart ; and knew it. They were eager for his doctrines, æsthetic, ethical, and economic, because in their time they needed them. Possibly this day needs them less, for the reason that with all our burdens the general standard of comfort has risen, while there is a lively social conscience in the community, with little call now even for the poorest to despair. But what must have been the shame and anxiety of those in want when there was nothing but the old Poor Law, Bumble's Poor Law, to go to for relief ? Ruskin's idealism in the arts and social politics was supported on less exalted planes by innumerable guides to profitable conduct, such as by Dr Samuel Smiles's 'Self-Help' series and John Stuart Blackie's 'Self-Culture' ; while inexpensive works of information were outpoured by the presses, penny encyclopædias and cheaply available histories, with booklets of shrewd counsel and golden rules to be purchased cheaply, studied, and absorbed. The Victorian desire to know was insistent, though often in the later years it degenerated to a cheapening curiosity, to dabbings with the mysteries now labelled occult and to such essays in absurdity as the Bacon-was-Shakespeare craze.

It was not only among the humble-minded that there was a passion to enquire and find out, so leading to the rapid multiplication of serious works and readers. It also was an age of marvellous scientific advance and of discoveries which altered fundamentally the conceptions of life in the universe and of the universe itself. Darwin, Huxley, Russel Wallace, Tyndall, with Herbert Spencer in reconstructive philosophy, were examining such facts of existence as were available and re-interpreting the beliefs about them with a scientific frankness, thereby leading to far-reaching theories and further regions of acute enquiry. Those interventions violently agitated the Churches, whose startled leaders clung to the literal interpretation of the whole of the Scriptures and fought against the conclusions offered, especially by the principle of evolution, which Benjamin Disraeli, through the charming mouth of his Lady Constance Rawleigh, flippantly expressed in 'Tancred':

'First, there was nothing, then there was something; then I forget the rest, I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came, let me see, did we come next? Never mind that, we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us, something with wings. Ah! that's it; we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows.'

Only a wit as impudently bold in his ironies as was the young Disraeli could have taken the threatened overturn of religious truths, as at first it seemed to be, with laughing detachment—but he must have his epigram, on whichever side of the fence of faith, whether scientific or 'on the side of the angels,' it brought him.

The earnestness of the religious world turned to bitterness as in the course of time the more courageous or studious of the clergy accepted the new theories, explaining away the old, and wrote books about them like the famously contentious series of 'Essays and Reviews' and Bishop Colenso's critical examination of the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua, which caused the dovescotes mightily and angrily to flutter. Other influences also were at work in the restlessness and clamour of those generations. Mr Punch had spoken-out for the salvation of sweated seamstresses. The immortal philosopher of Bouverie Street could not be so helpful in the battle that went on between religion

and science; but with satire and humour he still was able to point with geniality, often sharply, the problems then agitating England; while with Tenniel's cartoons the political history of Britain in those years was being brilliantly illustrated. As to the humour of the topical comic papers, of which there were many besides 'Punch'—'Judy,' 'Fun,' and 'Moonshine,' where are they gone? It is unfair to read the jokes of the old days and remark on how savourless they seem; for it is the curse of all humour that its freshness soon must go; a joke having sprung to life begins to fade at once and to die ere long through repetition. Yet the readers of 'Punch' did laugh—as sincerely and heartily as they cried—at its topical references, its satire, and asides, as well as over such serial contributions as Thackeray's 'Book of Snobs' and Douglas Jerrold's 'Mrs Caudle's Curtain-Lectures.' To every age its own peculiar humour! If we find the fun of the contemporaries of Leech wanting, is it not possible also that our great-grandchildren reading the 'Punch' of to-day may sometimes wonder how we could call it funny? Whether that will be so or not, books of an enduring humour also were written then. It needs no argument to justify the qualities of 'Alice in Wonderland,' or in their own domain the limericks of Edward Lear. They live and cause laughter; but other works of the comic kind, as 'Mr Verdant Green' and 'Handy Andy,' also have tended to fade in fun and appeal; while the high spirits of such as Smedley's 'Frank Fairleigh,' which half a century ago still was laughable, now, after recent attempts to re-read it, can only be put down as wearisome, strained playings upon words, combined with the laboured detail of practical joking. Time has its revenges, especially, it seems, on the funny men.

In the course of her study of the authors whose works were the most eagerly read by Victorians, Miss Cruse has rightly devoted a whole chapter to Dickens. Again it is impossible, through the fond familiarity that breeds in time indifference, to imagine, far less to recapture, the exceptional delight and excitement which the longed-for monthly parts of the great novels aroused as they appeared. Earlier we have referred to the tears so abundantly shed through the rhetorical pathos of the Master, as well as to his influence in compelling certain

social reforms. His was a voice generous and powerful for Christian charity. Yet his happiest gift to us is the laughter of hearts that he continues to evoke; many persons of his imaginative begetting walk and speak and will continue so to do in our conversations and thoughts, but mainly for the comedy they bring. With all their eccentricities, Micawber and the Wellers, Captain Cuttle and Jack Bunsby, Mrs Nickleby, Mr Pickwick, Mr Toots, the Crummleses, Mr F.'s Aunt, Dick Swiveller, Jingle, Mrs Gamp with her former crony, Betsy Prig—and not forgetting the teapot—with many others of a similar hearty nature, are his liveliest creatures and they will go on cheerily—at least to the devout. But it is the very reverse of that with his villains and lovers; the former as grotesque and louring as any gargoyle of Notre Dame, the latter, shadows and attitudes, tiresome. It was the kindlier, the laughing, and not the sentimental heart of Dickens that cheered and strengthened his time as it will now if, needing such English courage, we go to him in confidence.

Thackeray, not so well entitled as Dickens to a chapter of his own, is dealt with among the other novelists; those considerable others, the Brontës, Mrs Gaskell, Anthony Trollope, George Eliot amongst them; including the American contingent, from Harriet Beecher Stowe to Mark Twain, whose 'Huckleberry Finn' is possibly undervalued by Miss Cruse. For Thackeray—his personality and genius—we have admiration and fondness enough to bracket him second only to Dickens, though his grasp on popular favour seems nowadays to be slacking. Becky Sharp and Colonel Newcome stood out in Victorian favour as his most compelling characters, as they do still. It is unlikely that he will recapture his old ascendancy; but yet he was a star, and his genial effulgence continues to glow from out of the scattered galaxy that adorned his period. The old-time rivalry between the readers of Dickens and Thackeray—as that between themselves, for their mutual acquaintance had its rift, which happily was restored a few days before Thackeray's death—is amusingly illustrated by Miss Cruse in a verbal 'conversation piece' picture.

'We may perhaps allow ourselves to imagine Mr and Mrs Carlyle sitting one on either side of the fire in the sitting-

room of Cheyne Row, he with the current yellow-covered number in his hand, she with the green, while deep growls of disgusted disapproval come from the one, and light, caustic comments from the other; until he lays down his "Vanity Fair" and she her "Dombey and Son," and there ensues an interval during which Carlyle, with picturesque and damning invective consigns Thackeray's book to the place where it ought to go—a place which grows the blacker and the more infamous at every spirited and witty plea for the defence made by his wife; until at length he snatches up her "Dombey and Son" to refresh his soul with the delightful ingenuousness of Captain Cuttle and Polly Toodles, and she reaches out for "Vanity Fair," and finds the tonic properties she requires in the captivating wickedness of Becky Sharp.'

In not dissimilar fashion the rivals of Tennyson and Browning tended to divide themselves into opposite camps, following their favourite. But the heyday of those adorations was yet to be with the establishment of Browning Societies and fervent pilgrimages to the grumpy and yet pleased Poet Laureate at Freshwater and Aldworth.

Meanwhile other bards strummed and sang in an age not supreme in poetical history. Pens were writing rapidly. The influence of journalism on style was already becoming evident, and even Poetry was affected by it. Martin Tupper made many verses whose 'philosophy,' like that of Mrs Wilcox in more recent days, found profitable reflections in the very popular heart. Such perversions of thought and taste as favouritism of that sort must have occurred in every great time; and the Victorians in their eagerness to know and approve naturally were mistaken sometimes over their idols; while it may be that they did not recognise the fall in the quality of the verse they were given, as compared with that of the little while before, when Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Byron, and the young Wordsworth were penning their immortalities. Wordsworth in those earlier Victorian days was still the Poet Laureate; but in spite of the pleas of his apologists—and who is not grateful to those who defend his or any greatness?—his later work, written while Browning and Tennyson were testing and strengthening their powers of flight, was lacking in its former inspirations of music and thought. Amongst the other popular poets,

who anyhow had sincerity—though poor music must sound poorer when it is sincerely played—were 'Festus' Baily, whose vogue lasted into this century; Eliza Cook, who wrote with gusto of patriotic flags and old armchairs; Mrs Hemans, with her elegant graces recalling the promises of a Better Land and of other hopeful things; and Macaulay, with his 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' It is not quite fair to place him with the mediocrities in this association, because his essays and volumes of history entitle him to an honoured place on a more enduring shelf. But the overwhelming popularity of his ballads, the ease with which they could be memorised and mouthed made them, in spite of their vigour and picturesque qualities, tiresome and gave such opportunities to parodists that we are not yet free of the plague of them. Swinburne, Emily Brontë, Mrs Browning, Matthew Arnold, Coventry Patmore—as always in the survey of a great age, the few must represent the many; and it is needless, impossible in the space available, to do more than refer, skip, and generalise.

Definitely out of the crowd Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning uprose to voice the hopes and purposes of their century, and of the two the first, by the overwhelming evidence of sales, was proved to be the more favoured. With him, rather than with Browning, was it roses, roses all the way; but for him there were rather too many roses, there was too much roseate, hurtful flattery. It needed all the sour, pricking criticism that he also received, from his Old Fitz and others, to counteract the praise so fulsomely poured out before him by the eternal tribe of celebrity hunters; but he had enough sense of artistic truth to strengthen himself, so that, as time went on, there was less of the Minnie and Winnie silliness or 'Queen of the May' raptures to discourage his friends, while his great gift for writing rhythmic magnificent lines strengthened. If 'Maud,' for example, did not deserve the whole of the effusive welcome that it received on publication, and one appreciator fancifully described it as 'a very complete story, told with flying hints and musical echoes; as though Ariel had piped it in the little wild island of "The Tempest,"' its quality is better than the present disposition to belittle it may suggest. With all the inequality of his achievements

and of the rewards that he received, Tennyson deserves his niche. Much that he wrote is beautiful; some of his songs, as 'Sweet and Low,' 'As through the land at eve we went,' and 'Break, Break, Break,' are very moving in their sincerity and simple charm, while his details of the truths of Nature are brilliant in their observation and delineation; so take from his abundance the tinsel and the dross, which also clog the works of greater than he, and plenty of fine poetry remains. Browning took longer than Tennyson to attain to his kingdom: and it may be that his more solid contribution to the harvest of the Muses—for his thought was the fresher, deeper (with all its obscurities), and more original of the two, Tennyson being rather a reflector than a real contributor to the thought of his time—will ensure for him the higher place eventually; especially as his spiritual calls were the more stirring. With 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' and other appeals to patriotism and glory, Tennyson could rouse and move his fellows in an hour of national pride; but he had none of the ethereal passion which sings in 'Prospice,' 'The Lost Leader,' and the Epilogue to 'Asolando' and is able to lift the heart to braver aspirations and nobler spiritual achievement. Among the poets the American contingent must especially be remembered, for their influence was as actual as any, and Miss Cruse rightly recalls the offerings of Poe, Whitman, Longfellow, and Whittier.

But it is time to bring to an end our tribute to a great period and a delightful book. A half-century of such variety and intensity as that of Queen Victoria's first fifty years is not to be compressed into a few pages; while its interest, especially to one who lived through some of its years, is compelling. Miss Cruse has been thorough, as well as generous with a royal abundance. She has omitted a few names of writers, welcome to their generation, that might have been expected, such as Baring Gould; but none of such esteem as to cause the omission to matter; while she has more than made up for any imagined lack with chapters on the young Victorian's reading, on Mudie's and the library system, on the Philistines, on the triumph of the Woman Novelists, in spite of many discouragements; on Woman in Revolt,

'The Woman who Did'; and on the *Æsthetic* movement, with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood as its apostles and Oscar Wilde as its somewhat unwieldy harlequin.

A full and fascinating record. Every Victorian should cherish this book, which justifies an age, an age of greatness. As to making comparisons between those years and these of his present Most Gracious Majesty, inquiring as to which may be the greater period in the achievements of mind and spirit . . . we have our convictions but will not be so uncharitable or so imprudent as to utter them.

MAURICE DOWNING.

Art. 6.—DRUNKENNESS AND ENVIRONMENT.

'BEER is being sacrificed to petrol and that is a very good thing,' remarked the President of the Board of Trade in a recent speech to a temperance gathering. His remark has the faults common to most generalisations, but in the main it conveys a useful if inadequate impression of a social change of extreme interest and importance. It is not strictly true to say that beer is being 'sacrificed'; for, as any brewery shareholder will confirm, beer is selling remarkably steadily and the trade in general is well in step with the economic improvement now so happily manifest. What has happened is that beer, and liquor generally, is now taking its proper place among all the commodities, pursuits, and entertainments which make up a full life of work and leisure. Until recently the people known as 'the working class' of this country had no outlet for the expenditure of money except the most wretched housing, the cheapest possible food, bad quality, ill-fitting clothing, and beer. For generations the only so-called luxury available to them was beer. In an environment which stultified a man's every effort to raise himself, frustration became a sort of chronic psychosis which led to habitual resort to the oblivion induced by the abuse of alcohol. It was impossible to blot out the environment, let alone 'remould it nearer to the heart's desire,' so thousands of unfortunate persons chose the alternative of blotting out themselves. Should we not, in these enlightened days, regard them with more pity than blame?

There have always been large numbers who, with the help of religion or by complete absorption in their work and their immediate family circle, perhaps, have succeeded in resisting the temptation to blunt their finer sensibilities with alcohol, and these brave souls have kept alive, even in the darkest places, those flowers of the spirit which now find in our modernised environment a rich soil for growth and fruition. Mr Runciman (himself an ardent teetotaller) has symbolised this modern environment in the one word 'petrol,' and it is a good image because it lays emphasis upon one of the most important influences in the present social revolution. Petrol connotes transport, movement to new scenes, full experience of a wider

environment, mixing with other communities and classes, the conquest of space by people whose lives have so long been bounded by the walls of an alley—in short, petrol connotes ‘escape,’ and until our new efforts to provide homes and surroundings which satisfy are crowned with success, this facility of escape from a bad environment must be the greatest single influence towards lessening dissatisfaction and thus diminishing the extent of drunkenness.

One of the most enlightened of the great temperance organisations was recently displaying a poster which stated: ‘Drink is at the bottom of all social evils.’ It was after returning from a lengthy investigation of this very problem that the legend caught my eye, and it did me the service of crystallising a large mass of material and impressions into a phrase with precisely the reverse implication; for all the work had led inescapably to the conclusion that ‘drunkenness is the product of social evils.’ There are many who adhere to the opinion that a tramp is a tramp because he drinks. In reality he is a tramp because he is a ‘social misfit’ and he is often inebriate for the same reason. Men are social misfits when they are temperamentally unsuited to their social conditions, and in the bad old days when drunkenness was rife among the poor, the number of social misfits was so large not because the people were unsuited to the conditions but because the conditions were unsuitable for human creatures. A French geographer writing in about 1885 gives the following account:

‘The very poorest quarters of London have immediate contact with that wealthy City, which not many years hence will count only employés and housekeepers amongst its resident population. The labyrinth of streets round The Tower and the Docks is dreaded by the stranger, and not often entered by the Londoner residing in more favoured districts. The mud is carried from the streets into the passages of the houses; the walls are bespattered with filth; tatters hang in the windows; a fetid or rancid odour fills the atmosphere; while most of the men and women you meet in the streets have sunken eyes and emaciated limbs. The soiled garments which they wear have originally belonged to the fine ladies of the West End; they have changed hands ten times since their original owners parted with them, and

finish as rags upon the bodies of the inhabitants of Shadwell and Wapping.' *

We will refrain from accompanying the author into those ultimate hells; suffice it to recall that in the Metropolitan Police District, in 1879, persons arrested for being 'drunk and disorderly' numbered 33,892, whereas in 1933 there were 36,285 such convictions (including 'incapables') in the whole of England and Wales.

Failing, then, the ideal environment, there is this problem of escape. There must always be two parts to a man's life—his life within the home and his life outside it. The one should give him those fireside satisfactions which wife and children know so well how to provide and those outlets for his skill and interest which are supplied by work for the well-being of the family and decoration of its abode. Thus gardening helps so greatly, for it provides two important satisfactions. It goes some little way towards furnishing sustenance for the family—helps in some small measure towards self-dependence—and it gives much scope for that impulse towards decoration which is the common heritage of all emotionally endowed creatures.

Outside the home is the larger world. Surely there is some fundamental impulse in man to make the most of that world and its resources? There can be few communities which have not exploited to the last all the possibilities open to them within the limits imposed by nature. Where there is no possible fuel for smelting the stone age still lingers—as in Australian deserts. Where there is no need for covering, textiles are unknown—as in African jungles. But there is everywhere abundant and lively ingenuity directed towards the greatest possible exploitation of environment. The modern competitive system greatly emphasised that impulse and accelerated the pace of exploitation to a degree that has found us unprepared and has caused us no little bewilderment and suffering. Among that suffering was the dissatisfaction of millions who remained fixed and depressed amid an expanding environment presenting every day new

* 'The Universal Geography.' By Elisée Réclus, edited by E. G. Ravenstein. VOL. IV, p. 180. Virtue. For the 1879 figures, vide p. 197.

satisfactions for body, mind and spirit. No physical obstacles prevented their participation in all this; no force was opposed to them; yet their natural impulse to take the fullest advantage of improving conditions was rigidly limited and their efforts too often completely negated by lack of money. The progress was too rapid; the individualism was too ruthless; the spear-point of the advance was too concentrated—too far ahead of the main body. The monetary system gradually engulfed every commodity, pursuit, and even aspiration necessary to the life of man. The distance a man could travel no longer depended on the strength of his legs but upon how much he could pay for a railway-ticket. Because the industrial age was born in Britain and reached its fiercest advance in Britain; because for so many years Britain was, in fact, the only country of real industrial importance, for these reasons the gap between the spear-point of progress and the main body was larger here than elsewhere. It was Disraeli who spoke of "the two nations," and it has often been remarked by visitors from the Continent that in Britain we seem to have two races of people living side by side. Less has been heard lately of that remark, and in time so grave a reproach upon our system will be heard no more. So it was that millions were condemned to watch an advance which they could not share and to see opening round them great possibilities for the satisfaction of legitimate human impulses which were denied them. Neither within nor without the home was there outlet for any but the coarsest instincts; nothing but breeding and beer.

In emphasising this psychological aspect of the welcome decrease in drunkenness which has been so evident during the last ten or fifteen years I am not writing without authority, nor am I neglecting the powerful influence of material factors, such as the war restrictions in drinking hours and the greatly increased price of liquor. The abuse of liquor, however, has decreased in greater degree than has consumption. The beer made (less exports and at 1055 degrees, the standard specific gravity of beer) in 1933 was 39.9 per cent. of the 1913 figure and the spirit (proof gallons) retained for consumption in 1933 was 33 per cent. of the 1913 figure. Drunkenness convictions were 19.2 per cent. of the 1913 figure.

Restrictions, price changes, and variations in prosperity certainly influence consumption of liquor and, to the extent that drunkenness is related to the quantities consumed, they thus also influence drunkenness. These influences alone were at work in the early post-war years and by their agency consumption was, roughly, halved and convictions were brought down to about 40 per cent. of what they were in 1913. It was, however, in 1924 that a definite tendency towards sobriety set in, and it has continued with only two setbacks—1930 and 1933. In both cases the retrogression was slight if taken in its relationship to the pre-war figures, though in 1933 it amounts to a substantial increase when compared with 1932, because of the extreme minimum of that year. The change in the relationship between consumption and drunkenness is best seen by calculating the number of gallons of beer produced for each conviction recorded. In pre-war years this figure was in the neighbourhood of 5500 gallons per conviction. Despite all war restrictions of hours and despite the increased price and decreased strength of post-war liquor, this figure was still as low as 8189 gallons in 1920 and fell to 7778 gallons in 1923, making that year the least sober year since the war. After that year the quantity of beer produced per conviction gradually rose to 11,425 gallons in 1929, but fell back slightly to 10,790 in 1930. This was no doubt due to the social disturbance created by the admission of so many thousands to unemployment benefit that year with the onset of the trough of the depression. The increased duty on beer in 1931 stopped this tendency. The cuts in pay and unemployment pay, removal of anomalies, and the continued contraction of spending power combined with the increasing tendency towards sobriety to bring the figure to 13,426 gallons per conviction in 1932, making this year the most sober post-war year irrespective of the actual quantity consumed. The next year conditions were favourable for considerably increased drunkenness. Employment improved somewhat, the cheaper price of beer was restored, and money began to circulate a little more freely. An increase in convictions duly occurred, but it is significant that the number of gallons per conviction did not fall lower than 12,102, making 1933 the second most sober post-war year.

Thus, since 1924, there has been an almost completely progressive increase in this gallons-per-conviction figure, showing a steady regression of the tendency to drunkenness and the gradual departure of the drinking tradition. The extension of the police-box system, the use of police motor-transport, the increasing intolerance of the public towards drunkenness, and the increasing strictness demanded of licensees have all combined to secure more complete police control. Thus the conviction figures to-day form at least as good an index of insobriety among the population as they have ever done.*

Quite apart from the figures, however, my authority is the sum of the opinions of a hundred and fifty unprejudiced persons, ranging from trawler hands to Chief Constables and in close contact with the communities in which they live and work. We discussed the figures, the changes in the duties, the drastic restriction of spending power which was the evil fruit of the depression, and we came to the conclusion, in one talk after another, that, after due weight had been given to all the material influences, there were still the psychological effects of cheap transport, the cinema, and broadcasting to be thanked for the great change. I would add, too, the great penetration into the lowest strata of the market of all sorts of commodities by means of the cheap department store and the hire-purchase companies. 'Will the old drunkenness return if prosperity returns?' was a question which I asked everywhere. The answer was invariably 'No.' Transport, the cinema, and broadcasting, I was told, have changed the whole outlook of the people. 'They are lifting the people out of the rut and the people are staying out,' said one working man. 'Instead of having to obliterate himself from his environment a man can now enjoy his environment,' said a Labour Ministry official. People were strongly inclined to deny that the cheaper beer of 1933 had made the least difference to drunkenness, while they were ready to admit the powerful effect of the opposite economic factors in inducing sobriety. Restrictions, the high prices, and the depression seem to have combined to provide the necessary stimulus for people to look around them and consider the use of money. This stimulus came at a

* See Postscript on p. 264.

time when commodities, transport, entertainment, and housing were being developed as never before. The upper strata of the market were glutted : mass production technique brought with it a spate of goods ; fruits and flowers from the ends of the earth overflowed from the luxury shops. The only possible expansion of the market was downwards. At last all the more simple accompaniments of a comfortable life became available at moderate prices, and, through cheap department stores, hire purchase, building societies, and motor coach companies, they flowed to the lower strata of the market where there were hundreds of thousands of people eager for physical and spiritual outlets, shaking themselves free from the old drinking tradition and ready to buy. Streets which had laughed for generations at a child wearing shoes quickly accepted the artificial silk stocking ; grape-fruit and peaches appeared on the stalls of the street markets ; dock-labourers began to purchase houses and working people began to ride in luxury motor cars through the length and breadth of the country. The effects of the vogue for outdoor enjoyment—sport, hiking, cycling, and even sun-bathing—and the cumulative power of education must be left to mere statement in a brief survey such as this. My purpose is to indicate how deep-seated and permanent is this diversion of money and interest to new spheres ; how completely the old concentration upon liquor as an outlet for surplus money and as an escape from environment has been replaced by the use of money for improving the environment and for finding means of escape preferable to liquor.

Among those means of escape Mr Runciman's ' petrol ' has an important place ; but in that part of a man's life which lies outside his home a place at least equally important must be given to the cinema. However crude, however blatant the cinema may be, it has at least opened up new universes to those millions who knew little of entertainment beyond the constant caricature of daily life or repetition of feats of strength which seem to exhaust the resources of the music hall. The camera, ran the old slogan, does not lie ! On the screen were authentic glimpses of the larger world ; here were people living exciting lives and sometimes lapped in luxury. Here, therefore, was a fine field for escape and for vicarious

participation in the joys and excitements of other worlds. Here also was a great stimulus towards refinement of taste. However barbarous the cinema may have been it was always more refined than was the life of the slum dweller. It was the post-war unemployment that sent the poorest of our people to the cinema; it was the depression that sent them to the public libraries. There is not two hours' entertainment in a pint of beer, but a seat at the cinema can be secured for the same price—or very near it. Public library issues are highest when employment is lowest. It is possible to enjoy the cinema once or twice a week and the library daily even on unemployment pay; but liquor is another story. Thus the depression, despite all the suffering which it brought, may have had consequences for the people of greater importance than the semi-starvation of individuals. In conditions which prohibited the purchase of sufficient liquor to blot themselves out of their environment, many thousands learned how to make the best use of that environment—both in its commercial and cultural aspects.

The liquor trade itself has not been slow to appreciate the new atmosphere. The function of alcohol as an anæsthetic—at one time so frankly exploited—was seen to be no longer paramount. Enlightened trade interests, especially in Birmingham, have been quick to realise that drinking is no more than an accompaniment to social intercourse, food, and entertainment. It is only indulged in for its own sake by abnormal individuals or in abnormally bad environments. As the horizons of the people widened, places of public resort improved. Perhaps there is no more striking instance than in the case of fried-fish shops, which in recent years have blossomed forth into a splendour of white enamel, chromium, and 'modernist' decoration which startles the omnibus passenger in even the meanest streets. The public house, with its immense capital resources, has gone further. Light and air have been let in, and now circulate freely through Tudor palaces where people talk together over modest refreshment. Misbehaviour in such an atmosphere is a solecism. This is a development welcomed by police and licensing officials throughout the country and opposed, I found, only by temperance reformers who fear the attractiveness of such places to weaker brethren. If

progress in housing and the general improvement of physical and spiritual environment is maintained they need have no fear.

Inside the home the supreme influence of modern times has been broadcasting. There is no item of the programme—whether it be dance music, low comedy, or the Children's Hour—which is not superior in material, execution, and presentation to anything which the depressed section of the population had ever experienced. Here was something going on, day by day, steadily hour by hour, which brought men into contact with that larger world. Here were real, human voices, sometimes in the veritable accents of Tyneside or Lancashire, which spoke confidently and interestingly of people and places, of sport and world events. Here was music—old, well-loved tunes or exciting new rhythms—performed as we had never heard it performed. The cloying sweetness of the cinema organ and the celeste soothed the ears of thousands whose fourpenny cinema ran to no such delights. The dance bands of London's luxury hotels set a standard of popular dance-music previously unthought of in the dance halls of industrial villages. Occasionally we listened wonderingly and a little angrily to some incomprehensible sounds which were 'classical' or to lectures of which an exciting sentence here and there was 'just as I have always said.' So we graduated to travel talks, to political speeches, and to popular symphonies.

It was in 1924 that the tendency towards sobriety began to be statistically evident and it was in 1924 that the British Broadcasting Corporation first attained a million listeners. Whether the progressive statistical improvement in the matter of abuse of liquor can be correlated with the sevenfold increase in the number of wireless licenses which has been recorded since that date is a problem that could, doubtless, be greatly illuminated by the study of special areas. Within the limits of a discussion such as this we have to be content with the coincidence itself. The Corporation, convinced that it could in general perceive signs of social change which might be attributable to its influence, recently attempted a direct survey within its own field in the hope of being able to produce tangible evidence that its many years of effort and its unique penetration into the homes of the country was, at last,

having some effect. The survey was conducted by ascertaining whether there had been an increase of knowledge about particular matters which had been exhaustively dealt with in broadcasts. The results were, it is admitted, less satisfactory than had been hoped. Generous interpretation of them did give some grounds for optimism, but in comparison with the enormous dissemination of knowledge and its high quality, evidence of real effect was meagre and contradictory. In short, it was as good a test of the value of broadcasting as is the average school examination of the value of education.

There are, however, interesting possibilities of arriving at useful conclusions in such a matter by indirect methods and some evidence of the real effects of broadcasting was an unexpected product of the survey whose results we are discussing. It may be of interest to give first an indication of how deeply broadcasting penetrates even to the most submerged communities. A Tyneside medical officer told me :

'It is inevitable that a return of prosperity will mean *some* increase in drunkenness ; but I do not think that family after family of decent living people would relapse into the old drunkenness. There are other attractions. I have recently had occasion to visit numbers of very poor homes in connection with the slum clearance scheme. Poor and miserable as many of them are, it is the exception to find a house without some sort of wireless set—even if it is nothing but a jumble of bits of wire and old parts.'

Other authorities spontaneously remarked the influence of broadcasting in such terms as :

'Wireless is a big factor in keeping the people sober.'

'Wireless is a big influence. People have been taught to take an interest in things and there are things for them to take an interest in.'

'The wireless is now almost a necessity and films the same.'

'The money will go on films and wireless in the winter and on hiking and cycling in the summer' (if prosperity returns).

'To-day an ordinary, decent workman is forced by pressure of public opinion to have a wireless set, to take his children to the pictures, and so on. He would be thought decadent by his neighbours if he did not do so.'

There is one statement which I will quote at length, for

it shows clearly how economic and cultural factors (in this case hire-purchase and broadcasting) are combining to bring people in touch with a new life. A trades union secretary, himself a craftsman, said :

'No doubt the depression has had an effect in reducing drunkenness, but an improvement will not bring it back, for there is no desire. Other things such as wireless have become established. I have taken my beer for twenty-five years. I remember that at twenty-one it was a regular habit. Father took it and we would go out and have one together two or three nights a week. To-day there is the picture hall and the wireless in the house. In the last three years, in particular, wireless has become so cheap that a man can buy a set for two shillings or even sometimes for one shilling per week. During the unemployment period a man has not been able to go out for beer, but even on the dole he can, perhaps, afford one shilling for a machine. Time wears on and at the end of twelve months he has got a machine he would never have had under the old system. Meanwhile he has lost his taste for beer. His young son has never been through what the father has. He doesn't know beer, but he realises the value of having radio in the house. His father is so interested in studying the wireless and getting a first-class education with interesting lectures. Better times come and the man gets a 20*l.* or even a 40*l.* machine—a radiogram—and in the boy's view beer has dropped to tenth place in the list of things money will buy. If a man in normal times spends five shillings a week on beer in two or three nights at the pubs, it is 13*l.* a year and he gets nothing for it. But now he can get a valuable machine for the money. The father notices the effect of radio on the children. My own little daughters take the paper from me when I come home and immediately sit down with a pencil and mark out a whole programme for themselves selected from all over Europe. They learn a lot that no school can teach them.'

This man is, perhaps, a special case and he is not typical of the lower strata of workers ; but there are many thousands like him in the country and his personal story is valuable confirmation of the ideas more generally and briefly expressed to me by a great many persons of all types. Sixty-five years ago Ibsen wrote these few pregnant words :

'Liberty, equality, and fraternity are no longer the same things that they were in the days of the blessed guillotine ;

but it is just this that the politicians will not understand, and that is why I hate them. These people only desire partial revolutions, revolutions in externals, in politics. But these are mere trifles. There is only one thing that avails—to revolutionise people's minds.*

In these days when we watch the progress of the three great revolutions of modern times, all of which have concentrated upon 'externals' more ruthlessly than have any revolutions in history, those are words to remember. They apply, most directly, to social reform also and, in particular, to our present subject. In ten years a revolution in people's minds has done more to banish drunkenness as a social evil than all the restrictions, pledges, and systems have done in fifty. Here in England there is some ground for hope that however obstinate may be our refusal to remodel those 'externals,' Ibsen's ideal revolution is gradually taking shape and substance—the minds of men are slowly changing within the structure of our so durable institutions.

J. L. CARLIN.

POSTSCRIPT.—The Licensing Statistics for 1934 are due for publication during the present month (October) and are not, therefore, available at the time of writing. There is, however, ground for the belief that drunkenness convictions for the year have not reached 10 per 10,000 of the population and that the quantity of beer made (less exports) is little below 12 gallons per head of the population. Thus the number of gallons per conviction will hardly reach, and certainly not exceed, 12,000. This figure confirms the general truth of our argument. Substantially increased prosperity, reduction of the price of beer and increase in its strength have removed the influence of the special factors which produced the abnormal minimum of 1932; but there is no indication of a reversal of the tendency towards sobriety.—J. L. C.

* The passage from Ibsen is from 'Some words written in 1870,' quoted by Havelock Ellis in the Preface to 'The Pillars of Society and other plays.' By Henrik Ibsen. Walter Scott, The Camelot Series, undated.

Art. 7.—TSHAKA THE ZULU.

1. *Travels in Eastern Africa.* By Nathaniel Isaac. Two vols. Churton, 1836.
2. *Travels in Caffraria.* By S. Kay. Mason, 1833.
3. *Narrative of Voyages to Explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia and Madagascar.* By Capt W. F. Owen. Bentley, 1833.
4. *Journey to the Zoolu Country.* By Allen Francis Gardiner. Crofts, 1835.
5. *Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa.* By George Thompson. Two vols. Colburn, 1827.

TSHAKA, the notorious Zulu despot, the founder of his dynasty, was not a host that every one would care to stay with, but then young Isaac was not a conventional guest. Tshaka was as absolute as any modern dictator, and quite early in his career had been given the nickname of 'Thousand' from the number of warriors he had killed. As a conqueror he was more atrocious than Attila, and when Isaac used to visit him in the early part of last century he was governing his people with a cruelty that would seem excessive nowadays, even under the most barbarous of European governments.

Isaac, on the other hand, reveals himself as a prim man of business, remarkable in a negative way, chiefly for his imperturbable indifference to danger. An indefatigable visitor to Tshaka's court more than a hundred years ago, it is to Isaac that we owe almost all our knowledge of the king. Fortunately the young man kept a diary, and in it we read how, at the age of twenty-two, he set out on his voyage to Port Natal in East Africa, hoping to trade with the natives. The vessel in which he sailed was wrecked as it reached its destination, but those on board succeeded in struggling ashore. The coast region where the unfortunate travellers were stranded had been depopulated by Zulu raiders, and Isaac complained of the few intimidated natives who ventured to show themselves that 'their gestures were so unsightly that they were not in the least degree attractive.' Fortunately, however, it happened that there were already some English traders in the country, and these had made friends with Tshaka. Through their influence

Isaac was sent to fetch a consignment of ivory from the Zulu capital, and thus got his first opportunity of visiting the king.

The young trader's character was certainly peculiar. In the act of struggling ashore from his sinking ship he had remarked: 'I am willing to concede that my conduct savours somewhat of temerity,' and this was probably an extreme understatement of the case. A few minutes after he had reached safety 'the well-known lines of a poet' struck him as applicable to the scene, and he 'involuntarily exclaimed':

'O solitude, where are thy charms
That sages have seen in thy face!
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.'

The words were perhaps prophetic, for within a short time Isaac, with a young ship-mate, had quitted the sparsely inhabited littoral, had made the necessary journey up-country and found himself dwelling in the midst of the worst possible alarms, for he was staying at the Zulu capital as the guest of Tshaka. The first missionaries to give an account of Tshaka's people described them as honest and polite. There was no need, they said, to warn Zulus against taking thought for the morrow, since no Zulu ever dreamt of doing so. But unfortunately it was found that although the native language contained an abundance of terms designating subtle distinctions in the markings of cattle, it revealed a grave paucity of words for expressing religious and moral reflections, so much so that Lady Barker in her book on the Zulus went so far as to quote Jeremiah against them—'They were not ashamed, neither could they blush.' She expressed confidence, however, that the gift of shame-facedness would come in due course with Christianity and improved habits.

From the coast it was a five days' journey to the capital, and it was after dark when Isaac and his companion reached the royal kraal. 'From the great noise that the people made by their shouting,' he writes, 'we concluded that they were numerous. As we walked through the kraal we observed a great many fires round which the people were regaling. It had a pleasing

appearance, and relieved my apprehensions which arriving in the dark had raised.' In 1825, the date of Isaac's first visit, the king's age must have been about thirty-eight. He is described as more than six feet high and magnificently proportioned. His war-dress was a kilt of monkey skins, and a fringe of the same material ornamented with cows' tails round his neck, knees, and arms, with a solitary tall feather on his head. He carried a huge, single spear, and a shield big enough to cover his whole body. It must have been beef and beer that made the Zulus what they were, and, eked out with corn and milk, it was beef that formed the staple diet of both king and people. 'If my warriors can't eat beef, they are of no use to me,' was one of Tshaka's pithy sayings. Moreover, the king's habits were as simple as those of his subjects, for his standards of diet and comfort differed in no way from theirs; his eyes were usually red from the smoke of the fire in his hut, and at night he slept on a mantle of skin with his head on a wooden pillow.

On the evening of their arrival the visitors found Tshaka sitting on a rolled-up mat which was his only furniture, while his people squatted in a semicircle at a respectful distance. After saluting 'in European fashion,' Isaac produced his presents: medicines, beads, blankets, feathers, and a brass crown, which last item was particularly appreciated. The medicines seemed less suited to the king's taste, for he graciously distributed them among the concubines, a teaspoonful of calomel to one, and half a dozen purgative pills to another. There were fervent expressions of gratitude from the patients. 'Well,' remarked the king, 'you can't give too much of a good thing, and if a small quantity will cure in a short time, a large quantity will cure in less time.' 'Yes, father,' they answered in chorus, 'you know best,' at which the tyrant smiled with satisfaction. Then, after discussing King George the Fourth's married life, a subject in which he was deeply interested, and of which Isaac drew an ideal picture, Tshaka rather irrelevantly delivered a homily on the excellence of celibacy and withdrew into his hut, taking with him fifty girls and shutting the door.

Next day the king was still in a good humour and remarked that he and King George were brothers: 'He

has conquered all the whites, while I have subdued all the blacks.' Isaac tactfully admitted that King George was not quite so handsome as his Zulu brother sovereign. Tshaka then amused himself by scrawling marks on some paper and discovering to his satisfaction that Isaac and the Portuguese interpreter were unable to decipher the meaningless figures that he had drawn. He also showed considerable curiosity, and asked his visitors many questions : ' What is the sky made of ? Stone or smoke from fires ? What is money ? Something to eat, did you say ? And God, who is he ? ' The white men found these questions simple and easy to answer, but their pupil did not always give them time to reply as fully as they would have liked, for he was provokingly ready to change the subject. In the course of further conversation he pressingly invited Isaac to challenge the Portuguese interpreter to mortal combat, and Isaac with difficulty excused himself on the ground that King George would strongly disapprove of proceeding in such a manner against an esteemed ally. Presently, during a pause in the conversation, Tshaka made an almost imperceptible sign to his attendants, who instantly grasped the heads of four men squatting near and partially dislocated their necks. The victims were then driven away under a shower of blows from the executioners' sticks and impaled outside the kraal. Isaac never discovered for what reason the unfortunate men had been put to death.

On most days the king sent for his guest. Meal times were not fixed ; in fact, the meals themselves were a little uncertain. On the night of his arrival Isaac had to depend on the generosity of the Portuguese interpreter, who shared a piece of beef with him. Next morning, however, a chief fortunately drew the king's attention to the fact that his guest had nothing to eat, and a cow was accordingly presented to Isaac after it had been hurriedly slaughtered by a spear-thrust behind the shoulder. The royal kraal which contained the king's huts was known as ' Drive-the-old-people-out ' because Tshaka had once murdered all the old men there, for, as he said, men were of no use when they could no longer fight. The buildings consisted of about fifteen hundred huts, situated within a palisade three miles in circum-

ference. Seen from a distance, the appearance was that of a race-course, circular and perfectly symmetrical. A separate enclosure inside the kraal contained a hundred huts where lived three hundred of the king's twelve hundred concubines. There was also a regiment, two thousand strong, in the kraal, and a great cattle enclosure in the centre.

Soon after Isaac's arrival two regiments, each numbering two thousand men, gave a display of leaping, running, and dancing in front of the palace for the space of three hours. Sometimes such displays lasted for days. First of all a boy stepped out from the ranks and made a long harangue to the king. It is noteworthy that Zulu speakers in those days required a platform at least fifty yards long, since a hop, a skip, a jump, and a run, extending to about that distance, were considered an essential feature in any really eloquent peroration. After the speech a great semicircle was formed with the king in the centre, and fifteen hundred girls three-deep in rigid formation behind him. Like Frederick the Great, Tshaka was a poet and a musician, being able to compose a new song each month on the subject of his wars. While he led the warriors as they sang in symphony and danced a war-dance, the regiment of girls clapped their hands in time and raised their bodies on their toes. Tshaka, whose person was highly decorated with arrangements of coloured beads, showed astonishing energy and muscular activity, the whole array of warriors and women taking their time from him in a series of movements executed with great violence, but extreme regularity and precision. Wherever the tyrant happened to glance, the activity at once rose to a maximum, and at one moment of supreme intensity Tshaka asked for Isaac's straw hat, with which he decorated a specially deserving young officer, to the latter's very evident delight. The performance only came to an end at sunset, when Isaac was given a basket of boiled beef and a bowl of sour milk in his hut by order of the king.

It is strange that Isaac should have visited Tshaka so often, for there was always a strong flavour of uncertainty about life at the Zulu court, even for distinguished travellers from Europe, and only one party of white men had ever visited the capital before. Executions such as

Isaac had witnessed took place frequently, often at a moment's notice and on the most frivolous pretexts. The royal etiquette, too, had many pitfalls, even for the variest of courtiers. There were, for instance, many words which were forbidden because they happened to be more or less identical with the numerous names and attributes of the many members of the royal family. Thus the Zulu word for 'sweetness' happened to be one of the names of the queen-mother, and any one inadvertently uttering it might be put to death immediately. It was forbidden also to see the sovereign eating; his subjects must approach him on all fours, and sneezing, coughing, laughing, hiccoughing, or smiling in the royal presence were offences for which the penalty was death.

It must be admitted that Tshaka had few of the qualities that Lady Barker would have approved of; probably with all her good will she could never have taught him to blush, although, strange to say, he is recorded to have shed tears on at least two occasions. Zulus' tears, however, are not like those of ordinary human beings. When, for instance, Tshaka's enemies nearly succeeded in assassinating him by stabbing him in the stomach with an assegai, an Englishman who was present, dressing the king's wounds and watching by his sick-bed, was surprised to observe that the patient wept bitterly throughout the night. The Englishman attributed these tears to cowardice, but those who knew Zulus better have explained that when these people weep, fear or grief is generally not the cause, but rage, accompanied by a passionate desire for revenge. Similarly, when Tshaka's mother died he was observed to stand for twenty minutes outside his hut, with tears streaming down his cheeks. The courtiers who could read the omens were profoundly alarmed, and with good reason, for as soon as the king ceased weeping, the storm burst, and with appalling violence. Every one who was unable to improvise tears as copious as the king's was ordered to be stabbed or clubbed to death or impaled. In the *mélée* that followed, many from sycophancy volunteered as executioners, many worked off old scores on their enemies, and many took an energetic part in the orgy of murder merely in order to save their own skins. The slaughter continued all night, and for days afterwards

the inhabitants of outlying districts, if they were languid in their demonstrations of grief or backward in attending the funeral rites, were rounded up and clubbed to death, so that in these massacres thousands are said to have perished.

In the end one brave man rose equal to the emergency ; it was a cousin of Tshaka, who, forcing his way into the royal kraal and vainly calling the king to come out of his hut, loudly rebuked him for his folly and advised him to desist from exterminating his subjects : ' O King, thou hast destroyed thy country ; what thinkest thou thou wilt reign over ? Shall all die because thy mother died ? Stuff a stone into thy stomach ; this is not the first time that some one has died in Zululand.' The reactions of an irresponsible tyrant are always incalculable, and to the general astonishment and relief Tshaka, instead of punishing such incredible audacity with immediate death, came out of his hut, roared for his bodyguard, and commended the wisdom of such an excellent counsellor : ' Just listen to this child of my grandfather ! Of what use are you ? Did you ever tell me to stuff a stone into my stomach ? ' And the brave man was given the honour of the head-ring with a present of two bullocks.

It added to the horror of Tshaka's massacres that the king was just as mortally offended at any sign of grief for the victims of his murderous fury as at failure to shed tears on the occasion of a royal bereavement. ' Take the wretch away,' he said of a man who was suspected of weeping for the murder of his daughter, ' let us see if loving his child better than his king will do him any good ; see if your clubs are harder than his head.' Thus, whenever a great man died, tears were obligatory to such an extent that during one of these periods of national mourning the natives offered Isaac snuff to help him to weep adequately, and when he refused asked in astonishment whether he had no fear of death. Often, too, the king would compel fathers to destroy their children or husbands to kill their wives, and in order to steel themselves in such appalling circumstances the natives used to eat certain roots that were supposed to prevent grieving.

In his inconsequence the Zulu tyrant resembled the Red Queen in ' Alice through the Looking-Glass,' but, unlike the Red Queen's, Tshaka's death sentences were

infallibly carried out. 'Take away that man, he makes me laugh,' Tshaka once remarked, and the unhappy object of the observation was forthwith executed on the spot. On another occasion at the royal kraal a child ventured to peep into the king's hut, and then fled in panic to rejoin its companions. Unable to distinguish which individual in the party was the offender, Tshaka had all the seventy or eighty children knocked on the head. In committing such atrocities, Tshaka had the great advantage of being free from any consciousness of guilt, and it is remarkable that in all the records of his reign there are only one or two instances of his showing any tendency to relent. Once he inquired of a man whom he had sentenced to death, 'As you are about to die, tell me what nice things do you leave behind on earth?' To which the man replied: 'I leave my king, and I leave my little child just beginning to smile, and my calf beginning to frolic.' Perhaps the prisoner was wise to put the king's name first on the list of attractions; at any rate he was released and forgiven.

If the arrival was an anxious moment for visitors at Tshaka's court, departure was also an urgent preoccupation. A host who took mischievous pleasure in scandalising his guests by brutal executions carried out in their presence was unlikely to earn their affection. No wonder that after a very short stay Isaac usually asked for permission to depart, a favour that was not always readily granted. On one occasion, before Isaac's party could quit the capital, they had to attend a review of troops about to take part in a campaign. Seventeen regiments of boys with black shields and twelve regiments of men with white shields paraded in the kraal. There were thirty thousand warriors in all, and every one of them had been wounded in battle. Tshaka stated that he intended to use twice this number in the coming operations, and inquired whether King George's army was equally numerous. Over this point the king and his warriors became involved in some obscure but heated argument which ended badly, for the king had eight of the disputants killed, for no clear reason that Isaac could ever discover.

For use in this campaign Isaac had brought his host a tent as a present; the Zulus had never seen such a

thing before, and the unpacking of it caused a great sensation. Tshaka declared that he felt confident that his appearance in it before the enemy would secure him an easy victory, and his anticipation was realised, for the expedition met with the success that usually attended his arms. The fact was that with or without a tent to help them the Zulus knew very well that they had to conquer or to die. If they failed to conquer, Tshaka the Lion, the Elephant, the Great Mountain, the Mighty Black Prince, King of Kings, the Immortal Only One, would make sure that they died. Indeed, the killing of all who had shown cowardice during a campaign was a matter of routine in the Zulu army, as thorough as the combing-out and cleaning-up processes invented by modern dictators. It even happened once that a whole regiment, with the wives and families of the rank and file, were impaled for some supposed cowardice on the part of the warriors, although the latter had fought desperately when hopelessly outnumbered.

In the intervals between his visits to court Isaac busied himself with trading in the young colony of Port Natal, or Durban, as it is now called. We read in his diary that he was much preoccupied with a great event here, the arrival from England of Mrs Farewell, the wife of a colleague. She was the first Englishwoman to come to Natal, and during her visit Isaac was much perturbed by the lack of *savoir-faire* shown by the innocent natives, who persisted in introducing themselves in a state of nudity into the lady's hut. In spite of his embarrassment, however, he spent some agreeable hours in what he described as 'diverting our female companion with little morning peregrinations and evening conversaziones.'

On other occasions the pertinacious curiosity of the Zulus seems to have troubled Isaac a good deal on his own account. During one of his journeys he encountered a party of girls decorated with the rigid brass neck-rings indicating that the wearers were royal concubines. These unfortunate creatures were generally kept in strict seclusion at the mercy of their bloodthirsty master. Tshaka had no wives and was never a believer in marriage; he well knew the danger to a Zulu king who permitted the existence of an heir to his throne. For a concubine to bear a child to Tshaka was therefore a

capital offence, and any new-born child of the blood-royal was always slaughtered at once, together with its mother. On sighting this jealously guarded convoy, then, Isaac's native bearers, not daring to exchange a word or a glance with it, followed popular custom and fled into the bush. Isaac, on the other hand, with the privilege of a white man and favourite of Tshaka, remained in the path, and was consequently mobbed by an uproarious crowd of ladies, till with difficulty he succeeded in extricating himself from their passionate curiosity. His exasperation at their unseemly familiarities was increased by his conviction that if their royal master had discovered them in such compromising circumstances, every one of them, including their unwilling playfellow, would have suffered instant death.

On another journey up country Isaac was mobbed in much the same manner, for while he and some English companions were undressing in order to cross a river, Zulu women and girls thronged in such numbers to see the white men naked that one young woman fell into the water and was nearly drowned. Isaac, however, did not find his admirers attractive, and declared that 'although many of the young females were rather handsome, displaying much symmetry of figure and simplicity of feature, with a tone of voice that indicated tenderness of expression, yet I could not conceal my disgust at their general habits, and quitted the banks of the stream with as much haste as my situation would permit.' Mr Kay, a missionary of this period, is not more flattering: 'When young,' he says, 'the women are in many instances beautiful, but the hard labour which they commence as soon as they enter the married state destroys the charms with which nature may have gifted them, and they become at an early age even disgustingly ugly.'

It is strange that while confronting the perils of Tshaka's court with composure Isaac made quite a grievance of such a trifling hardship as the scarcity of sabbatarians in Zululand, and even broke into poetry on the subject:

'The sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard;
Never sighed at the sound of a knell
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.'

Yet Isaac must have been aware that the life of a courtier at the Zulu capital had more serious disadvantages than those which he complained of, for, as he himself put it, 'there was a continual danger that Tshaka would eventually make his guests a prey to sate his savage propensities.' Indeed, the white men's sole security was the fact that the king stood in awe of European governments, and took pride in contriving that their citizens should live unmolested in his dominions. This tenderness towards Europeans lasted till 1827, when, owing to an unlooked-for disaster, Isaac's situation became suddenly critical. Two Hottentot servants belonging to his party assaulted the wife of a Zulu chief and then fled the country, leaving their masters to bear the consequences of the crime. Among the chiefs feeling ran high, and they approached the king, whose affection for the white men had already begun to cool. The charm of novelty no longer made these visitors so interesting. Their tales about that paragon of chivalry and exemplar of all the Zulu virtues, King George the Fourth, were becoming familiar, nor did stories of the doings of the Almighty hold the court spell-bound as before. There was even an ugly rumour current among the more sceptical that the sacred syllables 'King George,' far from forming the name of a powerful sovereign, were in reality common words used to designate a small hill in the suburbs of Cape Town.

It is hardly surprising that African monarchs sometimes suspected the good faith of the pioneers from Europe who visited their capitals and sang the praises of civilisation so loudly. George Thompson, a South African traveller in 1825, was over-sanguine when he assumed Tshaka to be so short-sighted that 'he could not of course foresee that the admission of a few mercantile adventurers might perhaps lead to the subjugation of his kingdom and posterity.' Tshaka was not so blind as that, nor is there any doubt that he was now much annoyed with the English. He sent an escort to fetch Isaac, and kept him under arrest. 'My heart is so sore,' he said, 'that I could kill all the girls,' indicating with a wave of his hand the unfortunate concubines, who, as usual, were present in large numbers. Isaac was too full of forebodings on his own account to venture to inquire

what the royal concubines could have to do with the matter.

For several days the king was thoroughly depressed and harped almost morbidly on killing : ' If I kill one I must kill all ; it is the custom of my country,' he kept repeating with gloomy insistence. He was proposing to slaughter all the available white men, but the fact that their families were not at his disposal must have made the massacre seem hardly worth while. Even Mrs Farewell was out of reach, enjoying her peregrinations and conversaziones at the coast in tantalising security. Also Tshaka was distracted between his longing to execute his guests and the fear that, if he did so, the consequences might be disagreeable. In trafficking with the English he had always been more interested in their views on gunpowder than in their expositions of the Scriptures, and in his many talks with white men on the fascinating subject of gun versus spear he had reluctantly come to the conclusion that, in respect of lethal weapons at any rate, Europeans were probably a superior race. Never was ruler more perplexed. At last, however, he succeeded in devising a satisfactory way of punishing his visitors, for he determined to make them fight for him, and, with that end in view, gave orders that they should immediately join a Zulu army, which, as it conveniently happened, was at that moment engaged in a war with a tribe on the frontier.

Not daring to make excuses, Isaac acquiesced and set out at once with nine of his ship's company to join the Zulu army in the field. On their arrival at the front the Englishmen found both armies in position, face to face. With the advent of the white men the royal forces became a strange medley, spearmen mixed with musketeers, and the feelings that prevailed were also mixed. The Zulus, who were enjoying free rations with no work to do, were reluctant to give battle ; they saw clearly enough that any change in their circumstances was likely to be for the worse ; they might easily fail to defeat the foe, and the English superiority in firearms might, by putting them to public shame, discredit them with the king. Above all, of course, they feared the king, whose ferocity, they realised, must be appeased by some sort of prompt action, the exact nature of which

they felt unable to decide. On the other hand Isaac and his sailor friends were just as reluctant to begin fighting, but for a different reason. In their case they felt a natural dislike to taking a violent and dangerous part in a quarrel which had nothing whatever to do with them.

Another hindrance to a satisfactory commencement of hostilities was the fact that the presence of the opposing force could not be relied upon, for the enemy were constantly absenting themselves on business, attending to their innumerable cattle. Eventually, however, by great good fortune, they were caught in the act of manœuvring their herds within easy reach of the Zulu army, and a general attack could be made. In the battle that ensued Isaac was wounded, but with the help of their firearms the Englishmen won the day, and the unfortunate cattle-owners surrendered, terror-stricken by the appalling novelty of the English weapons. On the return of the triumphant army to the capital, the pretext that Isaac's wound was in his back gave Tshaka opportunity for displaying his sardonic humour: 'A wound in the back is a cowardly sign; if you were my man instead of King George's I should have you killed.' However, a little later the king presented him with four cows, and declared that he had only been joking: 'If I had such men,' he said, 'I should be as happy as the King of England.'

The battle that Isaac and the sailors won for Tshaka was destined to be the last of the Zulu king's triumphs. For some time the Nemesis that overtakes tyrants had been dogging Tshaka's footsteps; the beast of prey was at last to become the victim, and the fatal moment was at hand. In 1828 a great Zulu army marched to attack a distant tribe beyond the frontier, and was disastrously decimated by dysentery, malaria, and starvation. Tshaka attempted to redress the balance by massacring three or four hundred of the unsuccessful warriors' wives, and sent orders to the army that even the officers should carry their own baggage, so that the baggage boys could be sent home to form a new regiment. The soldiers were told to eat locusts and to stop their nostrils with the 'stink plant' so as to protect themselves from the stench of the innumerable corpses. In spite of these precautions the Zulu victory was inconclusive, and the unsuccessful

army set out for home with the locusts accompanying them.

Nor were things going well at court. The mission that the king had sent to the Cape had been abortive, and the English government had dared to warn Tshaka to keep his troops off the colonial border. Worst of all his misfortunes, the wretched white men whom he had befriended had failed to procure for him the hair-dye which was essential to the security of his throne. He even suspected them of stealing it from the messengers. He was indignant, for he well knew what would happen to a Zulu monarch whose people discovered that his hair was getting grey. He had once expressed his own views very frankly on the subject of what should be done with old men, and the recollection was disagreeable to him. He wanted that hair-dye more than he had ever wanted anything, and the presents that Isaac brought to propitiate him he spurned. He was incensed by the gift of bark, a specific, he was told, for fever and debility. 'Do you think,' he retorted, 'that we Zulus are as weak as you are?' On being offered an ointment suitable for wounds, he grinned savagely: 'Do you suppose we are all scabby fellows like yourselves?' At oil of lavender as a remedy for depression he sneered: 'You believe we are all so dreary then? Where is the stuff for the hair?' And when it was not forthcoming he turned away, deeply offended, curled himself up on his mat, and was soon asleep.

The signs of coming trouble were surely there to read: the populace were surfeited with massacres, a demoralised and disaffected soldiery were returning from an unsuccessful campaign to find that their sovereign had slaughtered three or four hundred of their wives, and now that sovereign had caught sight of the dread spectre of old age, doubly terrible to a ruler of a country where kings who grow old were given short shrift. Had his courage and self-confidence made Tshaka blind? It is certainly strange that in spite of the Zulus' hereditary fear of being surprised, which is so great that Zulu children will not answer any one who calls them until they have made sure who it is that is seeking them, Tshaka seems to have suspected nothing. He even committed the folly of confiding to his head domestic, Boper, that he

had learnt in a dream that Boper's father was a traitor, and that Boper himself would have to kill the old gentleman. Now it was a common habit of the king to compel the near relations of his victims to be their executioners, and it is not surprising that Boper, after receiving such a warning, took immediate steps. It happened next evening that Tshaka was sitting with two or three favourite chiefs, probably, as Isaac suggests, planning the deaths of innocent people, and admiring the great herds of cattle returning from the pastures. Suddenly, at a signal from Boper, Dingaan and Mahlangana, brothers of the king, stole up unperceived, and stabbed him in the back. Tshaka wrenched himself free from his blanket and ran. He was overtaken, however, by the assassins and, begging ignominiously for mercy, was speared to death. 'Tshaka will never see another sunset,' remarked Dingaan, and the two murderers danced a war-dance in triumph over the corpse of their brother.

The chiefs who were present were also killed. One of them was a venerable man with grey hair. A short time before, in order to please the king, this obsequious courtier had slaughtered his seven wives with their children for omitting to mourn the death of the queen-mother. One faithful retainer of Tshaka remained. His function had been to howl as the prelude to executions: 'Your vultures, O King, are hungry, and need feeding.' He now with curses demanded to share his master's fate, and his request was granted. For Isaac the timely assassination of the king was a godsend enabling him to leave the capital and return in safety to Port Natal. He must have been thankful for so lucky an escape. The guest of Tshaka had indeed been fortunate, for he had survived his tyrannical host.

C. F. MEADE.

Art. 8.—ROBERT BROWNING'S 'PARACELUS,' 1835-1935.

1. *Paracelsus*. By Robert Browning. Moxon, 1835.
2. *The Browning Society's Papers*, 1881 and later.
3. *Letters of Robert Browning*. Collected by Thomas J. Wise. Edited by T. L. Hood. Murray, 1933.

It was a happy though probably undesigned coincidence that the publication of Mr T. J. Wise's collection of Letters of Robert Browning in 1933 coincided with the centenary of the appearance of his first slender volume 'Pauline.' Some of the most interesting passages in the Letters refer to that early work, which we now know to have been an attempt by the youthful poet, aged twenty, at something in the nature of a spiritual autobiography. It was the anonymous venture of one quite unknown to fame. It is, therefore, not surprising, as Browning a half century later wrote to Mr Wise on July 6, 1886, that 'no single copy of the original edition of 'Pauline' found a buyer: the book was undoubtedly stillborn—and that despite the kindly offices of many friends who did their best to bring about a successful birth.' One of these friends was doubtless John Forster, to whom Browning presented an inscribed copy of the poem on Oct. 30, 1833. In this copy, now preserved at South Kensington, John Stuart Mill pencilled a number of comments, of which the most important are reproduced by Mr Thurman L. Hood in his valuable notes to the Letters. Mill had intended to make these comments the basis of an article in 'Tait's Magazine,' but found that he had been forestalled by a flippant line in this Review, where it was called 'a piece of pure bewilderment.' This was unfortunate for Browning. Though Mill had jotted down some caustic criticisms he had also written: 'A cento of most beautiful passages might be made from this poem—and the psychological history of himself is powerful and truthful, *truthlike* certainly all but the last stage.' Another friend to whom the young poet presented a copy of 'Pauline' was the Rev. W. Johnson Fox, who wrote an appreciative review of it in the 'Monthly Magazine,' Vol. VII, 1833. An anonymous critic in the 'Athenæum,' April 6, 1833, wrote: 'There is not a little true poetry

in this very little book,' and spoke of its defects as 'a grain of sand in a cup of pure water.' As late as June 13, 1876, Browning writing to Norman MacColl declared that this notice 'gratified me and my people far beyond what will ever be the fortune of criticism now.' Even at that date he did not know that his discerning critic was Allan Cunningham. But these few voices did not carry far, and it was not till 1850 that Dante Gabriel Rossetti coming upon 'Pauline' in the British Museum was so carried away that he 'copied the whole of it from its not being otherwise procurable.' Rossetti also (as Browning relates in a letter to William Sharp) wrote to him in Florence to make sure if the poem were by him.

Browning himself appears to have retained only two copies of the original edition of 'Pauline,' which were stowed away upstairs in an old leather trunk that had once belonged to his father. When he unearthed these early in 1886, in the presence of Mr Wise and F. J. Furnivall, he presented one to James Dykes Campbell to complete his Browning collection and the other he kept for his son. Thus, when Mr Wise, on March 10, 1886, made an offer for one of the copies he was too late, and he had to spend nearly two years in hunting for another, for which, as Browning wrote to him on Jan. 31, 1888, he had to give 'above two-thirds of the price paid for printing the whole edition fifty-five years ago.' Meanwhile in 1886 Mr Wise had produced for the members of the Browning Society a type-facsimile reprint, to the number of four hundred copies, of the original edition of 'Pauline.'

One is tempted to repeat the classical tag, *ex pede Herculem*. The fate of 'Pauline' in the half century after its publication is, broadly speaking, typical, as allusions in the Letters show, of the fortunes of Browning's poetry as a whole during the same period. There is something almost pathetic in the expressions of gratitude by so lofty and independent a spirit to the few, personal friends or strangers, who in the earlier years showed their appreciation and understanding of his work. Among them are Richard Hengist Horne, himself 'an unappreciated man,' who wrote a generous article on Browning in the 'Church of England Quarterly,' October 1842; the Rev. Archer Thompson Gurney, who on March 10,

1846, is saluted as 'my very kindest of critics'; and Edward Dowden, the second part of whose article on 'Sordello' for 'Fraser's Magazine' in the autumn of 1867 was rejected by J. A. Froude on the ground that 'a poem which required an explanation is no poem at all.' But by this time Browning had begun to get a hold on the younger intelligentsia. There is a significant passage in a letter to Isabella Blagden, Aug. 19, 1865 :

'There were always a few people who had a certain opinion of my poems, but nobody cared to speak what he thought, or the things printed twenty-five years ago would not have waited so long for a good word—but at last a new set of men arrive who don't mind the conventionalities of ignoring one and seeing everything in another: Chapman says, "The orders come from Oxford and Cambridge," and all my new cultivators are young men: more than that, I observe that some of my old friends don't like at all the irruption of *outsiders* who rescue me from their sober and private approval and take those words out of their mouths "which they always meant to say," and never did. When there gets to be a general feeling of this kind, that there must be *something* in the works of an author, the reviewers are obliged to notice him, such notice as it is. . . . As I began, so I shall end, taking my own course, pleasing myself or aiming at doing so, and thereby, I hope, pleasing God.'

This academic approval of his work was officially recognised by the conferring on him in June 1867 of the rare distinction of an Oxford M.A. by diploma. This was followed by his election to an honorary Fellowship at Balliol, and by the abortive movement, of which he gives an account to Miss Blagden, to make him the successor to Matthew Arnold in the Oxford Chair of Poetry.

For a wider recognition of his genius the poet had to wait till the founding of The Browning Society by F. J. Furnivall in 1881. Browning's letters to Furnivall and to other correspondents on the subject of the Society are in a vein of manly and dignified common sense. Thus on Nov. 12, 1881, he writes to Miss E. Dickinson West (afterwards Mrs Dowden) :

'I will tell you how I feel about the Society. It was instituted without my knowledge, and when knowledge was, I do not think acquiescence had need of being asked for. I write poems that they may be read, and—fifty years now—

people said they were unintelligible. If other people, in the fulness of days, reply "We understand them and will show that you may, if you will be at the pains," I should think it ungracious indeed to open my mouth for the first time on the matter with "Pray let the other people alone in the protested ignorance."

And somewhat more pungently to Edmund Yates, the editor of 'The World' which had poked some fun at the Society:

'The Browning Society, I need not say, as well as Browning himself, are fair game for criticism. I had no more to do with the founding of it than the babe unborn; and, as Wilkes was no Wilkeite, I am quite other than a Browningite. But I cannot wish harm to a society of, with a few exceptions, names unknown to me, who are busied about my books so disinterestedly. The exaggerations probably come of the fifty-years'-long charge of unintelligibility against my books: such reactions are possible, though I never looked for the beginning of one so soon.'

Oxford had its own Browning Society, or it may have been a branch of the parent body in London. I remember as a Balliol undergraduate in the eighteen-eighties being taken to a meeting of the Society in St John's College, where among those present were W. L. Courtney, then a New College don, and Rhoda Broughton, the novelist. The propagandist activities of Furnivall and his friends; the publication of such studies in Browning's poetry as those of J. T. Nettleship, Arthur Symons, R. H. Hutton, Augustine Birrell, J. K. Fotheringham, and W. G. Kingsland, as well as the earlier papers of the Society during its dozen years of existence; the success of the two admirably chosen volumes of selections from his shorter poems (1872 and 1880); and the revelation of his genius on a titanic scale in 'The Ring and the Book'—all conspired to win for him in the closing phase of his career the recognition that had so long been denied. The crowning evidence of this was his burial, amid signs of national homage, in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey on the last day of 1889.

Within the two following decades, from different angles and with varying methods of record or interpretation, a number of critics and chroniclers helped to consolidate Browning's poetic reputation. Edmund Berdoe,

Mrs Orr, Stopford Brooke, G. K. Chesterton, Edmund Gosse, Henry James, William Sharp, W. Hall Griffin, Hugh Walker, F. G. Kenyon—the list might easily be extended. How far, by another turn of the wheel, his fame and influence have suffered a set-back owing to post-war iconoclasm is not easy to determine. The attitude of Mr J. C. Powys, as revealed in his 'Autobiography,' cannot be taken as typical. 'Browning remains in fact the one single *great* author for whom I cherish a venomous and malignant hostility. My feeling is personal, *physical*. It is his virility that I find so objectionable.' In any case it is questionable if the range of his poetic appeal to the present generation has been widened by the strange freak of fortune which has made his personality as the lover of Elizabeth Barrett familiar throughout two Continents in the stage and screen versions of a triumphantly successful play.

It may, therefore, be not amiss in this centenary year of its publication to reconsider the earliest of Browning's major works. The dedicatory inscription in 'Paracelsus' is dated March 15, 1835. It thus followed 'Pauline' after an interval of little more than a year and a half. Undeterred by the chilly reception of his first effort he made no attempt in this far more ambitious venture to conciliate the reading public of his day. Its subject and method were equally remote from the conventions of the period.

The central figure, Paracelsus, was unknown to the majority of Englishmen, or, if known at all, merely as a fantastic necromancer. He was one of the early Renaissance scholars on the Continent round whose personalities a mass of legends had quickly gathered. Albertus Magnus, Agrippa and Trithemius were members of the group, of which Doctor John Faustus and Paracelsus were the most prominent figures. Faustus had the good fortune to be singled out as the mouthpiece of Marlowe's aspirations after the infinite of knowledge, power, and loveliness two centuries before Goethe gave him world-renown. Paracelsus (as Philippus Aureolus Bombastus ab Hohenheim, born in 1493, was familiarly known) was thus left to become in the popular imagination the typical conjurer and practiser of the black art. Ben Jonson in 'Volpone,' and Fletcher in 'The Fair Maid of the

Inn,' make allusion to his 'long sword,' whose wondrous properties Samuel Butler describes in 'Hudibras':

'Bombastus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pummel of his sword;
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of past and future mountebanks.'

Browning had probably obtained a worthier idea of the wandering scholar from his father, who, we are told, 'was completely versed in mediæval legend, and seemed to have known Paracelsus, Festus, and even Talmudic personages personally.' But it was a young French royalist, Amédée de Ripert-Monclar, who first suggested to Browning that he should make the Renaissance scholar's career the subject of a poem, and it is to Ripert-Monclar that the work was inscribed 'by his affectionate friend, R.B.' The young poet proceeded to read up the available authorities on the mystic's life and work, and spared no pains, as Mr Thurman Wood reminds us in his Introduction to the Letters, 'in collecting quaint old prints of Paracelsus and fitting them in proper sequence in his manuscript to represent the alchemist as he developed, even more Olympian yet even more strongly marked with the stamp of his time.' He became convinced, as the notes appended to the poem show, that Paracelsus had been a true reformer of medical science, who introduced the use of mercury and laudanum, and whose personality needed re-interpretation to the world. For this purpose he adopted an unconventional method which he explained in a significant preface unfortunately (as I think) omitted in later editions of the work:

'It is an attempt probably more novel than happy to reverse the method usually adopted by writers, whose aim it is to set forth any phenomenon of the mind or the passions by the operation of persons or events; . . . instead of having recourse to an external machine of incidents to create and evolve the crisis I desire to produce, I have ventured to display somewhat minutely the mood itself in its rise and progress, and have suffered the agency by which it is influenced and determined, to be generally discernible in its effects alone, and subordinate throughout, if not altogether excluded.'

Here we have Browning's first and fullest exposition of what was to be his distinctive method. He diffidently proclaims his aspiration to become the special poetic

interpreter of the inner life. What brilliant results this method was to produce later is known to every reader of 'Men and Women' and 'Dramatis Personæ.' Yet the youthful poet had some justification of his mistrust of it for his immediate subject. It is peculiarly adapted to lay bare the secrets of the soul in some momentous crisis, or to flash a searchlight into the sub-conscious depths of personality. But it is not equally fitted to unfold the stages of a long and eventful career. For this a less subjective mode of interpretation is needed. The absence of an 'external machinery of incidents' results at times in vagueness and obscurity.

It is, therefore, not surprising that 'Paracelsus' fared little better with the 'British public' than 'Pauline.' Yet it did not go without appreciation from some discriminating readers. Forster (as Browning reminded Furnivall on August 29, 1881) first reviewed it in the 'Examiner,' Sept. 6, 1835, and also wrote a paper on it in the 'New Monthly Magazine'—in the same month [March 1836] that another by J. Heraud appeared in 'Fraser.' It is doubtful whether Forster did his young friend a service when he declared 'without the slightest hesitation we name Mr Robert Browning at once with Shelley, Coleridge and Wordsworth.' W. Johnson Fox followed his already mentioned article on 'Pauline' by one on 'Paracelsus' in 'The Monthly Repository,' November 1835. It was at Johnson Fox's house on Nov. 27, 1835, that Browning first met the actor, W. C. Macready, for whom he was to write 'Strafford,' produced at Covent Garden on May 1, 1837. Soon after their first meeting Macready notes in his 'Diary,' Nov. 27, 1835: 'Read "Paracelsus," a work of great daring, starred with poetry of thought, feeling, and diction, but occasionally obscure; the writer can scarcely fail to be a leading spirit of his time.' How far, after the lapse of a century, can we endorse Macready's judgement and recognise him as a true prophet?

As a preliminary to an attempted answer, it may be useful to recall the outlines of the work. It is divided into five parts dealing with widely separated episodes in the life of Paracelsus. In Part I (1512) he is leaving Würzburg, where he has sat at the feet of Trithemius and is discussing his future plans with his friends Festus and Michal, his young wife. His aspiration is 'to know,' and

he asserts that Truth is to be found not by a slow inductive process but by a mystic liberation of the inner light of the intellect from its fleshly trammels. Festus energetically combats this doctrine and both he and Michal protest yet more earnestly against their friend's further declaration that he aims at knowledge only and that he abjures the claims of human love. In Part II (1521), after nine years of wandering, Paracelsus is found at Constantinople confessing the failure of his aims. His chance meeting with the poet, Aprile, who has likewise failed, through neglecting knowledge and pursuing love only, convinces him that the union of both is necessary for true attainment. In Part III (1526) he is a renowned Professor at Basil. But, as he confesses to Festus, who visits the University, he is still dissatisfied with his achievements viewed in the light of his early hopes. In Part IV (1528), in an interview with Festus at Colmar in Alsatia, he recounts the incidents that have led to his expulsion from his Chair. He attempts to mask his degradation by forced and reckless hilarity. In Part V (1541), a dozen years afterwards, he is dying in a cell in the hospital of St Sebastian at Salzburg. Festus is again at his side, and to him in a last rally of his intellectual power he delivers his final judgement on life.

We thus gain an insight into the mind and temper of Paracelsus at successive crises. But the intervals are left in almost total shadow. Thus the confessions of Paracelsus throw a very nebulous light on the highly important period between Parts I and II, during which his confident hopes are so disastrously foiled. Similarly we learn next to nothing about the events of the fateful years between Parts IV and V which transform the reckless despondent exile from Basil into the sage whose mellow wisdom searches into the very depths of things. The title which has been suggested, 'The Epic of the Healer,' is thus far from happy, for the epic elements of action and incident are almost entirely lacking. Nor can 'Paracelsus,' though it introduces four 'persons' and is cast in dialogue form, claim to be a drama. It has, indeed, as I seek to show later, more interest as a study of contrasted characters than appears at first sight. And here and there we have the swift, arresting verbal interchange which is the playwright's distinctive instrument. But

at no time was Browning, in spite of his dramatic powers, to master the secret of dramatic technique. The series of long monologues in 'Paracelsus' indicates what was to be a permanent weakness in his craftsmanship as a writer of plays.

What, then, are the qualities of this early hybrid work of the young poet which give it lasting fascination? In the first place its sheer metrical beauty. It is doubtful whether even in the speeches of Caponsacchi and Pompilia in 'The Ring and the Book' Browning ever again drew from blank verse such lovely music as in the finest passages of 'Paracelsus.' The rhythm retains the sweetness of its predecessor 'Pauline,' but it has gained immeasurably in freedom, elasticity, and fulness of melody. The secret of its charm, so far as it is at all analysable, lies in the skilful variations of the *cæsura*, in the introduction at intervals of lines with double-endings, in a delicate adjustment of the vowel-sounds, and a masterly use of alliteration. Matching the beauty of the verse and subtly interwoven with it is the beauty of the imagery. A striking feature of recent literary scholarship led by Professor Caroline Spurgeon has been the investigation of the imagery of Shakespeare and other Elizabethans. In any similar investigation of Victorian poetry 'Paracelsus' ought to take a leading place. The 'fundamental brainwork' does not in it, as often in Browning's later poems, stand out bare and gaunt, but is swathed in fold after fold of lovely drapery. Whenever the discussion threatens to become too abstract, some apt simile or glowing analogy sheds warmth and colour over the dialogue. Thus when Paracelsus asserts in Part V that he will never accept from men their 'officious praise' for his services, he compares himself to a knight who chanced to free a desert people from their dragon foe; and who, when the swarthy race would fain choose him for their king, points to the East whither his steps are bound. Or take the pregnant symbol with which Paracelsus heartens his friends when he is starting on his lonely quest:

'Are there not, Festus, are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver—
One, when a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One, when a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge!'

Or take again, in contrast, the vivid mythological similitudes to the sage's defeated hopes in Part V :

'We get so near—so very, very near!
'Tis an old tale : Jove strikes the Titans down,
Not when they set about their mountain-piling
But when another rock would crown the work.
And Phaeton—doubtless his first radiant plunge—
Astonished mortals, though the gods were calm,
And Jove prepared his thunder : all old tales !'

We think of Browning as an interpreter of men and women rather than of nature. Yet in 'Paracelsus' are to be found some of the most original nature-similes and analogies in modern poetry. Thus Aureole, as his friends lovingly address him, justifies to them his confidence in the instinct that impels him upon his mission by the proud appeal :

'Ask the geier-eagle why she stoops at once
Into the vast and unexplored abyss ;
What full-grown power informs her from the first.
Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
The silent boundless regions of the sky !'

And was Wordsworth ever more tenderly inspired by the 'meanest flower' to thoughts too deep for tears than is Browning in the lines where men's faint aspirings and dim struggles for truth, 'upward tending all, though weak,' are likened to

'Plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him ?'

Almost Miltonic, on the other hand, in its colossal sweep is the simile wherein the dying sage mirrors the lesson of Aprile's fate and his own :

'Let men
Regard me, and the poet dead long ago
Who loved too rashly ; and shape forth a third
And better-tempered spirit, warned by both :
As from the over-radiant star too mad
To drink the life-springs, beamless thence itself—
And the dark orb which borders the abyss,
Ingulfed in icy night—might have its course
A temperate and equidistant world.'

Thus by way of this simile we may pass from the versification and imagery of the poem to its 'persons' and its criticism of life. Of the 'perfect pair—each born for the other,' Festus and Michal, the latter appears only in Part I and her words are few. She believes in Aureole as 'God's commissary,' but her woman's instinct warns her of ill fate in store, 'You will find all you seek and perish so.' Years afterwards in Basil Paracelsus cherishes the image of her face that

'Still wears that quiet and peculiar light
Like the dim circlet floating round a pearl.'

She is but a miniature yet not unworthy of the hand that was hereafter to draw Colombe and Pompilia.

It requires careful study of the poem to appreciate to the full the part played by Festus * as a foil to Paracelsus. He is the limited but loyal-hearted average man, reverencing profoundly his friend's genius, but mistrustful of his far-reaching, unconventional aims, till his doubts are overborne by the latter's eloquence and self-confidence. His naïvely expressed awe in Part III of 'the wondrous Paracelsus, the idol of the schools and courts'; and his inability to realise that a professorship at Basil and a crowded class-room can possibly spell failure—these are pungent strokes of self-revelation. But this commonplace student, *borné* and almost poor-spirited in his humility, gains a strange dignity in the final scene where he watches alone at the couch of his dying friend, and retains unshaken his conviction of his greatness:

'I am for noble Aureole, God!
I am upon his side, come weal or woe.
His portion shall be mine. He has done well.
I would have sinned, had I been strong enough,
As he has sinned. Reward him or I waive
Reward.'

I doubt if in 1835 Browning had read Marlowe's 'Doctor Faustus,' less accessible then than now; but Festus is akin to the students in that play who do not waver in their affectionate loyalty to the Wittenberg doctor even when the hour approaches of his awful doom.

* It was, however, unfortunate, that Browning chose this name for the friend of Paracelsus. It is a variant of Faustus, but there is no relation between Browning's figure and Dr John Faustus.

In Aprile, whom Paracelsus encounters by chance in Constantinople, he finds a more subtle and illuminating contrast to himself. Mrs Orr relates that after Count de Ripert-Monclar had suggested to Browning, as has been seen, the theme of his poem, he 'on second thoughts pronounced it unsuitable because it gave no room for the introduction of love.' Was it in part to meet this objection that the poet created Aprile, whose sole aim is 'to love infinitely and be loved'? The love that he embodies is not, however, amorous passion. It is the artistic impulse in its fullest form, seeking to realise itself progressively through the chisel, the pencil, the spoken word, and music—but doomed to impotence because divorced from the knowledge which alone can translate impulse into achievement. Aprile, the first of Browning's 'lost leaders,' is the type of those over-sensitive natures that abandoning productive effort are content with a dreamy emotional languor—æsthetic voluptuaries denying their fellow-men 'one ray' of their 'so hoarded luxury of light.' It had been Aprile's ambition to interpret to others all the loveliness of the universe, but he had disdained the requisite methods. He had

'Grown mad to grasp

At once the prize long patient toil should claim.'

He had spurned 'the tools so rude' to execute his purpose; he had rebelled against the limitations that are as necessary to artistic as to moral achievement. Seduced into prostrate adoration by the siren forms of beauty thronging through the chambers of his brain he had become not their master but their slave. It is a subtle refutation of the idea, probably more widely held in 1835 than in 1935, that the poetic life is an indolent sensuous rapture. Aprile had failed to realise till too late that the true artist must be an ascetic, steeling himself against the spells of a myriad beckoning forms of loveliness, and sternly set

'To single out one, though the rest
Should vanish, and give that one, entire
In beauty, to the world.'

To his fevered vision Paracelsus is the 'master, poet, who

hast done all this,' and he hails him as his lord and king, only to be met with tears and with the confession :

'I too have sought to know as thou to love—
Excluding love as thou refusedst knowledge.
Still thou hast beauty and I power . . .
. . . We must never part.

'Are we not halves of one dissevered world,
Whom this strange chance unites once more? Part?
never!
Till thou the lover, know; and I, the knower,
Love—until both are saved.'

This will always be one of the classic passages in Browning's poetry, a proclamation of the essential interdependence of the artistic and the scientific spirit. But it must be admitted that it conflicts with the claim that he makes in the opening words of the Note that he appended to 'Paracelsus,' 'the liberties I have taken with my subject are very trifling.' So far from Paracelsus ever having excluded love, he writes: 'To become like God we must become attached to God, and the power that attracts us is love. Love to God will be kindled in our hearts by an ardent love for humanity; and a love for humanity will be caused by a love to God.'

Moreover, the rigid separation of love and knowledge involves a process of abstraction foreign to the sixteenth century. Renaissance thought dealt with life in the concrete. It grasped eagerly at new experiences, new facts in their manifold and rich complexity, but it did not pursue an isolated ideal of knowledge, sundered from the other factors of life. Bacon, it is true, while taking all knowledge to be his province, scorned love because it did much mischief, and commended the saying, 'It is impossible to love and be wise.' But Bacon was alluding to the effects of amorous passion (as he conceived them) on the serious affairs and actions of life; he was not thinking of love as an abstract faculty. Indeed the distinguishing feature of his philosophy—the source alike of its strength and its weakness—is its emotional ardour in what he calls 'the love-making or wooing of truth.' Thus Browning's Paracelsus, in his repudiation of love, as he sets forth on his quest of knowledge, is no true child of the Renaissance. He belongs rather to the nineteenth

century and embodies a phase of its scientific spirit. Charles Darwin's famous confession in his autobiography that in his later years his mind had been a mere machine for grinding out facts, and that he had lost all power of enjoying Shakespeare's plays, proves that Browning was curiously prophetic in his conception of 'the wolfish hunger after knowledge' becoming the tyrannous master-motive of a life.

It is in Parts III and IV of the poem that we get nearest to the historical Paracelsus, and catch vivid glimpses of Renaissance University life. We see the crowded class in the lecture-room at Basil hanging on the lips of the new teacher; and we hear his audacious denunciation of the traditional authorities in science and philosophy, Galen, Rhasis, Avicenna, and Averröes, as blocks. We learn that through his discoveries

'Men in racking pain may purchase dreams
Of what delights them most, soaring at once
Into a sea of bliss.'

We see the jewel dangling from his neck, his fee for a cure, the description of which is Browning's first masterpiece of ironical humour. We catch glimpses of the scholar's shelves supporting 'a pile of patents, licenses, diplomas, titles' from all countries; and we have report of the great historical figures, Luther, Erasmus, Œcolampadius, and Frobenius, with whom Paracelsus had relations more or less direct. The story of his expulsion from his Chair is full of life, and carries us back into the heart of the warfare between the champions of the new learning and the old.

And there is an arresting echo of these academic years in the episode of the dying sage's last lecture in Part V when, with a final rally of his powers, he rises from his couch, and with the help of Festus, arrays himself in gown and chain and grasps his sword, Azoth, in his hand. But in the lecture itself it is again the voice of Browning himself that we hear. It is true that the historical Paracelsus, as Dr Berdoe has pointed out, spoke of the human body as composed of 'primeval stuff,' and declared that 'matter is, so to say, coagulated vapour, and is connected with spirit by an intermediate principle which it receives from spirit.' But it is an immense stride from

such cloudy speculation to the articulated scheme of existence which Paracelsus, as the poet's spokesman, proceeds to unfold. He anticipates in some of its fundamental aspects Darwin's theory of evolution. Nearly half a century later, on Oct. 11, 1881, Browning wrote to Furnivall from Venice assuring him that 'all that seems proved in Darwin's scheme was a conception familiar to me from the beginning: see in "Paracelsus" the progressive development from senseless matter to organised, until man's appearance.' He is referring to the passage which tells how 'God tastes an infinite joy in infinite ways': in the centre-fire heaving underneath the earth; in the coming up of young volcanoes; in the spring-time energies of grass and trees, of insects and birds; in the loves of savage creatures in wood and plain. It is characteristic of the youthful Browning to find the presence of the divine not in beauty but in vitality and power. Then at last man appears:

'The consummation of this scheme
Of being, the completion of this sphere
Of life: whose attributes had here and there
Been scattered o'er the visible world before,
Asking to be combined, dim fragments meant
To be united in some wondrous whole,
Imperfect qualities throughout creation,
Suggesting some one creature yet to make.'

Thus man is linked indissolubly with 'life's minute beginnings,' and God dwells in all. For from the first Browning rejected the implication of materialism which was for so many later to be a stumbling-block in the acceptance of the evolutionary doctrine. As he wrote to Furnivall in the letter where he refers him to 'Paracelsus,' 'Go back and back, as you please, at the back . . . you find . . . creative intelligence, acting as matter but not resulting from it. Once set the balls rolling, and ball may hit ball and send any number in any direction over the table; but I believe in the cue pushed by a hand.' And Browning further saw with really prophetic insight that the doctrine of evolution, rightly interpreted, levels not down but up. With the appearance of man,

'A supplementary reflux of light
Illustrates all the inferior grades, explains
Each step-back in the circle.'

Faculties and functions that had been exhibited by lower organisms in rudimentary form are found perfected in him, and are then realised to have been potentially human from the first. Even inanimate nature is transformed, personalised, by his arrival :

' Man, once desried, imprints for ever
His presence on all lifeless things : the winds
Are henceforth voices, wailing or a shout,
A querulous mutter or a quick gay laugh,
Never a senseless gust now man is born.'

But the end is not yet. As man is the consummation of one scheme of being, so he is the beginning of another :

' Prognostics told
Man's near approach ; so in man's self arise
August anticipation, symbols, types
Of a dim splendour ever on before
In that eternal circle life pursues.'

Here the poet of 1835 will scarcely find a responsive echo in 1935. The idea of man perfecting himself and becoming the herald of what Tennyson was to call in 'In Memoriam' 'the crowning race,' and of an ascending progress as 'an eternal circle,' has grown faint. For the present our gaze is averted from visions of a future 'dim splendour,' and we are preoccupied with man as he is—with the manifold and pressing problems of how to preserve the civilisation that he has built up through the ages and that is now paradoxically threatened by his own latest achievements. Like Paracelsus himself we stoop

' Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud.'

May we echo his confident cry, 'I shall emerge one day !' As he dies in the hospital of St Sebastian Festus pronounces his epitaph, 'And this was Paracelsus !' Not indeed, as has been seen, the historical Renaissance figure but a subtle and vital re-creation by the youthful poet, not unworthy, in its Victorian way, to be set beside Marlowe's Elizabethan re-creation of Doctor Faustus. There could be no higher tribute.

FREDERICK S. BOAS.

Art. 9.—THE ENGLISH SCENE UNDER HENRY II.

It has happened to but few English monarchs to be greeted on their coronation with a nation-wide outburst of rejoicing and hope. Henry II was one of the few. When he came to the throne in 1154 his coming set an end to the worst nineteen years of English history, the chaos of the titular reign of King Stephen.

It is a grisly story which the 'Anglo-Saxon Chronicle' has to tell of those years. One sentence of it—'They said openly that Christ slept, and His saints'—is quoted in every child's history of England; but the rest is hardly quotable for children, for the chronicler's description of the ways in which marauding barons paid and fed their private armies spares neither himself nor his readers. The tortures and ravages are described in detail and epitomised in the phrase, 'all was dissention, and evil, and rapine.' Though other chronicles corroborated the 'Anglo-Saxon Chronicle's' account, it was at one time charged with exaggerating the gloom, and in recent years a careful investigation of the charge has been conducted in the pages of learned journals. As a result, the substantial accuracy of the 'Anglo-Saxon Chronicle' has been vindicated. Though there were certain parts of the country, such as Kent and Sussex, which suffered little, and one or two great cities, such as London, which suffered hardly at all, it is clear that, with the exception of the Black Death, at no time in the Middle Ages did England suffer so bitterly as in the years of Stephen's reign. When, therefore, Henry II was crowned in Westminster Abbey on Dec. 19, 1154, it was as though an intolerable burden had at last slipped from the shoulders of the English people. On that day hope was reborn and the seers descried the dawning of a golden age. The general emotion was symbolised by the gesture of the chronicler, Henry of Huntingdon, who solemnly closed the book in which he had written the evils of Stephen's reign and for Henry II opened a new book.

The English hope for order and peace had been long deferred, but the sick heart which deferred hope proverbially causes was swiftly healed. All the contemporary observers, native and foreign, bear unanimous testimony to the gaiety and kindliness of the English

people in the time of Henry II. A mediæval characteristic, which the English possessed almost more strongly than any one else, gave to them this power of swift recovery. They were extremists to a man. Compromise was a term which was hardly understood, and, if he had grasped its meaning, the typical mediæval citizen would have scorned it as a dishonourable expedient. He thought in black and in white, but not in grey. His white had the spotless purity of newly fallen snow; his black was pitch, a defilement to all who approached it. The Middle Ages reared the greatest saints and the most dreadful blackguards, and, as it seems, produced both types prodigally and impartially. To no other era could both St Bernard and Clovis belong. No other age could show both the strongly beautiful madness of the Children's Crusade and the purely sordid story of the Fourth Crusade. Only the idealist and the doctrinaire were truly at home in the Middle Ages, and it was not by accident that dialectical logic was the form of study most in demand.

Carlyle has taught us that clothes reveal character, and certainly the mediæval man's revealed his. It has been said that the chief difference between the modern and the mediæval character may be explained in terms of colour, and the analogy is indeed capable of an exact application. The mediæval man in general, and the twelfth-century Englishman in particular, revelled in gaudy clothes. If he could not afford them himself, he took every chance he had of seeing and admiring the splendid raiment of those more fortunate. Every guild had its own livery, and its members would have been fewer if the livery had been sober. Every festive occasion was marked by processions of great brilliance, and every chance was grasped of organising such processional displays. The chroniclers always made room for a lengthy report of what the notables wore at any function, and as one reads their ecstasies one wonders idly whether the Lady Betty of the fashion papers has not somehow strayed into the wrong century. A king returns to London:

'He came to Eltham, towards London, and the Mayor of London, the aldermen, with the commonalty, rode against him on horseback, the mayor in crimson velvet, a great velvet hat furred, a girdle of gold about his middle, and a

bawdzike of gold about his neck, trailing down behind him, his three henchmen on their great coursers, following him, one in suit of red, all spangled in silver; then the aldermen in gowns of scarlet with sanguine hoods, and all the commonalty of the city clothed in white gowns and scarlet hoods, with divers cognisances embroidered on their sleeves.'

That, however, was a great occasion. But the everyday clothes and bearing of the wealthy were gaudy and bizarre. 'Dress,' wrote an observant chronicler, 'is a passion, and manners a fine art. A man of fashion carries a fortune on his back. He is gaudy in all the colours of the rainbow. Even his horse is decked with curiously embroidered trappings, and with gold and silver harness.' He painted the rooms of his house green, and spangle gilded stars all over the walls. The walls of his churches he decorated with alternate bands of gold and blue and scarlet.

All this is symptomatic of the extremism which was the corner-stone of the mediæval character. It had its fruit in tragedy and greatness. It is this extremism, for example, which interprets and illuminates the otherwise incomprehensible quarrel between Henry II and Thomas Becket. Both were thoroughly mediæval; therefore neither could compromise, and the climax of that tragedy was inevitable from the moment it opened. There is that in their story which irritates a modern reader almost past bearing, for it seems to him to be merely stupid obstinacy. Yet it was not obstinacy but mediævalism. But if extremism often begot bitter tragedy, to it is due very much of the greatness of the mediæval achievement. As an extremist, the mediæval man preferred to work on the grand, the visionary scale. On July 8, 1401, the Chapter of Seville solemnly passed this resolution and inscribed it in their minute book, 'Let us build so great a church to the glory of God that those who come after us will think us mad even to have attempted it.' It was no mere grandiloquent gesture. It was a faithful description of what they accomplished. So it is with many of the great mediæval cathedrals and abbeys. When we enter them and see their vast spaces, their intricate, patient carving, the riot of colour in their windows, it is clear that their builders were endowed with uncommon vision. The craftsmanship of their

illuminated manuscripts tells the same tale not only of marvellous patience but also of the grand conception which lies behind them, and which is one of the fruits of the extremist mind.

But it has other fruits. Its reaction to experience is a violent oscillation, and though it is thus delivered as an easy prey to the gloom and pessimism of adverse circumstances, its reaction when the circumstances change is correspondingly swift and complete. Nothing could be gloomier than the contemporary accounts of Stephen's reign, and no writing could more truly breathe the spirit of pure pessimism. But the change of mood on the accession of Henry II is immediate and dramatic. Stephen's anarchy had done immense harm to English fields and had taken a heavy toll of English lives, but it did no havoc to the English character, for England was even more mediæval than the Continent at this date in the fullness of its possession of the characteristically mediæval armour of the extremist spirit, tough enough to withstand and resilient enough to provide recovery from the psychological effects of nineteen years of anarchy. Where there is a love of colour for its own sake, there will also be an air of exuberant gaiety. Every competent observer of the life of England in this period was impressed by it. Alexander Neckham, Walter Map, John of Salisbury, Fitzstephen, all of them very different writers, speak of it; and they are corroborated by the accounts of visiting strangers from the Continent. These last, indeed, looked somewhat sourly on the cheerful gaiety all around them. Contrasting the Englishman's smiling demeanour with the essential *gravitas* of the French, they supposed it to be mere light frivolity, and a symptom of incompetent irresponsibility. 'But for their levity,' said Pope Eugenius III, 'the English are by nature better fitted than the men of any other nation for any enterprise they might undertake.' They were, he thought, lazy. They took too many holidays—every single saint's day—and on their holidays they loved too greatly the noisy buffoonery of travelling clowns and jongleurs, of which there were innumerable companies always passing from village to village. The graver, more serious Frenchman was apt to be scandalised by the boisterous mirth he saw everywhere in England; and the mediæval apostle of

'Life is real : life is earnest' found in every English town and village an apt text on which to base a denunciation.

He found still graver matter of complaint in the staggering amount of food the Englishman seemed to require—the perennial astonishment of the foreigner over the British breakfast. In those days even more than now, the English liked their food and were not ashamed to show it. Every village had its holiday banquet in the local guildhall on every saint's day, and, as a hearty monk of St Alban's Abbey said, 'nowhere are faces more joyous than at the board, or hosts more eager to please, or entertainments more sumptuous.' Even so refined a scholar as John of Salisbury liked to savour over and over again his memory of a great feast he had once enjoyed at Canossa with his friend John de Belles Mains, Rector of Synesford, when they had eaten without pause from nine o'clock in the morning until midnight, and Constantinople, Babylon, Palestine, Tripoli, Barbary, Syria and Phœnicia, all combined to furnish the table. A foreign archdeacon came one day to an abbey at Canterbury. He was a little shocked to find that there were to be no less than sixteen courses for dinner that day, and that the drinks included claret, cider, mead, and mulberry wine. It reminded him, he said, of a similar experience at St. Swithin's Abbey at Winchester, when he found that the monks had made insurrection when their dinner was cut down from thirteen courses to ten. The generality of men and women of twelfth-century England were thus renowned for their bucolic gaiety and exuberant life. John of Salisbury himself sketched their composite portrait: 'In conversation he claps his hands, waves his arms, gesticulates, or, for variety, talks upon his fingers. At one moment he struts like a peacock; at the next he blusters like a gamecock.' The nineteenth-century Englishman's portrait of the Frenchman is here almost exactly reversed. Except for his clothes and his appetite, the countryman of John of Salisbury might well have sat for the 'Punch' drawings of the 'eighties of 'Moosoo the Froggie.'

To espouse extremes for their own sake and to gain a reputation for bucolic gaiety can be done on little more than an economic pittance. In the higher reaches of the social order, the court, the nobility, and the wealthier

London traders, this reputation was tinged by the affectation of a bizarre exoticism. They had the wealth for it, for England was rich. John of Salisbury looked a little askance on the general luxuriance and laid the blame on William the Conqueror, who sent abroad for everything which was unusual and luxurious, so that 'there flowed into this island, which was already wealthy and almost the only one in the world which is self-sufficing, whatever could be found magnificent, not to say luxurious.' At a court banquet the food and drink was as exotic as possible; and while the guests ate it they were entertained by companies of harpers a hundred strong. The king himself liked to have strange eastern beasts about him, and he was never more delighted than when the Saracen king of Valencia sent him a gift of camels. Thomas Becket, when Chancellor, was hardly less oriental. When he went on a diplomatic mission to France, he and his attendants rode at the head of a long train of painted waggons. To each waggon a dog was chained, 'great, strong, and terrible, which seemed fit to subdue a lion.' Every baggage horse carried a monkey. Boys led the way, singing English ballads. Becket at home was hardly less magnificent:

'The house and table of the chancellor (says his admiring biographer, Fitzstephen) were common to all of every rank who came to the king's court, and needed hospitality: whether they were honourable men in reality, or at least appeared to be such. Hardly any day did he dine without the company of earls and barons, whom he had invited. He ordered his hall to be strewed every day with fresh straw or hay in winter, and with green branches in summer, that the numerous knights, for whom the benches were insufficient, might find the floor clean and neat for their reception, and that their rich garments and beautiful linen might not take harm from its being dirty. His board shone with vessels of gold and silver, and abounded with rich dishes and precious wines, so that whatever there might be either for eating and drinking was recommended by its rarity: no price was great enough to deter his agents from purchasing them.'

The fact is that the breaking down of barriers between England and the Continent which the Norman Conquest had effected, had exposed the traditional and native character of the wealthier sections of the population to

certain influences, which, while more Oriental than European, were at the time influencing the Continent and had not yet been assimilated. Knightly chivalry was a European ideal: its degenerate parody, the Courts of Love, was Arabic in origin. Many of the heretical ideas of Provence were similarly African; and the works of Aristotle were not the only commodities exported from Arabia to Europe, via Spain. The very architecture and craftsmanship of England at this time showed unmistakable traces of a Moorish inspiration. The technique of much of the carving on Rochester Cathedral, where Solomon and the Queen of Sheba were the subjects, and on the cloisters of Westminster Abbey is plainly the orientalised Romanesque of Provence; and the scribe who illuminated the Winchester Bible, greatly admired by Henry II, was certainly imitating Cufic writing.

But even while the king was admiring his camels, and his chancellor was pressing every variety of exotic food he could find upon his guests, and the people were strutting gawdily in their scarlet and silver in every available procession, a great religious revival was also in progress. The religious inspiration which, a few years earlier, had resulted in the foundation of the two purest of the great mediæval monastic Orders, the Cistercians and Carthusians, had crossed the English Channel. 'It was as though the very world had shaken herself and cast off her old age, and were clothing herself everywhere in a white garment of churches.' The words of an anxious monk refer to the achievements of the millenary year, 1000, but they might well have been written to describe the England of John of Salisbury. More than a hundred new foundations date from Stephen's reign, and a hundred more from Henry II's. There was hardly a wealthy merchant or nobleman who did not give of his plenty for the endowment and building of monastic houses; and the people in town and country who had little wealth to give formed themselves into voluntary auxiliary bands and helped to dig foundations, to pull carts, to drag boulders to the masons' benches and all to the accompaniment of the communal chanting of psalms.

The capacity for asceticism which lies behind all this tumult of Church life, however, had softened in subtle ways by the time it reached these shores. It was not

less heroic, but much of the obscurantism and harsh unreason which marred the activities of a St Bernard were charmed away by the milder English air. There was no baiting of scholarship in England, no heresy hunting. The Cistercians brought with them their rather spectacular austerities, and did not raise reputation in England thereby. 'They are proud of their pale faces, and sighing is with them a fine art. At any moment they are prepared to shed a flood of tears. They walk about with downcast heads and half closed eyes. They move at a snail's pace, muttering prayers the while. They cultivate a ragged and dirty appearance; humbling themselves that they may be exalted.' The striking judgement is John of Salisbury's; and it is the more remarkable in that it is echoed by two writers so dissimilar to John as Walter Map and Giraldus Cambrensis. It was not asceticism as such but its public parade that they disliked. John himself was thoroughly austere. He had no doubt, for example, that virginity is a higher state than marriage; but he added the thoroughly English qualification, 'Still, some married persons are holier than many virgins,' a remark which Matthew Parker, the first officially married Archbishop of Canterbury, approvingly scored in red in his copy of the 'Polieraticus.' He approved St Bernard's strictures on music and thought it softening. He agreed absolutely with Gilbert of Semp-tingham, his contemporary, 'a venerable man and the father of seven hundred nuns,' who 'forbade them to sing at all.' They might 'intelligently recite the Psalms' but there must be no *Melica Pronunciatio*.

Each of these facets of English life, its religious devotion, its gaiety, its colour, its love of learning, and its exoticism, were together symptoms and instruments of the great struggle which was all the time proceeding, the struggle for civilisation and the liquidation of brutality. This is the deep underlying motive of the many-sided English effort of the twelfth century, and the key of interpretation which explains events so various as the controversy between Becket and the King and the foundation of the monastic order of St Gilbert of Semp-tingham. The soldiers in this unwarlike crusade were the whole people of England, and almost all of them were only half conscious of the goal they were trying to reach;

but it is this struggle to create a civilisation which should be truly civilised, truly Christian, truly mediæval, and truly English, that gives point and purpose to the whole tract of English history which lies between the Norman Conquest and the death of Henry II. The dream was never fully realised, but in the lifetime of John of Salisbury its realisation did not seem at all impossible.

To redeem brutality was the first and most pressing need. The earlier feudalism had been brutal almost by necessity. When life is one long succession of Danish invasions, baronial marauders, rival monarchies, and civil wars society can only maintain itself by resort to brutalities of all kinds. The most important effect of the Norman Conquest was to set an end to that state of chronic political insecurity. When we read of Harold's last stand at Senlac and Hereward's in the Isle of Ely our hearts instinctively thrill and our resentment flames against the foreign invader. But without the Conquest no mediæval civilisation would have been possible—even as a dream. It opened the gate to the Continent, at that time in the throes of a great creative movement of all the materials which go to make a civilisation. By providing a stable and secure England, it tore away brutality's justification and excuse. By bringing with them the current ideals of chivalry on the Continent, the invaders imported a code of honour which, for all its quixotry and artificial self-consciousness, at least held up courtesy to the social inferior and generous assistance to the weak and oppressed as a high ideal.

During the consolidation of the kingdom in the reign of Henry I, 'the Lion of Righteousness,' brutality seemed everywhere banished, and the struggle for civilisation already half won. The anarchy of Stephen's reign meant that all must be again begun: that is why the note of the chronicler's accounts is resentment rather than mourning. With Henry II the struggle against brutality begins again and is intensified. On paper, the chances of a Golden Age seemed real and to hope for it was not absurd. In the latter half of the twelfth century England was the shrine of literature for all the world. The creative impulse in France was by then waning, and its keeping had definitely passed into English hands. No other European kingdom could boast so long a list of

names for ever important in the history of literature, or could point to a comparable library of writings of the first quality. Chronicles, poetry, biography, philosophy, and theology—English writers produced masterpieces in all these fields, and more beside, in Henry II's time.

Henry's own reputation as a man of letters bore no small part of the responsibility and honour. 'Your king,' wrote Peter of Blois to the Archbishop of Palermo, 'is a good scholar, but ours is far better: I know the abilities and accomplishments of both. With the king of England there is school every day, constant conversation with the best scholars, and discussion of questions.' Such a monarch naturally attracts scholars to his kingdom. At least twenty books are known to have been dedicated to Henry, by authors as various as Adelard of Bath, under whom he studied science, William of Conches, Peter of Blois, Robert of Cricklade, and Giraldus Cambrensis. Robert of Cricklade, in the dedication of '*Defloratio Plinii*,' declares it 'unfitting that the lord of so large a part of the earth should be ignorant of its different regions.' It was not perhaps the most tactful of dedications. Nor was it strictly true. If Henry had not visited all the parts of the world which Robert described, he knew a good deal about many of them, and could speak several of their languages. If Walter Map cheerfully exaggerated when he declared that Henry knew 'the world's tongues from the Channel to the Jordan,' it is at least evidence that the king was a linguist of no ordinary merit.

The native English character was then, as it is to-day, tolerant and kindly. 'By nature the Englishman is liberal, his hand is never weary of giving,' as a twelfth-century observer said. An acute modern historian, Mr H. W. C. Davis, describes 'the general buoyancy and good fellowship' of the English, and ascribes it to mediæval Christianity working upon fundamentally kindly natures. 'The conviction that good and bad fortune were in no way due to human causes, but to the working of an inscrutable providence, made them at once less solicitous for their own earthly ambitions, and more compassionate to those who had dropped out of the race.' All civilised arts flourished luxuriantly in twelfth century England, and particularly scholarship and architecture. The

Normans themselves, though stern and grave, ornamented their strength with graces, as their buildings showed. They were no less anxious than the native English to redeem the ancient brutalities and to create a civilisation.

Many factors were standing in the way of success. Chief among them was the existence of the royal forests, covering a third of the area of the country, administered by a special code of law. It prescribed a heavy, crippling fine for the first poaching offence, and thereafter mutilation and blinding; and it was administered by magistrates in comparison with whom 'Minos was merciful, Rhadamanthus reasonable, and Æacus long-suffering.' The words are those of Walter Map, who had been an itinerant justice in his time and knew of what he spoke. Against these forest laws incessant protests were made. John of Salisbury's denunciations are typical:

'They are not afraid for the sake of a brute beast to destroy a human being whom the Son of God redeemed with His own blood. They dare, in God's sight, to claim as their own property the wild creatures which are by natural law the property of the first comer. And it is often held a crime to snare a bird.'

The passion for hunting was indeed one of the traits of English life which militated against civilisation. When Samson was made Abbot of St Edmundsbury, though he himself was no huntsman he thought it only consonant with his position to make a game forest. 'He made many parks which he filled with beasts, and had a huntsman and dogs. And whenever any important guest arrived, he used to sit with his monks in some retire grove, and watch the coursing for a while; but I never saw him interested in hunting,' said his biographer. John himself devoted a chapter of the '*Policraticus*' to the practice of hunting, which he calls one of the Toys or Idle Pleasures of Courtiers. He denounced it because to the craze for hunting was due the severity of the game laws, and because the huntsmen loved their sport to so prodigal an extent that for its sake they neglected their families and their estates.

When allowances have been made for the existence of the game laws, and even for the fact that the punish-

ment of hanging, drawing, and quartering dates from Henry II's reign, it remains true that during the twelfth century immense strides were taken towards the day when brutalities should be no more. Had Henry been succeeded by monarchs as able as himself or even by monarchs who had some sort of feeling for the country they ruled and the civilisation they represented, the dreams and visions of the far-sighted might well have been realised. But in that day in England everything hung on the Crown, and the failure of the Crown involved the failure of the infant civilisation trembling to be born. No tragedy in mediæval England was sadder in its consequences than the failure of Henry II to manage his sons as well as he managed his country.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

Art. 10.—THE SUPPRESSION OF SLAVERY IN ABYSSINIA.

Slaves and Ivory. By Major Henry Darley. With an Introduction by Charles W. Hobley, C.M.G. Witherby, 1935.

THIS is an unpleasing book. First published in 1926, the cheaper reprint is sponsored by a former Kenya official whose footnotes purport to bring it 'up to date,' doubtless in view of popular sales at this time. Neither Mr Hobley nor the author has a good word to say for the ancient land they treat of; and both are faulty in historic dates and facts. It was not in 1908, but in 1913 that great Menelik died in the coma of paralysis. The Battle of Magdala was fought in 1868, and not in 1870. Nor was King Theodore killed by British troops; rather than surrender to Sir Robert Napier, that forsaken despot blew his brains out on the eve of a hopeless struggle, after sending his white prisoners into Napier's camp. Only the defection of Theodore's feudal lords had made possible our advance through so fearsome a military *terrain*, and that with the oddest of armies, including a host of camp-followers and a herd of elephants bearing siege-guns on their backs. In his strictures Mr Hobley ignores the very recent rise (1930) to unfettered power of the most sagacious ruler whom Africa has yet produced. He sees Italy, indeed—'for reasons of her own'—about to teach Abyssinia such a lesson that the Empire itself may disappear from the map!

Major Darley was piling up ivory-tusks with such easy tools as the .303 and .450 rifles. He is of the type to whom—as his sponsor says—'adventure is the salt of life.' 'Such men' (Mr Hobley notes) 'are often impatient of authority, and at times they fall foul of Colonial Governments.' That he was 'wanted' in Uganda our author admits in a playful way. But he made tidy hauls in the Abyssinia he decries so unsparingly: 'I had about a thousand pounds' worth of ivory in my hut, besides the cattle and sheep herded outside. My outfit, too, was worth a fortune in any Abyssinian's eyes.' For all that—as America's 'slick guys' say—he 'got by with it.' And when at long last he arrived in Khartoum and called on

the Sirdar, that high officer saw fit to evade him, as one who 'naturally hated the sight of me.' Thereupon Major Darley had derisive brass medals made by a city jeweller to present to his men as mementoes of a highly profitable tour. Why he should inscribe these with doggerel verse jeering at 'the Sudan Government' is his own affair—and a sorry flourish to what Mr Hobley is pleased to call his hero's 'epic story.'

Abyssinia is here branded as 'this barbaric State.' The author appeals: 'To all who have suffered at the hands of a race with strength, but without knowledge of mercy'! How did this trader himself fare in so fierce an Alsatia? Let him cite a case in point. In the 'lawless' town of Maiji, when he had no ready money, the Major had recourse to Dedjazmatch Dumti—and was able to persuade him to cash my cheque for a thousand dollars on the Bank of Addis Ababa. He had never seen such a thing as a cheque before, but he gave me the money without a word! With what banker of Wall Street or the City of London could a stranded alien so readily raise the wind on the sole security of a scrap of paper which his patron could not even read? Commissioner Hobley concluded that 'Darley's work will do much to furnish students with the atmosphere of this anachronism of the twentieth century.' To that end, let me say, it is about as useless as a cook-book to a starving hobo.

Why no publisher has yet brought out the wondrous story of Abyssinia I do not know. For romance and thrills, for 'incredible' episodes which are yet true, and vivid characters both ancient and modern, we have here a tale to make all fiction appear dull and tame. It opens in the millennial epoch of Akhsun's granite throne; it closes in the new Palace of Addis Ababa ('The New Flower'), where a crowned reformer of heroic mould wrestles with social and political problems that might tax a Pericles or a Cæsar. Such a book as I have in mind would not only be the season's 'best seller,' it might take its place as an abiding classic. For this lofty citadel is unique in its every aspect—racial, historical, and geographical. The prophet Isaiah beheld it as 'a nation meted out and trodden underfoot, whose land the rivers have spoiled.' The Blue Nile 'spoils' it in a dizzy chasm of four hundred miles (which no white man has

ever explored) before hurling its precious flood and mud upon those rich 'Sakel' and 'American-type' cotton-fields which have transfigured the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan under the Condominium of to-day.

Victorious Menelik, when courted by missions from the Powers after he had routed Italy's first invasion, could mourn over his marooned domain as 'an island of Christians in a pagan sea.' His grand-nephew, Hailé Selassié, is a far abler man; the son of bold Ras Makonnen, who at Adowa drew Oreste Baratieri's brigades into a trap of vengeful havoc. Looking back over the years, to-day's sad King of Kings (a very religious man) must echo the Isaiahan organ-note: 'Woe to the land *shadowing with wings* (now from the new air-city of Guidonia, near Rome!) which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia!' Hailé Selassié, like Signor Mussolini, is a dictator of absolute sway, and no less passion and purpose as a redeemer of his *patria*. Both are more-than-men in their peoples' eyes. And the mission of both is the regeneration of a people that is dearer than life. But the reformer's path is a hard one, as the transgressor's is, or the militant apostle's. 'Is he a god?' asked simple folk in Addis Ababa when their radio buzzed with Il Duce's flower-strown frenzies and firebrand goadings on the cult of Force. But he was not always a god. At the first Fascist Congress of Oct. 9, 1919, that Messiah's life hung by tenuous threads from hour to hour. The Italy of Nitti was fast lurching into savagery. 'I say you are dirty,' Mussolini flung at the lawless masses. 'You must arise and get clean; you are ignorant and must get knowledge. A revolution can be made in twenty-four hours; but in that time one cannot create a new social order for a nation which is part of the world-order!'

That fearless crusader faced furious mobs amid a hail of stones and pistol-shots. In Bologna his coat was riddled by furtive volleys, his hat knocked off, howls and curses drowned his fervid gospel. 'They don't understand it yet,' Mussolini mourned to the faithful few. 'But the seed is there: it will grow, even if the sower himself be slain.' There was wholesale killing; street wars with stabbings and shootings as cruel as any Malay *amoks*. One March night in Milan a huge bomb was pitched into the stalls of the Diana Theatre. After the crash and smoky panic, a sickening shambles was seen. Seventeen dead

persons were dragged out; the disfigured and maimed ran into hundreds. Once more was Italy as Dante saw it—'a rudderless vessel in a terrible storm.' The Red Flag's terror was rampant. To-day's supreme Duce loomed then as a traitor to the State, an object of public hatred and derision, with every insult heaped upon him. His newspaper, 'Il Popolo,' flaunted defiant headlines clear across the page: 'Benito Mussolini—Guilty of Defending Italy after Caporetto—has been thrown into Prison!' Robbery and violence ran riot. Well-dressed people passing a factory were hauled in, to be beaten and smeared with grease and muck. On the steps of the Duomo in Milan, Cardinal-Archbishop Ratti and his pale priests blessed the many coffins . . . On Oct. 26, 1922, a distracted king hurried to the Quirinal from San Rossore to consult Salandra on the chaos of his realm. That night Mussolini sat in a box at the Manzoni Theatre in Milan, where a comedy was playing. During the second act words came to him of a long-distance telephone-call. He rose at once—as the master of 300,000 Blackshirts—now exulting and sure of his star's ascendancy. '*Ci siamo*' was all he said—'It's here!'

Then came the March on Rome. Before it started a rifle-bullet was to whiz above the hero's left ear, grazing his head. From that narrow escape to the tramp of his legions by the Ponte Milvio and the triumph in the Piazza del Popolo was an easy stage. The Dictator had arrived. Marshal Diaz and Admiral Thaon di Revel rode beside him with due deference. Now he must have smart clothes before entering the Palazzo Chigi. So his first Roman duty was with an English tailor on the Corso Umberto: riding-breeches, a morning-coat with striped trousers, a dinner-jacket suit, and full evening kit. After that he began work with dæmonic energy and lived up to his chosen motto: *Vivi pericolosamente!* And, indeed, the dangers were not over yet. Ex-Deputy Zanboni and his machine-gun lay in wait on a hotel balcony. Lucetti's bomb brought four veterans low, but missed Mussolini—whose face even then bore traces of a previous shot. Next came the Bologna affair, with Signor Dino Grandi to witness it. The scarf of the San Maurizio Order that crossed the Duce's breast was scorched and torn by young Anteo Zamponi's bullet.

And so through fire and fight went the Reformer's way. A brave man is the signor of Italy's *Rinascimento*. 'I know my fate,' he mused to Grandi that day; 'but I shall not pass until my work be done.' One of his foreign adorers, a woman, dared to his face to hint at dark doings in the 'God'-like regime. And then 'the short, thick-set man slid down in his big armchair; the massive head was thrown wearily back. . . . Tell them they are not true, these vile things they impute to me! Tell them that silence is my defence, and the good I have done shall speak for me. Tell them also I *have* been guilty of one great sin—For I have loved my country with an idolatrous love!' There is no doubt of it. But has the Dictator of Rome whose lurid path I have traced no pity at all for his opposite number in Addis Ababa? As Ras Tafari and co-Regent the present Emperor dined and drove out with Italy's king through those age-old streets. That was in 1924, and Mussolini welcomed him, too. The previous year saw Abyssinia's reformer knocking at Geneva's kindly door. He sought admission to a League of Nations which might help *his* *Rinascimento*: haply with money and wise counsel, with strong administrators such as China had in Sir Robert Hart, Egypt in Lord Cromer, Persia and the Latin American States in wise men from Washington.

But England opposed the young Ethiop prince's desire. Her delegate, Mr Edward Wood (now Lord Halifax) fastened on the slave-system of a thousand years, upon which the hoary Empire was socially and politically based, alike in its Church and in the loose framework of State. Motta, the Swiss envoy, feared that the Central Government was powerless to enforce its new decrees. Sir Joseph Cook of Australia took the same view: he suggested a Commission of inquiry on the spot to weigh the authority of the 'Queen of Kings' (i.e. the reigning Empress Zauditu, old Menelik's favourite daughter) over all her Provincial war-lords who had private armies of their own. But Venezuela and China demurred at this measuring of the centre against its vague circumference—and for reasons which every political student will apprehend. France was Ras Tafari's valiant ally in the person of Henri de Jouvenel. Her relations with Abyssinia go back to Louis Quatorze and King Teclé

Haimanot. M. du Roule set out for Akhsum in 1706—only to meet a bloody death in the wilds of Sennar. There he was held up and killed from ambush with his whole staff, who were given no chance to defend themselves. The Ethiop king sent out carriages to meet that ill-fated ambassador. But the Court officers lost their road and only reached the spot to come upon tragic remains. The chronicles tell how Turkish agents had suborned the Emirs of Sennar to wipe out Du Roule and his party. He was denounced as 'a traitor sent to teach the Negus how to forge cannons, and how best to divert the (Blue) Nile's course to the Sudan's ruin and Egypt's own. He further intends to unite Ethiopia with the Franks, so as to exterminate the Faithful in these parts.' It will here be seen that 'Nile politics' begin early; but they recur all through the ages back to Cæsar, Alexander and the Pharaohs.

At long last Senator de Jouvenel could draw up the official dossier of Abyssinia's entry to the League as a token of what Ras Tafari styled: '*La sincère et loyale affection qui est la règle historique des peuples de France et de l'Éthiopie.*' He writes French and speaks it, I may say, with grace and aplomb at public functions. But the fight for 'admission' still dragged out. What won it—strange to say—was the so-called 'policy of Crispi' working through Italy's own delegate, Count Bonin-Longare. This policy pre-empted Italy's 'exclusive' claims to dominate the Empire at all points. It antedated the luckless invasion of 1896; it went back to the curious Treaty of Ucciali in 1889, which Menelik denounced when he found the Amharic text wearing one face and the Italian another, and vastly different one, making him in effect a puppet-vassal in Roman hands, unable even to address the Powers but by Italy's voice. Sooner or later Menelik's call for a 'national' war was bound to ring; and the rout of Adowa brought in its train a humble indemnity, with full recognition of the Empire's independence 'for ever.'

Holland, Norway and Latvia opposed the young Regent's plea to the League. But as his French friends put it: 'the British shot first—as at Fontenoy!' Sir Frederick Lugard's view was this: 'Prince Tafari Makonnen may well wish to enter the League. But he

would first have to suppress the Slave-System : and this his feeble power will not permit him to do.' The original petition, as a State Paper of historic note, is worth quoting here, at least in part :

' Prince Tafari Makonnen, Héritier du Trône et Régent de l'Empire de l'Éthiopie.

' Qu'il parvienne à l'honorable Sir Eric Drummond, Secrétaire-Général de la Société des Nations.

' Que la Paix soit avec vous !

' Au nom de la Reine des Rois d'Éthiopie (the Empress Zauditu, or Judith)—dont la sceau figure ci-dessus, nous avons l'honneur de vous présenter notre demande par ce qui est écrit ci-dessous, et vous confirme les télégrammes que nous vous avons adressé sur le même sujet.

' La Grande Guerre soulevée en Europe étant terminée, il y a longtemps que le Gouvernement Éthiopien désirait figurer dans la liste des États qui font partie de la Société des Nations, dont le pacte garantit l'union, l'entraide et la Paix de toutes les nations du monde. . . . '

Prince Tafari then reviews Abyssinia's progress in recent years. How the Faith and Fatherland had been defended. The civil war of 1916, brought about by the Moslem apostacy of young Lij Yasu, who succeeded Menelik. Then new frontier arrangements with the Powers ; the Djibouti Railway ; adhesion to the Brussels Conference and the Postal Union ; the signing of Treaties in good faith ; and a keen desire for closer contacts with Western civilisation. These wistful longings recur throughout the Regent's application : ' Le désir perpétuel de ce Gouvernement chrétien est de gouverner son peuple dans la Paix et tranquillité, et de développer ce pays dans la prospérité.' He would send delegates to Geneva after the first pourparlers. And then the last earnest appeal : ' Nous prions Dieu de nos vœux ardents pour que cette Fédération amicale des Nations soit fortifiées, et que notre demande soit accueillie favorablement. Écrit le 12 Août, 1923, à Addis Ababa.'

A barrage of 'interrogations' opened. A dozen delegates, led by our own and the Dominions', doubted the 'civilised condition' of this appellant. And what about his 'armaments' ? Colonel Réquin (for France) found the query absurd. The Committee gravely agreed that 'the military, naval (!) and aerial (!) forces of the Ethiopian

Empire did not form an obstacle to its admission to the League of Nations.' But slavery was a real stumbling-block. So the dissidents sought to shelve Ras Tafari's appeal for a whole year whilst 'enquiry' was being made. Henri de Jouvenel rose up as Abyssinia's 'best friend,' citing evidence of peculiar cogency—even that of Theodore Roosevelt after his return from safari in Africa. That forceful man could assure the French Senator: 'Qu'il avait vu en Éthiopie une nation et une Patrie en pleine évolution, et que ni cette nation ni cette Patrie ne disparaîtrait du monde.' So swayed back and forth the 'Battle of Admission'—until Italy brought all her big guns into play on Abyssinia's behalf! Is there any stranger irony in recent history? The 'Pompeo Aloisi' of that day was Count Bonin-Longare; and all his batteries defended the 'titles of nobility' which Abyssinia had won through 'the tenacity with which she had clung to her religious faith and national character throughout the ages.' Her present request, the Count insisted, was a high tribute to the League, coming as it did from a far distant aspirant hitherto outside the international comity. As for the slave-trade—was it not expressly prohibited by Abyssinian laws, even under the pain of death? True, cases had been reported, but only in the remoter provinces. So the point at issue was *not* the old Empire's laws, but the application of them which had not yet attained the desired results.

Italy's envoy further felt that 'due tribute must be paid to the enlightened Princes who have occupied the Ethiopian throne for many years past.' Here Count Bonin-Longare singled out for special admiration 'Ras Tafari (the present Emperor), a broad-minded Prince in close touch with modern ideas.' With regard to the condition of Abyssinia's slaves, the improvement had been such that 'they might now rather be styled serfs—although the distinction is a subtle one.' The Count then defined 'a free man,' and he owned that such prerogatives 'have not as yet been assured to the Abyssinian serf.' For all that, the Empire's request should not be refused. For it was 'a patent proof of her good intentions; and membership of the League would encourage and strengthen her in further measures of reform.' In conclusion, Count Bonin-Longare 'warmly recommended' the Committee

to grant the Regent's desire. For the League could help Abyssinia in her fight against the slave system, thus enabling her 'to become an ever active and effectual pioneer of civilisation in Africa.' So it was a wise and noble rôle that Italy played before the Sixth Committee of the Assembly. Both her eloquent envoy and M. de Jouvenel asked their Abyssinian colleagues to sign contractual guarantees on the abolition of slavery. This was done, and then admission was carried through.

The contrast of all this with last month's debate comes as a shock. Now Italy's delegates refused to sit in the same Hall with the spokesman of 'a world-outlaw'! Abyssinia's 'savagery' was declared to be proven by a cart-load of documents and photographs laboriously prepared to justify a war of conquest more cynical and reckless than any in modern history. The 'enlightened Prince' of 1923 now loomed as a menace; his derelict State was beyond the pale of civilised humanity; a violator of pledges, impotent and crude, too raw in cultural structure ever to achieve alone the changes that would lift her into the comity of nations, or even 'the fundamental principles of humanity.' The Emperor's damnation was utter and complete. But Rome is close at hand, its propaganda (and its abuse of Britain) as intense as Germany's own before 1914. And Addis Ababa is far away; only now and then do we hear the Emperor's voice, and we mark its solid statecraft and regrets for the might-have-been. 'Foreigners forget,' he said in a recent sound-film:—

'that our people have had direct contact with the West for no more than twenty years. We do realise the need to make progress in a short time, such as it has taken other races centuries of effort to attain. Our programme began with ways of communication, rapid and secure at all seasons, between the capital and our farthest parts. Our second aim was to open schools on modern lines where foreign languages were taught, and our best scholars might be enabled to complete their courses in Universities abroad. But such development of the Empire is now blocked by the menace of external violence, and that on the part of a Power which pretends—by means of invasive war!—to bring to us the blessings of civilisation. At present, therefore, all our energy is concentrated on the defence of our nation's liberty and independence. This is the

heavy task imposed upon us at an hour when every effort should be made to grapple with the vital social and economic problems which confront the Ethiopia of to-day.'

Here the outstanding 'social' question is, of course, the millennial institution of chattel slavery. It is as old as humanity, its literature prodigious, from Homer and Aristotle to Pope and Cowper, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Walt Whitman. Before Columbus was born the African 'Trade' was begun by the Portuguese under Prince Henry. By the notorious Asiento, 'Her Britannic Majesty (Queen Anne) did offer and undertake to bring into the West Indies of America in the space of thirty years, 144,000 negroes at the rate of 4800 each year, paying on each a duty of 33½ dollars a head.' So did 'the Sovereigns of England and Spain become the largest slave-merchants in the history of the world'!

When this queer contract ended in 1739 the wails of our own dealers and the Spanish officials were so loud that Philip V revoked the Asiento and Walpole was forced, by popular feeling, into a war with our partner in the slave-trade. In fact the world over reveals 'the institution' as a problem of incredible complexity. Our own fleet of slavers had 192 ships with space for carrying 47,146 of the human cattle at one time. It was, in short, a British industry, with vested interests so powerful that the battle in Parliament for its abolition raged for eighteen years, while the freeing of our Colonial slaves took twenty-six years more and cost the country 20,000,000*l.* in a single payment—'the price of virtue,' as Burke called it. These facts have passed out of mind; and few of us are aware that even to-day slaves are bought and sold in fifteen different countries. No wonder Lady Simon—that tireless champion of a forgotten cause—finds her hearers 'incredulous' when she tells how fourteen of our warships still patrol the seas 'with slave-trade instructions.'

'The institution' persists, and seems ineradicable. Men still living saw it tear asunder the great American Union in a ferocious four years' Civil War, followed by a 'reconstruction' period in which the freed slaves dominated their former masters in political orgies of robbery and violence. Yet that fearsome conflict had been long foreseen. Both Washington and Jefferson—slave-owners both, and in a large way—disliked the system.

John Adams prayed to see 'its total extirpation in the United States.' For all that, the ugly words 'slave' and 'slavery' were deleted from the Constitution in 1787 simply because—as its 'father,' James Madison, admits—'they did not like to admit the right of "property" in man.' It was the Supreme Court's finding in 1857, in the Dred Scott case (a runaway slave) which led straight to the War of Secession. My object is to show a problem which has defied the genius of statesmen in the most progressive of nations. How then can we expect Abyssinia's Emperor, who was only crowned in 1930, to solve it by a stroke of his pen in this rock-citadel of Africa, where it has been entrenched in Church and State for over a thousand years?

Yet Hailé Selassié had begun this immense reform; it was the dream of his life to continue it and hand on the torch of freedom to his son, young Afsa Wosan, who has shown his mettle as an administrator in the Dessye Province. These Amharan princes learn to rule as mere lads of school age. Ras Tafari governed Harrar at sixteen. His great-uncle, Menelik, had a long training in diplomacy and war. But none of them was so fitted for rule as the present occupant of the throne, whose passion for 'modern ideas' Italy could so justly praise in 1923. His father, Ras Makonnen, the victor at Adowa as well as Menelik's kinsman and counsellor, had been named as Heir-Apparent. But as the old Emperor decayed in mind and body, his grandson Lij Yasu was put forward. That boy's crazy Moslem 'crusade' in a land that has been Christian since A.D. 431 led to the tumult of 1916, backed by German and Turkish money and intrigues. His father, Ras Mikael of the Wallo Gallas, raised an army to support his erratic son. In this welter French influence strove with the German manœuvres of Dr Rosen and Von Sibourg. The young Emperor pulled down churches and built mosques at Diré Daoua and in the plains. On his turban and on the Flag itself he flaunted in Arabic the tocsin of Islam. Harrari and Somali chiefs rallied to him. Putting away his lawful wife, Lij Yasu took three more—the daughters of Abu Jifar of Djimma, of the Emir Abdullah of Harrar, and of the Nagadas Mohammed Abu Bekr. All these antics alarmed the Diplomatic Corps in Addis. They warned the boy-Emperor of 'grave

consequences,' insisting that he restore the desecrated flag he had presented to the Turkish Consul. Otherwise a rupture of relations would ensue. At last the Coptic Abuna, Matteos, deposed a Sovereign who had 'brought down the wrath of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, with that of the Twelve Apostles and the 318 Elders of the Council of Nice. May the curse of Arius and Judas fall upon him! And I—Matteos—by my humble mouth do hereby excommunicate Lij Yasu.' This fateful Proclamation flamed through the Empire as: 'Done at Addis Ababa in the Year of Health' (Sept. 29, 1916). Meanwhile the Princess Zauditu was taken out of the confinement to which her wild young cousin had consigned her. She was then crowned as Empress by the Abuna and the Ichige, who is his suffragan and is set over the native clergy, 100,000 in number. Prince Tafari, whom Lij Yasu had hoped to win over, was named as co-Regent. Heralds gave out his message: 'People of Ethiopia! Princes and nobles, clerics and Army! Let me now address you all! Henceforth you shall be my glory. I ask God, Who hateth all things evil, henceforward to pitch His tent in your midst!'

A new Ministry was appointed with the Regent as head. Ras Hailu of Gojam and Woldo Ghiorgis of Gondar swore fealty with the rest. Even the Cathedral and churches of Addis itself were found to be mined for destruction by agents of the apostate Emperor. Ras Tafari soon took the field against the Moslem hosts, with Fitaurari Apta Ghiorgis, the veteran War Minister and Ras Damissié, Governor of Wallega. Just then Lij Yasu's father with 50,000 men assailed and took Ankobar. Those battles were fierce, but brief. Regent Tafari and his lords completely routed the rebels at Debra Brehan. And the closing scene was extraordinarily dramatic. Enthroned in the open air on the racecourse of Addis, the Empress saw 100,000 victorious troops file past her crimson canopy. Of these her young co-Regent led 20,000 horse and foot. Next came the prisoners—with fallen Ras Mikael in the van—a handsome old man of stately mien who bowed low to the new 'Queen of Kings' as he passed her throne. *Væ victis!* After him stumbled his captive C-in-C., who carried on his neck a huge stone in token of submission!

As for Ras Mikael's hapless son, he had fled to the Danakil country, hoping to cross the Red Sea and escape to Arabia. Lij Yasu was taken at last in Tigré and shut up in a craggy fortress until his death a few months ago. With the peace that followed, the Regent cherished high hopes of inaugurating his reforms. But he had still to fight on, as I have shown Mussolini fighting; steadfast and strong, patient and loyal to ideals. The Empress herself opposed him, backed by reactionary prelates, by the die-hards and 'mossbackers' like old Apta Ghiorgis, the War Minister, who passed away in 1927. Then 'kinglets' like Hailu of Gojam (in whose realm the Blue Nile pours out of its crater basin at 6000 feet), with Balcha of far Sidamo and many more, gave him serious trouble. Then as now, Prince Tafari looked to the League in his titan labours. His admission gained, he gathered up a score of war-lords who might be prone to what the Japanese call 'dangerous thoughts.' With these in his train he set out for a tour of Europe: Paris and London and Rome, with Brussels and Stockholm as 'side lines' of educative travel, alike for himself and his powerful Rases.

Nothing escaped Ras Tafari's sombre, watchful eyes. At the tomb of the boy-prince Alamayhu—tragic King Theodore's son—in St George's Chapel at Windsor, he remarked an error in the Amharic script above it. Later on he sent a silver plate from Addis to correct this. England he holds in the highest esteem: her present Minister at his Court is always greeted as a true and disinterested friend. To none but Sir Sidney Barton was given the privilege of installing in Addis a large force of Indian troops in these troublous times. As for France, it is enough to recall the Regent's own words at a Presidential banquet offered in the Elysée in 1924. Guests of high rank saw that slight figure rise; they marked the pale, ivory face with its trim black beard and deep-set eyes, so grave and earnest in purpose. 'Every inch a King' was the comment of all, as those tiny hands (an artist might envy them) fingered the notes before him. He recalled the ties that bound Abyssinia to France, from Rochet d'Héricourt's day to that of Lagarde—the creator of modern Djibouti. And then he poured out: 'La gratitude qui hante notre cœur, et jamais ne le déserte

quand il s'agit d'honorer ceux qui nous ont sincèrement aimés et assistés aux heures difficiles de notre vie nationale.' He remembered, too, the sage counsel of Senator de Jouvenel in Geneva. . . . A warrior people were these, whose prowess was lauded ages ago by Diodorus of Sicily. So various were the factors here present that it was futile to consider Ethiopia as a 'colonial' problem—or even as an African one, to be solved by dividing it into spheres of influence in a casual way. 'Wiser far will it be,' M. de Jouvenel insisted, 'to treat this unique Ethiopia as an international problem, and to deal with her only in that spirit.'

I have referred to the caustic arraignment of Commissioner Hobley in respect to the raids of border chieftains in British territory and the looting of cattle, ivory and slaves. That these have been serious in the past none will deny, and Abyssinia's Government paid to Kenya in 1928 a sum of 21,000*l.* by way of compensation. That Colony keeps a mobile force of the King's African Rifles on watch, and the Sudan also has its Slavery Patrol; the cost of this preventive service was over 100,000*l.* a year in each case. Those lawless forays have been debated in both Houses of Parliament, and our Foreign Office White Books are full of them. Yet we were patient all through for all-sufficient reasons of state. Certainly we never dreamed of a wholesale invasion in arms and the wiping out of Abyssinia from the map. Those raids fell off when Ras Tafari assumed the Imperial Crown and could set about a 'New Deal' more drastic than President Franklin Roosevelt ever dreamed of. There was a constitution to draft, a parliament to form, a national army to organise, with police-forces for the towns; roads to build and bridges, schools, hospitals, radio-stations. Above all, the Emperor had to prove himself a true 'King of Kings' and bring his proud baronage into final subjection. Revolt soon flamed among them: it is a familiar phase when 'vested interests' are assailed. Ras Guksah, the overlord of Gondar, had to be put down. Then Hailu of Gojam, a trading kinglet with two million subjects of 'his own,' was forced into obedience. As for Ras Balcha of Sidamo, that haughty eunuch had for years defied the central power in a realm of 'his alone.' He was often 'invited

to Court'—and he knew what that meant! When the new Dictator called him, Balcha's 'come and fetch me' (his castle was a month's travel from Addis) no longer availed. Balcha was marched to the Palace with a lump of rock on his neck, the olden symbol of submission and ruin. But he has been restored to favour. The Emperor's one aim was to break up the order of chattel and *gabar* (land-serf) slavery, both as to the traffic itself and body-and-soul ownership. Like Signor Mussolini, whose terrors I have told—omitting the starving anguish of his Swiss exile—Hailé Selassié knows the bitter battle of all innovators. Two slave-emancipators of the 'sixties met murderous ends: Alexander II of Russia and President Lincoln. Both of these grew discouraged and depressed; the one was bombed in a street by the Winter Palace, the other was mortally shot in the full glare of a crowded theatre.

Lord Noel-Buxton went to Addis in 1932 with the assent of the Foreign Office. The Emperor sought his advice as an official of our own Anti-Slavery Society, whose experience of the 'Trade' covers a hundred years of it all over the globe. Here I should pay a tribute to Sir John Harris, its Parliamentary Secretary, whose labours in the cause are marked with tact and sound diplomacy. Lord Noel-Buxton was very frank with his Imperial host, their contacts were close and quite informal.

'Reform depends on Hailé Selassié,' this shrewd visitor attests. 'And the opinion of the many European visitors we met—even the most sceptical—testifies to the Emperor's sincerity. He appears to possess the mentality which one associates with European political ethics in a degree which is singular in an Eastern, and still more singular in the Ruler of an Eastern State whose traditions are those of violence, disunity and incompetence. It is a strange dispensation that such a Ruler should have acquired great enlightenment. He has a moral ascendancy over the great Rases which is remarkable when we consider the dominating position of these men, brought up as "kings" in their separate kingdoms and the striking personality of some of them . . . He made no attempt to influence us by entertainment, or to place us under an obligation—a fact both highly valuable to us and creditable to him.

'His reforms might easily, in the hands of a shallow man, have led to revolt, as in the case of Amanullah. He is an

extremely hard-worker, keeping his ministers up till midnight and summoning them at five or six in the morning. His philanthropic interests are evident in his extreme concern for hospitals. It is, perhaps, on this ground that he strongly favours foreign Missions—a fact the more remarkable, because he has to face a public opinion which is anti-foreign. In spite of this the Emperor indulges in such gestures as the sending of an aeroplane to bring back a sick missionary from a distant Province to the capital. His interest in slavery is aroused in part by a feeling which is purely humane. We were struck by the fact that he had, after visiting Jerusalem, brought to Addis Ababa a large party of Armenian orphans. As to education, the chief schools in the capital show as much activity as finance allows, and there is talk of a University.'

Lord Noel-Buxton finds the Emperor a very religious man; and though the Empire's traditions are Hebraic,

'the New Testament alone was used at the opening of the new Parliament. His speech on the same occasion was an admirable moral discourse, advocating hard work. In his Audience-room he displays a portrait of President Lincoln; and he evidently regards himself as a missionary of the ideas of men whom we regard as great. One was struck with the fact that the Slavery Question is one which causes the greatest general anxiety.'

This expert and impartial witness also notes the results of the Edict in 1924, and the setting-up of Slavery-Courts under an able Minister with European advisers. Then 'the telephone and telegraphs are extending.' The new road from Diré Dawa to Harrar is complete, so is the one to Djimma (a notorious slave-centre of the past) which was built by foreign engineers with American levelling-machines. Lorries already replace slave-labour in some sections, and the making of roads means increased trade. All this calls for capital in a primitive land whose soil and sub-soil are of great and proven riches. Said the Minister of Finance to Lord Noel-Buxton: 'Let not Europe destroy us because of our temporary inability to pay for reforms, but allow us to return to normal times.' That was three years ago. To-day the Sovereign Reformer wears the khaki of a Field Marshal. Like his great kinsman Menelik, Hailé Selassié must now abandon his goal as the pioneer of a civilisation which might have inspired and uplifted all Africa. Italy's second invasion

is upon his land—this time with all the panoply of ultra-modern war: mechanised artillery and tanks, clouds of bombing aircraft, with poison-gas, flame-throwers, and troops by the hundred thousand swarming in from Eritrea on the north and Somalia on the east. It may be a mere massacre of bare-footed men, most of them armed with museum tools. Or, again, the venture may harbour hidden shocks for the Cæsar who sits in the Sala di Mappamondo planning his new 'Fascist Empire.' Much depends on the fighting value of Italian troops in a formidable land, faced by defenders to whom 'holy dying' will be a fierce delight. But for a great European Power, how inglorious an emprise!

The existence of slavery was from the first the *gravamen* of Italy's indictment and of her own mandate as a civilising agent. Baron Aloisi denounced it as 'an offence to humanity.' Its suppression was well begun, as I have shown. Even the *gabar* system of peonage on the land, which affects 5,000,000 persons, was decreed illegal last May, and a period was set for its enforcement. It was the same with taxes. No longer were Governors to levy tolls at will, to be paid in grain, honey, and hides—or even in the 'human cattle' of yesteryear; slaves were given as presents, and overtaxed villagers in distant parts would even sell their children when rapacious chieftains pressed for their dues. In the once notorious 'angle'-province of Maiji—that hot-bed of slavery—the Emperor put young Ras Zaude Ayalu as a 'New Deal' governor, with an English officer, Colonel Sandford, to assist him. Up and down the Empire sixty-two courts handled the slave question, notably in the kingdom of Kaffa—from which coffee derives its name.

An American, Mr E. A. Coulson, advised on finance. Swiss jurists, Swedish and Belgian officers, German geologists, Norwegian doctors, Japanese cotton-magnates and experts in industry—all these had busy hands in Haile Selassie's revolution. He edited his own newspaper, by name 'Birhanna Salaam,' or 'Light and Peace.' 'The time is past'—I heard him declare at the opening of a new school in Addis (at his own expense)—'for mere lip-service to our beloved land! The crying need of the people to-day is for education: without that we cannot maintain our independence.' His supreme aim was to

end slavery: 'That lies nearest to my heart!' All else were but aids to this supreme achievement. 'If I set them all free to-morrow,' he pointed out to Lord Noel-Buxton, 'what industries have we as yet which could absorb their labour at wage-rates?' He asked for twenty years' grace in which to develop his country on modern lines. A shrewd statesman, he would hasten slowly, as if in the spirit that Bacon counselled: 'It were good that men in their innovations would follow the example of Time—which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly and by degrees.' To loose millions of serfs at a stroke, with no masters to house and feed them, would be madness. How could such helpless folk exist, their mentality being what it is and with no clear conception of 'mine or thine'? 'They would get guns,' the Emperor feared, 'and take to our caravan-trails as *shiftas* (brigands).'

The Amharan, or ruling caste, in this strange land are of the warrior breed. For ages menial toilers have been recruited for them in the hot lowlands among the negroid tribes, to whom the generic name of *Shankallas* is applied. That slave-*safari* was a cruel business; it had all but passed when the shadow of Italy's crushing stroke fell upon the land. After the home markets were supplied, surplus slaves were marched up to the Red Sea coast, chiefly to Obock and Tajourah, for export to Arabian ports 'over the way.' King Ibn Saud, by the Treaty he signed with us in 1927, undertook to discourage these 'black ivory' exports from the African side. Moreover, we have for years kept two war-sloops in the Red Sea—H.M.S. 'Hastings' and 'Penzance'—to arrest fugitive slave-dhows and liberate their captives. But since Lord Lugard in 1926 reported to the League a haul of twenty-six slaves by H.M.S. 'Cornwallis,' this traffic has dwindled and only smuggling remains to the Arab *nokhadas*, or sailing-masters, whom the high profits on these human cargoes continue to allure.

At every turn in his slave-reforms the Emperor has been hindered by Italy's persistent encroachments on his territory. Thus when he sent his old tutor, the Ded-jazmatch Wolde Manoel, into Djimma to root out the 'Trade' in that Moslem stronghold, news came that the Italians were again on the march as far as Karanle on the

Webi Shebele. So Gabru Merriam, the Governor of Harrar, had to thrust them back with a small army of 15,000 men. Time and money, white advisers, prudent organisation, and the eager spirit of the new 'Jeunesse d'Éthiopie'—all these factors figured in the Emperor's colossal task. Set on foot with success and zeal up to the end of 1934, he was soon to see Mussolini's armadas of menace swarming through the Suez Canal. Then he knew his own *Rinascimento* blighted—haply with League loans and foreign assistance on the largest scale. It is a grievous thing. Now that calm apostle, a man of striking dignity and grace, has a far different sort of battle to face as his forebears have done throughout the ages. He is poorly armed for it in the face of odds that seem overwhelming. Hailé Selassié loves his people no less than Signor Mussolini does his own, and at need he will give his life for them without any flourish. 'Throughout their history,' he recalls, looking seaward still in hope, 'they have seldom met with foreigners who did not desire Ethiopian territory. But with God's help—and thanks to the courage of our soldiers—we have always, come what might, stood proud and free upon our mountain bastions.'

In that serene spirit does the Emperor accept as stark a challenge as history records. What lover of fair play will not wish him well, and a peaceful return to his noble ideal of a modern state which might one day be the pride of Africa—and a monument to the ablest statesman it has ever produced?

IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

Art. 11.—THE FAITH OF ST THOMAS MORE.

1. *Thomas More*. By R. W. Chambers. Cape, 1935.
2. *The Workes of Sir Thomas More, Knyght* (referred to henceforward as *English Works*). London, 1557.
3. *The Utopia of Sir Thomas More*. Ed. J. H. Lupton. (The original Latin with Ralph Robynson's translation of 1551.) Oxford, 1895.

PROFESSOR CHAMBERS has written a great book, which seems destined to take its place in the highest rank of British biographies.* It has a noble subject, studied for thirty years with scholarly care, and now developed in a style admirable not only intrinsically but especially in its adaptation to the matter. It is he who has taught us to trace the fine ancestry of English prose from the English Chronicle down to More. He is himself steeped in those same devotional writings which had inspired his hero and in that literature which More in turn helped to inspire, the dramatists and the Authorised Version of the Bible. Nothing in this book is more remarkable than those opening sections in which the author introduces us in turn to each one of More's circle whom he is about to put into the witness-box: men and women whom he knows so well that he brings them without effort into our intimacy, each with his individual character, yet all speaking with the same voice on essential points. We may think that the author's love leads him sometimes to believe too implicitly in these domestic witnesses, detail by detail. But *noscitur a socio*; we see More, like St Bernard and St Francis, reflected in his disciples; and the unanimity of those is not mechanical, but the living inspiration of one central ruling spirit. Margaret Roper would charm us in herself, wherever we found her; but she gains immensely by reflection from her father and the other members of that circle. More stands out in these pages as one of the greatest of Englishmen and one of the truest saints in the Roman Calendar: therefore, if I venture here to express considerable reservations, these are founded on problems less directly connected with

* In this article I give no references for statements which I have printed elsewhere, often more than once, with the support of documentary evidence and without (so far as I know) contradiction by other documents.

More's character than with his environment. The greatness of a martyr cannot be estimated *in vacuo*; it must be conditioned in great part by the justice of his cause. Here, then, we are confronted with one of the thorniest of all world-controversies. It is not only from present-day Germany or Russia that we may learn the immense power of religious or anti-religious motives, and the corresponding menace to concord which would exist in that field even though men had ceased to quarrel over money or women. Thus my hearty agreement with Professor Chambers on the main point, that religion and anti-religion are among the prime factors in human life and therefore in all real history, moves me all the more strongly to suggest important reconsiderations on the subject of this lamentable quarrel between the English King and the Papacy. For there, in plain words, lies the whole core of this tragedy. Much is written nowadays concerning the evils of a totalitarian state. More lost his head because he had the misfortune to live simultaneously in two totalitarian states, one of hoary antiquity and the other new-born in England.

As Professor Chambers repeatedly insists, we must strive to put ourselves into the mind of an average Englishman of 1530. Only thus can we fairly judge the actors. For this, however, we must begin much earlier: his story needs much more pre-history than he actually gives us. Let us take two subjects, closely allied in practice, which became mainly responsible for More's fatal entanglement between the upper and the nether millstone. These are first the marriage-laws and, secondly, the independence of the judiciary. It is too often assumed, but with no attempt at real proof, that money-worship, as a serious danger to society, first appeared soon after the Black Death. Yet, at the end of the eleventh century, Lanfranc, Gregory VII, and St Anselm were struggling against the Irish custom of selling wives, or 'exchanging them as freely and publicly as horses or any other chattels, or quitting them causelessly at their own fancy.' One of the greatest Parisian theologians, Petrus Cantor, wrote about 1190: 'We [clergy], for money's sake, and at our own choice, join or separate whom we will,' to the scandal and disgust of decent layfolk. The still greater Ivo of Chartres (about 1110) had complained that this venality

turned the sacrament of matrimony into a laughing-stock for the laity. In Chaucer's day we find two first-rate witnesses. The Dominican Bromyard describes in detail the abuses of matrimonial law, and sums up : ' Nowadays, when a wife displeases, or another woman is coveted, then a divorce is procured '—*divortium procuratur*. ' Piers Plowman ' tells the same tale ; Church lawyers make and unmake matrimony for money ; you may get rid of your wife by giving a fur cloak to the judge. Erasmus writes emphatically on the subject of ' so many unhappy divorces ' ; he thinks it would be better if the State took the matter out of Church hands and guaranteed the permanence of the matrimonial bond by the same securities as are afforded for other contracts.

It will be noticed that, in spite of theological and legal distinctions drawn between the two ideas of *divorce* and *decree of nullity*, both the learned Bromyard and Erasmus frankly use the word *divortium*. This is quite characteristic ; for this essential legal distinction was in practice almost negligible. That is plainly confessed by a very ardent champion of the Middle Ages, Léon Gautier, in his study of society as mirrored in the romances of chivalry. Writing of these frequent decrees of nullity he says : ' Here was a revival, under pious and canonical forms, of the ancient practice of divorce.' Side by side with this, we must take account of the venality of all law-courts, civil or clerical. John of Salisbury, bishop of Chartres (d. 1180), singles out St Bernard and his pupil, Pope Eugenius III, for their horror of bribery, ' a continence most rare even among the clergy ; . . . the house of prayer ' (he writes) ' has been turned into a den of thieves.' So great were the temptations of judges in the Church courts that it was rhetorically discussed whether any archdeacon could find his way to heaven. Suitors (says John) slip into the Papal palace, as Jupiter came in unto Danaë, under cover of a shower of gold. So also with the temporal princes ; no office is gratuitous, even the judges must buy themselves into the judgment seat. All this is borne out by bare business records. The account-rolls of monasteries and civil corporations teem with gifts to judges and officers of Church or State. Edmund Rich, Saint and Archbishop, cried in despair, ' unless Christians study to cure themselves of this plague [of

bribery in law-courts], Christendom will be ruined before we are aware.' Yet, three centuries later, it was one of More's main claims to sanctity that on the judgment-seat he would accept no gifts.

Gascoigne, one of the most prominent of Oxford chancellors, complained in about 1450 that the Welsh clergy were habitually concubinary, and that the bishop of St David's made enormous profits from winking at these infractions of Church discipline. More, even in the heat of his polemic against Tyndale, was not able to deny this; here is one of the points on which he most definitely quibbled in controversy.* Again, from the thirteenth century onwards, pious theologians had been scandalised by the sale of indulgences: the 'penny-preachers,' they said, sent thousands of souls to hell. This, again, was one of the main problems in 'Piers Plowman.' Gascoigne constantly harped on this subject. He wrote:

'sinners say "I care not how many or what evils I do in God's sight; for I can easily and quickly get plenary remission of all guilt and penalty by an absolution and indulgence granted to me by the pope, whose written grant I have bought for 4d. or 6d., or have won as a stake for a game of tennis."'

This bitter anti-Lollard goes on to inveigh like any Lollard against the notorious venality of the Roman Court, and asserts that no Pope can set his face steadily against this except at the risk of poison.†

Such venality was encouraged by the weltering chaos of mediæval marriage-law. The Roman Church had striven with imperfect success to bring order into the tangle of pre-existing Roman and Teutonic law and custom. Even a very sympathetic critic confesses: 'The varying standards of what constituted a valid marriage in the early Middle Ages would almost defy enumeration.'‡

* 'English Works,' pp. 231, 485, 619. This is also one of the biographer's weakest points. An episcopal visitation of Hereford diocese (A.D. 1397) shows that clerics were presented for incontinence in 18 per cent. of the parishes: a Swiss visitation of a few years later gives 30 per cent.

† 'Locī e Libro Veritatum,' pp. 72, 147, 153, cf. 35.

‡ A. L. Smith, 'Church and State in the Middle Ages,' p. 60. Compare p. 95 for the author's protest against that harsher verdict of Pollock and Maitland: 'the incalculable harm done by a marriage-law which was a maze of flighty fancies and misapplied logic.'

There is strong evidence for a Papal licence given to King Henry of Castile, in 1437, for two wives at a time, in order that he might have an heir to the throne. It is quite certain that the Privy Council of Castile, in 1521, appealed to this as an historical fact.* Again, in 1530, Clement VII secretly proposed to Henry's envoy that the King 'might be allowed to have two wives'; a proposition which is even more significant if we believe that it was made insincerely. Cranmer's appeal to the Universities of Europe may give another measure of an honest enquirer's difficulties in 1530. Decisions in Henry's favour were received from Oxford, Cambridge, and eight Universities in France and Italy, including the three greatest, Paris, Bologna, and Orléans. It is frequently pleaded—and perhaps truly—that these favourable judgments were bought. But, if More believed this, it would have cast him back upon one more difficulty: is it more unhappy to live in a world where the politician gives money for the theologian's assent to sin, or in a world where the theologian is such that a cynic may count on getting good value for his money? The men who lived in that world thought of it in terms which, I must frankly confess, seem irreconcilable with the regretful picture which Professor Chambers gives in many different contexts, of an England whose disappearance we should deplore. St. John Fisher wrote, long before Luther had appeared,

'But an we take heed and call to mind how many vices reign nowadays in Christ's church, as well in the clergy as in the common people, how many also be unlike in their living unto such as were in times past; perchance we shall think that Almighty God slumbreth not only, but also that he hath slept soundly a great season. Lord . . . show thy mercy on thy Church afresh . . . for it is time so to do, sith our faith beginneth to fail and wax scant.' †

A volume might be filled with similar evidence for the four or five generations before Henry VIII.

On all these points, it is true, More's England differs from ours only in degree, however great that degree may be. But in another field the difference may almost be

* 'Calendar of State Papers (Spanish),' vol. II, p. 396; A. F. Pollard, 'Henry VIII,' 1905, p. 207.

† Fisher, 'English Works' (E.E.T.S. Extra Series, 1876), pp. 170, 183.

claimed as absolute. I allude to the almost complete dethronement, in our day, of mediæval eschatology. Not one man in a hundred—shall we say, not one in a thousand?—can now see heaven and hell as More saw them. St Thomas Aquinas, like almost every other Schoolman who ventured upon that ground, concluded that the happiness of the blessed in heaven would be heightened by the sight of the damned writhing below in everlasting torture.* Not, of course, that they rejoice in the torture as such—nobody conceived anything so devilish as that—but because it bears continuous witness to them of God's justice and at the same time of His mercy to them. St Bonaventura is even more severe; and his fellow-Franciscan, St Bernardino of Siena, writes how these 'bellowings and cries' from hell 'shall sing to Paradise with ineffable sweetness,' a greater joy than 'all the joys of this world melted into one.'† More himself, in his last months, thanks God for His mercy in providing Hell.‡ And this, though the Schoolmen describe infernal torments with a pitiless detail far beyond the parallel passage in Calvin's 'Institutes,' which is ignorantly mis-described by writers who can never have looked at the actual text.

It is commonly said that men did not so much believe these things, as believe that they believed them. Yet More himself emphasises the extent to which, in most men's minds, the fear of hell-fire outweighed the hopes of celestial bliss.§ Even more significant are the words of his fellow-martyr Fisher, speaking of Henry VII's death-bed terrors.

'As touching his soul, in what agony suppose ye that he was, not for the dread of death only, but for the dread of the judgment of Almighty God; for albeit he might have great confidence, by the reason of his true conversion unto God, and

* 'Sum. Theol.,' App. q. xciv. When I published this once in 'The Daily Telegraph,' it seemed so incredible and aroused such contradiction that I met my critics by printing the whole section in a leaflet, from the authorised translation by the Dominican Fathers. Copies are still at the service of any reader who cares to send a stamped and addressed envelope to me at St John's College, Cambridge.

† 'Quadragesimale,' Sermon. XII and XIII.

‡ 'English Works,' p. 1257.

§ 'English Works,' p. 1258.

by the sacraments of Christ's Church which he with full great devotion had received before, yet was not he without a dread. *Nemo novit an sit odio an amore dignus* : "there is no man, be he never so perfect, unless he have it by revelation, that knoweth certainly whether he be in the state of grace or no"; for of another manner be the judgments of God than of men. And the holy abbot Hely said likewise. "Three things" (said he) "there be that I much dread; one is what time my soul shall depart out of my body, another is when I shall be presented before my Judge, the third is what sentence he shall give, whether with me or against me." If these holy fathers which had forsaken this world and had lived so virtuously were in this fear, no marvel though this great man which had so much worldly business, and daily occupied in the causes thereof, no marvel though he were in great fear.*

More, himself, in his 'De Quatuor Novissimis,' reckons that not fourteen men in four thousand think on these things with deep earnest during their lifetime, until at the last 'the fear of hell, the dread of the devil, and sorrow at our heart in sight of our sins, shall pass and exceed the deadly pains of our body.' †

And here comes in a third point, no less essential to the comprehension of More's age. Eternity of bliss or of torture depend upon nothing so much as upon a man's faith at the moment when the breath leaves his body. The doctrine *extra ecclesiam nulla salus* was applied then with a strictness for which it would be impossible to find any parallel to-day. In a society which held these beliefs, the Inquisition was a natural—we may almost say an inevitable—birth. True, the Inquisition, in the strict sense, functioned only for one moment in England before More's time. Presently, when Wyclif appeared, his doctrines spread so rapidly that an orthodox chronicler, with obvious exaggeration, complained that almost half the men one might meet on the road were Lollards. But Lollardy had been driven underground by stern measures in which King and Parliament concurred. The Act *De Haeretico Comburendo* (1401) made heretics directly amenable to the secular authorities; and in 1408 Arch-

* 'Fisher's English Works' (E.E.T.S. Extra Series, 1876), p. 277. Abbot Elias's words are in 'Lives of the Fathers' (Migne Pat. Lat., vol. 73, col. 861).

† 'English Works,' pp. 73, 78.

bishop Arundel's decree made it a burning matter to contradict or pertinaciously misinterpret the Bible or any Papal decree or decretal.

Such was the position in More's time: no State has ever been more definitely totalitarian than the Church into which he was born. As a *societas perfecta* in the philosophical sense, it claimed for its laws not only spiritual but physical sanctions. Those laws were despotic within the realm of faith and morals; and a brief inspection of any treatise on faith and morals will show that this realm is taken by the Church to embrace almost every activity of mankind. Though learning and science were spreading, there was no sign of abatement in the Church's totalitarian claims. More, it is true, kept a judicial balance between Henry and the Pope which was one of the most wonderful things in his life. But Saint John Fisher worked secretly for a foreign invasion of England, with all the horrors that this implied; a few months after his death, when Paul III declared war on Henry, he condemned to slavery all Englishmen who should fight for their country. Moreover, those totalitarian principles have not been abandoned to this moment. The present Papal Legate in Malta is Cardinal Lépiciér, who published at Rome in 1910, with special Papal approbation, the doctrine that Popes had always the *right* (as distinguished from temporary *expediency*) of deposing any baptised sovereign whom they might judge to be apostate. The Maltese clergy, naturally enough, go on from this to refuse absolution to any one voting against their party at the parliamentary elections; and the constitution has had to be suspended. That, again, is at the root of the present civil war in Mexico. There, the new State constitution provides that the Roman Church—to which 95 per cent. of the population nominally belong—shall have equality with other religions and nothing more. The Pope declares that, if any State law 'violates the authority of Jesus Christ in the Roman Pontiff' then 'to resist becomes a positive duty; to obey, a crime.'* Thus on the one hand President Obregon was assassinated by a young man who claimed the prompting of 'Christ our Lord, in order that religion might prevail in Mexico.' On the other, the clergy publish a book

* Encyclical of Leo XIII, 'Sapientiae Christianae' (Jan. 1890).

called 'Blood-drenched Altars.' Mr Hilaire Belloc puts the matter in a nutshell: 'The Catholic Church is in its root principle at issue with the civic definition both of freedom and of authority.* It is as impossible for honest, thinking man to be neutral in modern Mexico as in More's and Fisher's England.† Their death is one of the greatest tragedies of English history; More was beheaded for being an exceptionally able, pious, and resolute man born in England; but we must recognise that, born in Italy, he might well have gone to the stake. Hundreds have been condemned on smaller excuses than an inquisitor might have found in his *Utopia*.

Professor Chambers does not attempt, as some have done in our time, to write off this book as a mere *jeu d'esprit*. He recognises its deep earnest and its far-reaching effects: but he insists (more clearly, I think, than any predecessor) on the mediæval distinction between the 'cardinal' (or natural) virtues of Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude, and the 'theological' virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. No doubt this distinction was always in More's mind, and we can follow Professor Chambers in pleading that More's main, if not his sole object, was to show how far society might advance on the basis of the four natural virtues alone. Not wholly, perhaps, since the Utopians certainly had a strong dose of Hope and Charity: at any rate of Charity in its earlier and broader sense, apart from the later mediæval modification which tended, in its use of that word, to lay more stress on 'rightness' with God than on love for fellow-man. Even of Faith they had a strong dose, if here again we may take that word in the sense which it bears in Hebrews xi, and neglect the mediæval habit of restricting it mainly or entirely to credence in ecclesiastical tradition. But let us for the moment accept all the emphasis which Professor Chambers lays upon this restriction of 'Utopia' to the natural virtues. Are we not thus driven, on careful consideration, to minimise

* Hilaire Belloc, 'The Contrast,' p. 182.

† See pp. 674 ff. of 'International Affairs' for Sept.-Oct. 1935; and especially 'The Basic Facts in the Mexican Problem,' an open letter by a distinguished American lawyer, Mr C. C. Marshall, author of 'The Roman Catholic Church in the Modern State.'

the influence of orthodoxy upon the moral behaviour? Every one admits the book to be a satire on Henry VIII's England: but was it not in effect, if not to some extent in purpose, a satire upon Church as well as upon State? Is not this view implicit even in Professor Chambers's analogy of Swift and the Houyhnhnms? There, we are ashamed to see how much more decently non-human creatures might conceivably live than men and women did in Swift's own England; and so does More shame Christendom by a picture of the conceivable virtues of a heathen land.

But surely Swift would not have been deeply repentant if we told him that by his contrast he was dragging humanity through the mire; can we therefore say that More was equally reckless of bespattering the Church? Does not 'Utopia' raise in every thoughtful mind the inevitable question: If the natural virtues can blossom into a State so far superior to actual Christendom in peacefulness and the ordinary decencies of life, can we really maintain the immense superiority of the theological virtues? And, especially, was Henry VIII's England justified in treating Faith as so all-important that the blackest of all crimes is that of repudiating ecclesiastical tradition? Professor Chambers rightly reminds us that Utopia falls far short of the modern ideal of toleration, so that, in conceivable extreme circumstances, a man might even be judicially executed for his faith. But there is no hint that this has actually happened; and in general religious peace Utopia contrasts as strongly with actual Europe as in international peace. The narrator, Hythlodæ, had five other Christians with him. Two, it is true, died during the sojourn. But even the four did not take their missionary opportunities very seriously (pp. 266 ff.). In the spirit of the much-abused Cowper-Temple clause, they preached not the distinctive doctrines of the Roman Church, but Christ's 'name, teaching, morals and miracles,' together with that constancy of the Christian martyrs which 'has brought such populous nations into their sect'—*in suam sectam*. This teaching impressed the Utopians immensely, and partly because it 'seemed nearest to that particular opinion [*haeresis*] which is most powerful' among this people where everybody may choose what religion he will. In other words, Christianity

seemed consonant with the most reasonable form of natural religion: therefore 'you will scarce believe with how glad minds they agreed thereunto,' especially since Christ had approved of a sort of communism [*communem victum*] and the truest Christians (i.e. the monks) still practised this. Therefore 'no small number' were baptised. But among these travellers there was no Christian priest and no bishop to ordain one. Yet the Utopians (without any hint of dissent from Hythlodaye and his three fellow-Catholics) contemplated (and perhaps actually consummated) 'the choice, without any bishop sent unto them, of somebody from their own number to exert the character of the priesthood.' And then, as if this contempt of Apostolic Succession were not sufficiently scandalous—though in effect it amounts to that for which multitudes had suffered a cruel death in Christian lands—More recounts an incident which might almost have been chosen in deliberate contempt for the time-honoured motto of his Church: *Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*. One of the new converts, 'as soon as he was baptised, began against our wills, with more earnest affection than wisdom, to reason of Christ's religion; and began to wax so hot in his matter, that he did not only prefer our religion before all other, but also did utterly despise and condemn all other, calling them profane, and the followers of them wicked and devilish, and the children of everlasting damnation.' The Utopians bore with him a long time, but then 'condemned him into exile, not as a despiser of religion but as a seditious person' (270). Thus, the typical religious brawler in Utopia is the orthodox who has *trop de zèle*, and who, among this 'naturally' virtuous folk, behaves as the orthodox commonly behaved in More's 'theologically' virtuous England.

In the face of this, can we safely deny that More, in his earliest maturity, nourished germs, at least, of those ideas which are incalculably more powerful than dynamite? Professor Chambers (I say it with all due respect) seems to take insufficient account of this. His pages 356 ff., in which he shows how much more conservative 'Utopia' is than we generally assume, is one of his most important contributions, and shows his mastery of detail at its best. But he seems to miss, altogether, in his synthesis of all these important points, the crucial

fact that great innovators are to be judged not so much by the hundred ways in which they ran with the multitude as by the two or three, or even the single divergent path which they discovered and followed for themselves. 'Utopia,' as he says, is in many ways rather mediæval than modern. But, even if we neglect a good many minor matters and look no farther than the two salient points—community of property, and private judgment in religion—it will still be a book which might well have convinced St Thomas Aquinas that the writer must recant or burn. Mediæval orthodoxy fought for private property and stamped out private religion with fire and sword. Utopia gives hitherto undreamed of freedom to private religion, but would put the impenitent public preacher of private property to banishment, or even to death in the last resort, just as it would the impenitent religious brawler. For King Utopus (whose laws it was death to oppose pertinaciously) had been led to decree complete liberty of private religion by his own experience; he saw that religious quarrels were fundamentally fatal to public peace, and indeed his own conquest of the country had been facilitated by the fact that 'the inhabitants had constantly fought with each other concerning their religions.' Two centuries earlier, Marsilius of Padua had publicly proclaimed direct Papal responsibility for all the worst wars in Europe, and More's contemporary Machiavelli said the same. Therefore, when we take account of that haunting and natural fear of the victorious advancing Turk which constantly crops up in More's writings, and the fact that he wrote 'Utopia' just when Erasmus and all the best minds in Europe were outraged by 'that trumpet of [Pope] Julius' which 'summoned all the [Christian] world to [domestic] war' we may see at once how these Utopians found not only social bliss but also defence against foreign conquerors in the abolition of all religious violence. Here again, therefore, the book forces us to ask what the theological virtues were doing in 1515: and it is difficult to believe that More can have been utterly blind to that question.

For that question is more directly relevant, and needs more emphasis when we would put ourselves in More's place, than even Henry's tyranny, which Professor Chambers seems to exaggerate beyond all due measure.

When Marsilius argued, in the spirit of 'Utopia,' that Popes have no right to inflict physical violence for religion's sake, John XXII condemned him with scarcely more ceremony than Swift attributes to my Lord Peter: 'God confound you eternally if you offer to believe otherwise!' So was it, again, when twenty-five Franciscans refused to renounce their faith in Holy Communism, their conviction that neither Christ nor His apostles had possessed any private property. These twenty-five were gradually weeded down to four by imprisonment and intimidation; and those four were burned at Marseilles in 1318; men pounced to collect their bones and ashes as the relics of martyrs. For these four, as for Marsilius, the Pope had the same answer: 'It is my function to interpret the Bible; I interpret it in a sense contrary to yours; therefore, recant or burn.' *

Let us imagine More thus confronted with John XXII. He is (let us say) the most respected and in many ways most distinguished layman in the whole land, yet he is immovably convinced that Christ and his Apostles had been Utopian in their communism. Threats and cajolery are vain; he will not descend to the lie of the soul. By holding out alone amid an obsequious world, would he not have made John feel exactly as Henry felt, that this single conspicuous and incorruptible dissident was the one fatal obstacle to his totalitarian policy? The denial of the Poverty of Christ was as necessary to John XXII's political position in 1318 as the denial of Papal supremacy was to Henry's in 1534. More, who warned Henry in 1513, 'the Pope is a prince as you are,' would have found, in 1313, that a Pope might be a politician no less unscrupulous and pitiless than an English king.

There is another crucial point which Professor Chambers seems to recognise imperfectly: he seems to confuse the *Reformation* with the *Reformers*. No doubt More in his later controversial years did thus confuse; but that was the weakest point of all his writings. In the face of men like Tyndale and Barnes, who were certainly in a sense brawlers, More consistently argued as though great religious innovators always had been and always would be

* I have given further details in a recent booklet, 'A Critic and a Convert,' pp. 48-9. See H. C. Lea, 'History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages,' III, p. 66 ff.

brawlers or worse. Yet he might have known that Wyclif was the ablest English philosopher of his day, and began his antipapal career with treatises in reasoned scholastic Latin. Certainly, again, he might have found out, even if he did not know already, how Bishop Pecock, half a century later, had died in prison for the crime of attempting to confute the Lollards not with fire or sword but by argument. If the Lollards of More's time were violent, it could scarcely have been otherwise: 'one cannot parry a sword-thrust with a precept from Plato.' The Church gets such heretics and the State such rebels as they deserve. Professor Chambers regrets pathetically, again and again, 'that frustration and arrest which blights the fair promise of the early sixteenth century.' But that promise was merely superficial; for there was little sign of true inner Reformation in answer to the frequently bungling efforts of the Reformers. Those promising buds could have been saved from blight only if warmth from the sun had been added to shelter from the north wind. Something, indeed, might have been done if so fearless a soul as More's could have foreseen the future, and told Paul III that no martyrs should die in his defence against the King so long as other martyrs were constantly made from among pious and well-meaning folk who demanded from the Church those reforms upon which the greatest Churchmen had long been insisting.

For, on that point More, in his later controversial years, showed more legal acumen than philosophic candour; and Professor Chambers, by confining his social survey almost entirely to that single generation, fails to show the weakness of orthodox defenders in the face of cold, indisputable facts. In his dispute with the distinguished lawyer St Germain, a man whose theological position seems to have been very much like that of Erasmus, More objects to the quotations from Gerson: that is, from the greatest churchman, perhaps, of the whole fifteenth century. It is not that St Germain had exaggerated Gerson's complaints; on the contrary, he had rehearsed only five out of seventy-five, and even those in an attenuated form. More's complaint is quite different: this great Chancellor of Paris University might indeed write thus in Latin for an esoteric clerical audience, but no man had a right to translate these accusations into

English for 'the lay people, both men and women,' to read. Nor does More, even now that the harm is already done and that layfolk can read something of Gerson's indictments, face them squarely and completely. After dealing sentence by sentence with his antagonist's introductory chapter, he deliberately avoids coming to hand-grips on the far more important Gerson points which follow directly after. He even permits himself to imply that clerical unpopularity was a comparatively new phenomenon, due to the recent heresies. Yet St Germain quotes, what More must have known perfectly well, those opening words of Boniface VIII's bull *Clericis Laicos* in 1302: 'Antiquity tells us that the laity are very hostile to the clergy.'* When, in More's own age, Bishop FitzJames of London complained that no cleric could ever get justice in the civic courts, and when Charles V's ambassador wrote to him from London 'nearly all the people here hate the priests,' these were merely a repetition of what heretics and orthodox had said in almost every century. To read More and St Germain side by side, in the light of known historical evidence, is less likely to provoke the reflection 'what fair promise for religion and culture was blighted by Henry with his foreign wars and his tyranny at home!' than to recall the words of Gerson, after he had grown grey and weary in the cause of peace and reform: 'The Church is as if smitten with an incurable cancer, and the very remedies do but make her worse!' Yet we must face the fact that this was the very Church for which More, who knew her as intimately as any layman of his time in England, was willing to suffer martyrdom. Here, then, I must hazard an explanation from a standpoint which differs on some important points from that of Professor Chambers.

Too much has hitherto been made of the great mediæval classics and too little of the myriad small indications that enable us to read between the lines. Aquinas's contributions to the theory of usury are rightly emphasised,

* More's 'Apology' (E.E.T.S. Extra Series, 1930), pp. 51, 60, 68, 74-5, 108-9, 212 ff. This volume, which contains the whole of St Germain's treatise in its Appendix, is admirably edited from the textual and philological point of view; but the eighty pages of historico-theological introduction are untrustworthy; and it would seem a pity that the Society should in this way step beyond its natural limits.

but scarcely anybody notes how the Angelic Doctor's refinements failed to get into preachers' heads or to secure recognition from princes and magistrates: yet it is a stock maxim of Canon Law that 'custom is the best interpreter of the laws.' Similarly, behind the folios of the Schoolmen we must look for stray indications of those fireside talks in which men unbosomed themselves better than in the lecture-room, and from which epoch-making thoughts had probably their origin. Ideas were thus exchanged at Paris University for centuries before they came fully into the open; and, even if we had no definite evidence, we should anticipate something of the kind from that intimate group which included More, Erasmus, Colet, and so many other scholars. What was more natural than that these talks should blossom out into 'Utopia,' a book as much deeper than Erasmus's 'Praise of Folly' as More by his steadfastness in martyrdom surpassed Erasmus in personal courage? In that book More ventured into deep waters: he looked sympathetically into a fundamentally non-Catholic world; like Lord Acton who, while declaring that his religion was dearer to him than life, could yet criticise that creed with a frankness which might bring a Protestant into suspicion of bigotry. There was in him the man who, one day, thought Papal Supremacy a mere human ordinance for convenience's sake, and the man who, after a few days' reflection, reproached himself bitterly for such an unadvised thought.* More had not that knowledge of the past which enabled Marsilius to anticipate the general verdict of modern historians; † but, in happier times, he might well have passed his life in suspense on this crucial question, as he did on that of salvation for good pagans. But first came Lutheranism, with what More felt as hopelessly bungling surgery for the Church's cancer. Here in his righteous zeal he begins to forget his earlier self; he rails so violently and so one-sidedly against Tyndale and Barnes, 'calling them the

* 'Chambers,' p. 196.

† He falls twice (for instance) into the exact blunder for which Freeman used to gird against Froude *ad nauseam*, writing 'Albericus bishop of Hostiens' and 'the byshoppe of Carnotenses' (811 b, f.). Moreover, it is practically certain that he seriously misinforms us about pre-Wycliffite English Bibles: see M. Deanesly, 'The Lollard Bible,' ch. 1.

children of everlasting damnation,' that he could not have escaped banishment from his own Utopia. Then at last came war between King and Pope, with the cruel necessity of clear-cut choice between two loyalties; and there a man of More's character could no longer hesitate. For there he was not faced with the subtle temptation of defending existing order with a violence of speech which betrayed rather than covered the half-heartedness of his conviction. Here was no conflict or separation between the 'natural' and the 'theological' virtues: for his intellect shrank from a lie of any kind, and his soul shuddered at the thought of hell. We have seen how, nineteen years earlier, in full prosperity and apparent security, he had drawn a picture of the common deathbed where even bodily pains are overshadowed by the anticipation of eternal torment.* Now his own soul was in the balance. We cannot doubt his sincerity in describing the joys of heaven as greater than the pains of hell; yet we must not forget St John Fisher's words: 'If these holy Fathers, which had forsaken this world and had lived so virtuously, were in this fear . . .!' More went to the block not with St Stephen's ecstatic vision but (as Professor Chambers brings out admirably) with the homely and unforced philosophic serenity of Socrates. May we not go further, and speak of his life and death as Utopian? The verdict of posterity would seem to point that way. During four centuries his natural virtues have stood out in history, but it has taken all this time to discover his supreme theological eminence. Moreover, even so, he and Fisher are among the very few saints who have no miracles to their credit; it is by infraction of Roman tradition that they have been exalted at last. In this, moreover, they seem essentially English. In no great country were ecclesiastical and social life less irregular than in post-Conquest England; yet, with all that diffused light, there were very few comets; our canonised saints are most disproportionately rare. The Utopians might have distinguished here between England and the Continent as they did between the two sorts of monks: 'they counte this secte the wiser, but the other the holier.'

G. G. COULTON.

* 'English Works,' p. 78.

Art. 12.—PERSONALITY IN STATESMANSHIP.

1. *Disraeli, Gladstone and the Eastern Question. A Study in Diplomacy and Party Politics.* By R. W. Seton-Watson, D.Litt., Ph.D. Macmillan, 1935.
2. *Studies in Anglo-French History During the Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries.* Edited by Alfred Coville and Harold Temperley. Cambridge University Press, 1935.
3. *The Political Influence of Queen Victoria 1861-1901.* By Frank Hardie. Oxford University Press, 1935.

MANY modern historians, especially if their favourite form be that of the monograph, have generally become too 'romantic.' Antitheses and epigrams tend to be over-worked; while the imagination as to personalities and motives is so encouraged to soar that often the results, to the judgment of the older-fashioned, must be as doubtful as a painting by Van Gogh or a tone-poem by Schönberg to an orthodox follower of the Nine. The fault comes through going to extremes. Before Macaulay, with some sacrifice to partisanship, brilliantly altered the style of history-writing, the chronicles of times and causes were generally too dull to be readable; or so they seem to students of to-day. They were apt to be philosophical, sombre, laboured, and sometimes so idealistic (much as an epitaph on a tombstone may be) that even an institution as human as the British Parliament was treated generally as if it were a complete machine which, through the guidance of ministers whose purposes were most considerably determined, moved surely along causeways of reason to the wisest ends.

We know better now; and, having Lord Macaulay's own grand-nephew, Professor G. M. Trevelyan, as an example of the better method, recognise that the right historian combines an endeavour to be unforced and truthful with sympathetic insight and humanity; and, while helping his readers also to know the facts, is aware that the frailties of men and women, their impulses and changeableness of mood, as well as their strengths and frequent fineness, have gone to make history; such being causes in the progress and retrogressions, achievements and failures, of mankind individually and in nations. Whether

or not, as some have declared, Napoleon lost Waterloo as the result of a long bout of indigestion (and the answer is in the negative), a cause so meanly personal might as easily affect a policy or the fate of a campaign as the ordered deliberations of statesmen in Cabinet assembled; or might have done so when the whim of an autocrat was taken as a law to be at once fulfilled, as was the case sometimes with Napoleon and may even be looked for now from the Napoleon of these days, Signor Benito Mussolini.

Dr Seton-Watson has combined those methods and qualities of true history-writing in his valuable account of the Eastern Question in the seventies; the first of the books listed at the head of this article. He recognises the human elements there and, pointing the truth of the effectiveness of personality in national and international affairs, makes prominent in his title the names of Disraeli and Gladstone, who were protagonists in the parliamentary and platform battles that raged in Great Britain over the vexed problems of Turkey in Europe, of Russian interventions and her feared threats against India, of Balkan jealousies and angers culminating in wretched little wars, and much else which sixty-odd years ago were keeping our fathers in ferments of excitement and enthusiasm. 'I never remember a question,' said Lord Salisbury, who beyond all others came with enhanced credit out of the turmoils of that time, 'which so deeply excited the English people, moved their passions so thoroughly and produced such profound divisions and such rancorous animosity.' That opinion, quoted on the title-page as a motto for this book, is justified. As, with some daring, Dr Seton-Watson says, 'the animosities that centred round Limehouse'—at the time of the 'People's Budget'—'sounded like mere harmless squibs after the infernal machines'—of the Victorian era, he declares; but more certainly of that particular chapter of discord and dissonance which darkened our political life, especially from the years 1876 to 1878 inclusive, and out of which crude Jingoism was born.

'We've got the ships, we've got the men;
We've got the money too!'

Dr Seton-Watson tells his story frankly and fairly. If he has bias, and possibly he would not be quite so good

an historian if he were not endued with some faint undertone of partisan feeling generally controlled, it naturally is against the Turkish government, for the reason that the best part of his political life was spent in helping the Balkan and other Christian peoples subject to the tyrannies of the Sultan Abdul Hamid to escape from that 'unspeakable' bondage.

He shows how very personal sometimes were the issues which divided internally the two parties and even the members of the Government in those years ; while the settlement when it came, at first through the discarded Treaty of San Stefano and afterwards through the ambitious and famous Congress of Berlin and the Treaty that followed, is an opportunity that he uses to show how the idiosyncrasies as well as the purposes of statesmen in responsible hours may make or mar great causes and far-reaching interests. The particular value of his volume is that not until now has one so complete and authoritative on the subject been possible. The result of the Great War has made available documents which otherwise must have remained still hidden among the archives of Russia and Austria ; while a series of valuable works of biography and modern history, published this century, and including 'Queen Victoria's Letters,' Buckle's 'Disraeli'—to which Dr Seton-Watson pays a special tribute—the Lives and Correspondence of Mr Gladstone, Earl Granville, Lord Salisbury, Sir Henry Layard, and Sir William Harcourt, have opened windows wide on private aspects of the events of that time, and through their revelations caused changes in certain accepted values ; amongst the chief of which, to the judgment of Dr Seton-Watson, is it that 'Disraeli as a master of foreign policy belongs to the myths of history.'

In his pages and to some extent in the 'Studies in Anglo-French History' edited by M. Coville and Professor Temperley, the personal sides of the administrations of statesmen in diplomacy are vividly brought out ; while Mr Hardie's detail of 'The Political Influence of Queen Victoria' from 1861, the year of her husband's death, until the end of her reign, comprises a brilliant and searching—we are inclined also to think a somewhat too absolute—arraignment of her Majesty ; for whose activities or efforts of opposition to her ministers much

may be said—and in fairness to Mr Hardie, we must add, by him is admitted. As to the influence of the Queen we must deal with that after we have ventured on some estimates of the actions and mutual reactions of statesmen and politicians, British, Russian, Austrian, and German in particular, over the intricate Near Eastern Question, which happens to provide a very convenient opportunity for applying such tests. Dr Seton-Watson makes an excellently fair summary of the relative attitudes towards that question of the Queen, her then Prime Minister, and his leading opponent.

'I can honestly affirm that my study of British foreign policy has led me to an almost unstinted admiration of Queen Victoria. . . . The Queen's attitude towards the Eastern crisis of the seventies is to be regarded as a mere passing aberration, in striking contrast to her wise and balanced judgment in the earlier period. . . . The whole subsequent history of the Near East bears witness to the prophetic vision of Gladstone and no less prophetic and enduring was his famous Midlothian statement of the principles of foreign policy. The greatness of Disraeli is to be sought in the sphere of Imperial politics, and it ought to be possible at this distance of time to feel appreciation for both the great rivals, whatever may be our political, religious, or social preferences. In my interpretation Salisbury provides the synthesis between Disraeli and Gladstone ; while Derby (to change the metaphor) is the brake on every wheel.'

Looked back upon, those agitations to our eyes appear as a brief, very angry fever in the long, gradual courses of modern European history ; and one is apt to wonder why there was all that excitement over the complications, political and racial, in the Balkan peninsula then, for although there were dangers, real or supposed, of Russian aggression and encroachments there, as well as of sudden upheavals in Serbia, Bulgaria, and elsewhere against the Turks, there was really less justification for general anxiety than at almost any time until towards the outbreak of the War. It may be that politics meant more to the ordinary citizen than they do now in view of the strong counter-interests of sports, talking-films, and other frubbles which fuss these days ; while the tendencies of popular newspapers to give their readers guidance and soporifics in the forms of essayettes or headlines instead

of the information on which they should be able to form their own thoughtful and educated opinions tend to make politics less real. It appears anyhow unlikely that we in our time shall see such a wild uproar, often approaching hysteria, as ran through England and Scotland over the Bulgarian atrocities of the Turks and the consequent fears felt by many in this country—including Queen Victoria—that those barbarities would be made the excuse for Russia in championing her fellow Slavs to set an immovable foot in Constantinople. For Russia was the bogey of those years.

Not that the atrocities were the beginning of the trouble. Already Herzegovina and Bosnia, restless because of the chronic misgovernment they suffered, had risen in revolt and thereby intensified a restlessness which spread throughout the Balkans, with the result that pledges were exacted by Europe from the Sultan only to be by him, as usual, easily broken. But the atrocities were the moving cause of the great excitement aroused in Britain. It was spontaneous, sincere, and passionate. The stories of revolting cruelties practised by the Turks on their Christian subjects were told to horrified audiences and religious—and worldly—angers soon were furious over the accounts of wholesale new martyrdoms. So reliable a witness as Canon Liddon, corroborated by a clerical companion whose witness was not so reliable, declared that when sailing down the frontier-river between Austria-Hungary and Turkey they had seen a man impaled on a stake near a Turkish block-house. This was denied by the other side—and there was a considerable and influential other side—while the suggestion was put forth that the body seen was really a bundle of haricot-beans set up to dry. Whatever might have been the truth over that impalement, there was no doubt of the fact, there was plentiful evidence indeed of it, that hideous cruelties were being practised by the Turks on the Bulgarians, much as were repeated twenty years afterwards on the hapless Armenians. Anyhow, England went wild over it, and soon rival advocates were declaring vehemently for or against the justice of the accusations made. Disraeli, more or less airily, pooh-poohed them, and was strengthened in his view by the assurances of Sir Henry Elliot, at that time British Ambassador at the Porte and

a determined, honest Turcophil and later by Elliot's successor Sir Henry Layard. Queen Victoria also, under the influence of Disraeli, after a little while took them as only 'alleged.'

Gladstone, however, who nominally had retired from politics with the intention of settling down to Homer and other similar playthings, was willingly drawn from his anchorage to renew activities which, under the pressure of events, were to last until the middle of the nineties, when he left public life with a less exalted reputation. The Old Man Eloquent rushed through the country, his energies tireless, his indignation aflame, denouncing with all his heart the Turks and their misgovernment which always brought unhappiness, suffering, and death to the Christians under its rule. He laid down three great aims: to put a stop to their anarchical misrule, to prevent the recurrence of outrages by administrative reform, and to redeem the honour of the British name, which, he declared, in the deplorable events of the year had been gravely compromised by such interventions as the sending of the Fleet to the Dardanelles in the thick of the trouble, a gesture misunderstood and taken as sympathetic by the Turks. Beyond those reasonable purposes, in a peroration of extraordinary power, he pleaded that 'their Zaptiehs and their Mudirs, their Bimbashis and their Yuzbachis, their Kaimakams and their Pashas, one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the province they have desolated and profaned.'

The Grand Old Man, when the words caught him, was seldom inclined for half-measures only; whereby his great rival was able to whip him smartly for his verbal extravagances. As Disraeli said of him when the battle was over, in words that are historical because unforgettable, he was 'a sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself.' They did not mince matters or syllables in those oratorical days, and that famous rejoinder, with the passage by Gladstone that we have quoted, illustrate both the passionate thoroughness of the Liberal leader and the mordant imaginative wit of Dizzy. But not for that only have we quoted

Gladstone. There is another reason of less importance, as some may think, yet intriguing to the literary heart. Dr Seton-Watson accepts as a curious fact—more curious than he appears aware of—the circumstance that the phrase ‘bag and baggage’ ‘was not Gladstone’s own but was borrowed from an early despatch of no other than the redoubtable Stratford Canning.’ It certainly was borrowed, and also by Stratford Canning. A greater immortal than any mere statesman or ambassador was its only begetter—Touchstone; and how pleasant it is, even through that passing slip, to escape for a moment from the angers and fears of the old political scene to the sunlit glades and company of the Forest of Arden!

But the battle of platforms and debates went on with the curious effect of cross-dividing the parties—even the Cabinet having its opposing sections—and the country. Harcourt, for example, was very critical of Gladstone, declaring that, *more suo*, he was exaggerating the situation; Dilke, whose radicalism, added to his philosophic sympathies with the idea of republicanism, had made him highly suspect in the eyes of the Queen, told Harcourt that ‘if Gladstone goes on much longer I shall turn Turk’; while Lord Derby, the Foreign Secretary in the Conservative Government, was all the time a shrewd and critical observer of the methods of the Turks and able with prudence and foresight to prevent mistaken efforts on their behalf from going to seriously dangerous ends. Altogether he was a gracious and somewhat pathetic figure. In much the same manner as with the parties, so also the country was sharply divided, London and the South of England being anti-Russian, and, it seemed, willing to go to war with the Tsar; while Scotland and the North, especially among the practical-minded middle-classes, were vigorously against the Turks. Throughout the turmoil, and doubtless because of the extra division of parties, the House of Commons remained on the whole strangely lethargic over the Near Eastern Question.

It certainly was a tangle; the more so as Disraeli’s real interests were imperial and reaching to far beyond Constantinople. India was his chief concern. Partly to that purpose he had made his *coup* over the Suez Canal, and before long, as a result of the Berlin Congress, he was to add Cyprus to the British possessions, regarding

that island, somewhat mistakenly, as, in his own words to Queen Victoria, 'the Key to Western Asia.' Meanwhile Russia was the bugbear; and the false idea that Peter the Great had left a will enjoining his successors to extend the Muscovite Empire so as eventually to include India gave edge to many vague suspicions and fears. It is easy to be wise after the event and realise how impassable for a modern conquering army would have been the rough and naked plains and mountainous regions that lie between Moscow and Kashmir. But the dread of such invasion was strong; added to which the Tsar and his advisers remained on the subject 'inscrutable'; doubtless because inscrutability is inevitable where there are no plans. At the same time Siberia and memories of the soulless partition and subjection of Poland served to increase doubts as to the intentions of the Power which was threatening to establish itself on the Golden Horn.

Amongst the liveliest doubters of the good and future intentions of Russia was Queen Victoria. As Dr Seton-Watson acknowledges (though Mr Hardie is not so moderate), that was the sole occasion in her reign when she was not rightly prudent, and certainly she went a good distance then. Her dislike of Russia and Russian methods was increased by her almost equal dislike of Mr Gladstone, who, besides having got on 'the wrong side of her' in their formal associations, was now rampaging through the constituencies advocating measures to which she was vehemently opposed. But he was not a 'whole hogger' for Russia as against the Turks. He rather wanted, with his colleague the Duke of Argyll, to put the fate of Turkey into the hands of united Europe, taking it out of the solitary hands of Russia. But the Queen judged him from what she saw, and in that crusade, she declared, he had entirely forgotten the vital interests of his own country. Meanwhile her angers and anxieties increased. As Lady Salisbury, a sympathetic witness, wrote, the Queen 'has lost control of herself, badgers her ministers and pushes them towards war'; while later her Majesty wrote to Disraeli that if the Russians reached Constantinople she thought she would abdicate. Even he grew tired of it. 'The Faery writes every day and telegraphs every hour,' and, fully three months afterwards, 'it rains telegrams morn, noon and night, and Balmoral is really ceaseless.'

But at that time also it was believed that Constantinople was the key to Egypt—a further indication of the confusions in thought and judgment prevailing. As a foreign observer wrote, 'England, the land with the strongest nervous system, has at last got a fit of nerves.' But another foreign observer, Prince Bismarck, preserved his judgment in a way that might helpfully have been imitated elsewhere. In an oft-quoted and misquoted passage, he declared that he could see in the whole affair no interest for Germany 'which would be worth the healthy bones of a single Pomeranian musketeer.'

Meanwhile personal negotiations were proceeding and, preparatory to a conference at Constantinople which came to nothing, Lord Salisbury began a series of personal visits to the Chancelleries, forestalling the present-day useful practices of Mr Anthony Eden. Nobody at that time could have been more helpful or generally acceptable. 'Salisbury,' said Mr Gladstone, 'has little foreign or eastern knowledge and little craft. He is rough of tongue in public debate, but a great gentleman in private society. He is very remarkably clever, of unsure judgment, but is above everything that is mean; has no Disraelite prejudices, keeps a conscience and has plenty of manhood and character.' It was more necessary then than probably it had been before to secure such contacts; for the methods of the Foreign Office still were lumbering, though possibly not quite so cumbersome as Mr C. K. Webster entertainingly reveals in his study of 'Lord Palmerston at Work' in the Coville and Temperley volume; and European diplomacy was enveloped not only in secrecy but also in deceit; this wilful determination to cloudiness going so far that, later, an Austrian plenipotentiary sent to London to investigate, deliberately hid his purpose from his own country's ambassador, while the representative of Russia was privately warned not to reveal it. To some extent that was not unlike the way in which Prince Lichnowsky was treated by his master, the German Emperor, immediately before the outbreak of the War—that we no longer should call 'recent.' The old diplomacy had its disadvantages.

The sinister figure of Abdul Hamid began then to loom darker and rapidly to become for his Christian peoples a horror in Turkey. Tragedy and accident had brought

him to the Sultanate; but he began his reign with protestations of constitutional good intentions, which encouraged deluded Turcophiles into contrasting his Liberalism with the evil despotism of the Tsar. When he was established, however, his policy changed. He dissolved his Parliament and proceeded through despotism, corruption, and espionage to reign as a ruinous autocrat for thirty years. Then, shortly after his accession, peace having been made with the beaten Serbs, who six months before, in conjunction with Montenegro, had risen against the Turks, a new war broke out with Russia. It was a surprising campaign, and the Battle and Siege of Plevna, for the unexpected energy and fighting capacity of the Turks under Osman Pasha in holding back for some time the strong forces of Russia, aroused the admiration of those onlookers who, whatever the rights or wrongs of a cause may be, enjoy seeing a little fellow not unsuccessfully tackling a big one. The end was inevitable. Victory again was on the side of the big battalions, and before long the Russians were really in Constantinople after the British fleet had dangerously anchored in the Dardanelles. War-mongers at home breathed fire anew or, for the first time, confronted by the sharp facts, put on caution. Happily the persuasions of peace or of talk—the almost futile Treaty of San Stefano had its uses in that respect—prevailed, and the curtain soon afterwards was raised on the final act of that tragi-comedy; its scene being laid at Berlin.

This was the period wherein the personalities of the statesmen responsible naturally had the fullest opportunity for their strategy or powers of persuasion. Much as President Woodrow Wilson confessed before he left Washington for Versailles that he looked forward to matching himself against the minds of European statesmen, so, when the delegates of Britain, France, Russia, and Austria went to Berlin under the presidency of Bismarck to discuss the future of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, with the representatives of Turkey, Greece and Italy attending (the last appearing for the first time at any Congress as a Great Power), it was with a similar zest of anticipation; especially as something of the personalities of the leading foreign statesmen of Europe through the recent excitements had become well-known to the general people.

As it happened the main business was already prepared, if not precisely cut-and-dried. Russia and Austria had made some private arrangements; and so had Russia and Great Britain, through the statesmanship of Lord Salisbury; his colleague in that negotiation being the special representative of Russia, Count Shuvalov, one of the most sympathetically attractive figures in European diplomacy of any time. This pre-arrangement, as Dr Seton-Watson points out, is clearly seen from a point to point comparison of the clauses of their Protocol with the Treaty as finally drafted.

'The British plenipotentiaries did not really go to Berlin as free agents, and the difficulties which they raised and the menacing attitude which they occasionally assumed had a considerable element of bluff. . . . "Punch" once more hit the nail on the head—and, indeed, never more effectually—when it depicted Beaconsfield, about to enter the conference chamber, turning with his hand upon the handle of the door, and addressing Bismarck in a genial confidential whisper, "Oh, I say, by the by, what's the French for compromise.'

It was such uncertainty over his French, while he rather fancied his powers in speaking it, that handicapped Beaconsfield in his functions as the chief delegate of Great Britain at the Congress; added to which he was old, ill, short-sighted, and deaf. At the same time he was fully possessed of his exceptional adroitness, shrewdness in judging character, and wit. At the beginning he was difficult and ambitious, and Bismarck, in particular, had doubts of his good faith and his abilities; but fortunately he recognised something of his own deficiencies and left it to Lord Salisbury to be the main negotiator. But, of course, the final responsible word remained with him. There is a curious story relating to him in conjunction with Prince Alexander Gorchakov, the head of the Russian delegation, a man of coarse fibre and small scruples, who also happened to be suffering from illness. The discussions had come to the question of Russia's Asiatic frontier, and Count Shuvalov, who feared '*des cochonneries du côté de Dizzy*,' was perturbed to find that Gorchakov insisted on reserving this question for direct discussion between himself and Beaconsfield alone. When he complained of this to Salisbury the latter replied, 'But Lord Beacons-

field can't negotiate; he has never seen a map of Asia Minor.' In spite of that the two statesmen met.

'The Russian General Staff had prepared a map of the disputed area, with two coloured lines, showing, first the frontier which they desired, and second what they regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of concession; and this Gorchakov took with him to his conversation with Beaconsfield. . . . Bismarck next day asked the two statesmen to sit side by side at the table, with the various maps unrolled before them. That produced by Gorchakov only contained a single line—that of San Stefano, which he declared to have been accepted by Beaconsfield. The latter denied this and produced a map with the Russian *ne plus ultra* line. . . . Gorchakov got up in great excitement, exclaiming, "There's treason: they have the map of our Staff."

It was left to Shuvalov, Salisbury, and Prince Hohenlohe, the German Ambassador to France, then to meet and hammer out a compromise line; but Salisbury was convinced that Gorchakov, knowing Beaconsfield to be short-sighted and ignorant of detail, had taken the opportunity to substitute another line. Exactly what happened probably cannot now be determined, but Dr Seton-Watson accepts the explanation that after their private interview together the two statesmen had inadvertently exchanged their most secret maps. With such an example before us, whatever the cause of that exchange may have been, are not we entitled to see from it how, behind the formalities, the uniforms, the stars, and the ever-bowing etiquette of the diplomatic world, human nature in its excellence and its faults is obstinately consistent to itself and bound to become manifest? So that it is not too preposterous to believe that a policy may be spoiled by physical myopia or by temper, or that a campaign may be lost through a sustained bout of indigestion!

It would be useless and hopeless to repeat in these pages even only the general results of the Berlin settlement, because they were not only widespread—or as widespread as that limited part of the earth that it concerned, the Near East, permitted—and intricate; but also because, like that of San Stefano, the Treaty of Berlin in many ways disappointed expectations and proved in the end a failure, requiring some of its clauses to be re-written and others quietly dropped. As so often in the politics

of the later Victorian years, Lord Salisbury told the truth of it frankly, when after a time the Turks were at their old games again and massacring their Christian subjects in Armenia, with Russia on the other side of the border and unable to help them: 'We backed the wrong horse'! Although Beaconsfield and he were able to come home from Berlin in triumph and were received at Dover by crowds so large and enthusiastic that for years their welcome remained a legend in the town, Lord Salisbury, at any rate, in his characteristic freedom from illusions knew the rock-bottom truth of it. 'In its British aspect,' says Dr Seton-Watson, 'it was a strategic retreat, brilliantly concealed by what we should now call the propagandist effect of "Peace with Honour" and by the spoils won through the Cyprus Convention.' Among its other consequences were the abandonment of the traditional policy of Turkish integrity and the final acceptance of the principle of national Balkan States—which proved, however, only the beginnings of a new chapter of endless unrest, jealousies, outrages, wars, and the Great War. But now it is, or seems for the time to be, done with, like a manuscript and a map rolled up and shelved; or it remains as a story of deep and peculiar political interest, as the author of this finely-built, broad-minded, finished, and well-documented volume has made it.

And what of the leading actors of the tragi-comedy, which in the scene as enacted at Berlin was not tragedy at all, not even to the Turks—what of them? It is not the Tsar in his benevolence (for he had such) or the evil Sultan who deserved the adjective that William Watson loudly gave him, or the other monarchs of the empires and kingdoms concerned that interest us now. They are like shadows at the back of the stage. But from any such setting-by, of course, we must except Queen Victoria, whose reactions to those, as to all events, whether she was right or wrong in her views, are of absorbing interest to all who revere her and love her great name and the personality that were strengths to the Empire she ruled and inspired. The chief statesmen in the controversy do, however, interest and entertain us as they strut upon that distant stage. How unreal in many ways they appear when seen over the distances of time, with their impassioned and ornamental oratory, their manœuvres, the devices indulged in, and

sometimes the deceits ; the secret meetings, the temporary alliances of suspicious rivals, the suggestions, the whispers, the shrugged shoulders, the laugh that hinted irony, the smile that might have been a subtle insult or a concession, the stupidity, the artfulness, the obstinacy, the wilfulness, the frequent and sometimes spontaneous *bon-mot* !

Bismarck was a success. Chosen almost in despair because no one else would have been generally acceptable, he put aside his not always hidden predilections to ensure success for the Congress and so far as was possible he did ensure it. He behaved, in his own words used before San Stefano, 'as an honest broker who really wants to do business.' He was tactful. In his shrewd rugged fashion he judged characters and acted on those judgments ; while unlike the large majority of men he did also know himself. 'With a gentleman I am always a gentleman and a half ; and when I have to do with a pirate, I try to be a pirate and a half.' The statement explains a good deal of the Prussian history with which he was associated. At Berlin he was conciliatory, but on guard. Eventually Beaconsfield triumphed over him. It was one of the most genuine, quiet successes of the Conservative Grand Old Man. Dizzy had taken to Berlin something of the reputation that he had originated when he was young ; all watchchains and persiflage with possibly some flavour of pretence, romantic as never had been any British statesman before or after him, and dropping pearls of epigram as bountifully as, according to Macaulay, the Muscovite ambassadors of an earlier period visiting the English Court had dropped 'pearls and vermin.' How—in the beginning a mere political adventurer and of the Chosen Race—he had gradually captured the confidence of the Tory Party and won the affection of his Queen as no other of her Prime Ministers had done, not even excepting the first of them, Lord Melbourne, was still an impressive, fantastic tale which must have attracted and amused Bismarck and more than probably made him extra-suspicious. His doubts, however, were charmed away, and in the end he had for Lord Beaconsfield a warm regard and respect. Although the main practical business was left to Lord Salisbury with the best results, Beaconsfield often brought his cleverness and readiness in seeing a way through a difficulty to bear, and scored points that were necessary

to the right end, as England saw it. But Salisbury did the solid work and nothing need be added here to Gladstone's tribute to his powers and fine character, except his further tribute, made a year after the Congress, that 'Nobody can dislike Salisbury's present foreign policy more than I do, but . . . I regard his reputation as part of the heritage of England.' Remembering the bitterness of party politics in the late seventies and early eighties, with Mr Gladstone as the outstanding voice of the Opposition, such words from him about the Second-in-Command on the other side were not only honourable to both of them but, in fact, were remarkable.

Coming to the foreign statesmen who shared the leading rôles in the Congress, one feels—and not, it may be hoped, through any national partiality—that they were not of the same moral calibre as our own representatives. They seem to have been more interested in the material ends (one does not wish at this juncture to be reminded of Cyprus, but that is another story altogether) and without question were unscrupulous. Even the delightful Shuvalov on occasion lied deliberately; while Gorchakov, his chief, had the morals of a successful brigand. General Ignatyev, the third of the Russian 'Big Three,' and who had been the Ambassador to the Porte, also was more than suspect over such moralities. Although in his own country he was known as 'the Father of Lies,' it is but fair to quote the testimony of Sir Edward Pears about him, that 'he never knew a false statement brought home to Ignatyev, and that the Ambassador himself bragged about deceiving diplomats by telling them the simple truth.' Count Julius Andrassy, the chief Austrian delegate, on the other hand, appears from the testimony of Dr Seton-Watson's pages to have been a very uncertain and tricky gentleman. He lied repeatedly and as we have seen took the trouble for ulterior purposes to keep crucial facts from the knowledge of his own country's ambassador in London. But he seems to have had a difficult task, as, although his policy enjoyed the approval of the Emperor, he was opposed by majorities in both the Austrian and Hungarian Parliaments.

Yet in international statesmanship, as elsewhere, the right quality of personality tells, and Andrassy, through his want of vision and honour and his narrownesses of

views and temper, failed to win the regard of his fellow delegates as well as the faith and admiration of his people at home. Not for him were there crowds at his return, rapturous with acclamations of pride and gratitude; but instead, as he ruefully confessed, 'a sort of cat's music!' Somewhat pathetic that, to the thoughts of sixty years afterwards; yet it is a further testimony to the influence of personality be it good or bad. Had he been of a truer, kinder, and nobler disposition, his failure would have been less pitiably received. It is personality, of which manners are an essential part, that makes the man—and the diplomatist—and unmakes them. The delegates of the other countries individually and through their responsibilities were of lesser concern. They played the small parts in the comedy, and were equally unnoticeable. Their names were not boldly printed on the programme of the event, and, except in such a full record as this of Dr Seton-Watson, have faded from the chronicles.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

John Bailey—King Albert—'Potsdam and Doorn'—the Tsar—Six Stuarts—Washington—Joan of Arc and Champion—'The Times'—Three on Religion—Gibbon and Cowper—'Minuet'—Rochester—Mr Wright's 'Dickens'—Miss Jewsbury—Don Quixote—A Parson's Diary—Grosvenor Square—Kenya—'Slouch Hat'—George Alexander and Anthony Hope.

It is uncommonly pleasant and appropriate to pay tribute in these pages to the thought of '**John Bailey, 1864-1931**' (Murray), whose letters and diaries his wife has brought together, extracted from and edited with helpful notes. Twice for brief periods, in the absence of Sir George Prothero, he acted as the Editor of the '*Quarterly*'; he was an ever-welcome and not infrequent contributor to these pages and always was a friend and counsellor whose opinion held weight. His mind was finely furnished and his heart enriched with the ideals that in his case found expression in a continuous devotion to beauty in reality and the works of inspiration. He was a prudent observer of men and movements, and his brief judgments of such as Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, and A. J. Balfour often add unexpected new lights to the general impression. He was fortunate in his work as a critic of literature and twice in these Letters stresses the truth, which too many journalistic reviewers lack—and some others also in more ambitious places—'that no true criticism is done except in the presence of the highest standards—to tell the truth about (Stephen) Phillips you ought to *think* about Marlowe and Shakespeare—but yet not necessarily to mention them.' His interests, at least in the artistic world, were widespread and instructed. His religion was that of nearly all men of heart and culture, faithful to principles yet quietly questioning. 'The only Kingdom really and eternally worth having is within us and spiritual, not without us at all.' With all his abiding love for the interests of beauty, natural and created, he took his fair share of public work, and with especial usefulness as the Chairman of the Executive of the National Trust. But he tried for the London

County Council and a seat in Parliament. That sort of public life, however, was not for him. Worse disappointments—and in talking with him one occasionally was aware of his wistful regret at having missed things that to him would have been most desirable—were his narrow loss of becoming the biographer of Benjamin Disraeli and the defeat of his candidature for the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. But he had his rewards; the happiest of homes, valuable friends, and much excellent achievement. 'In all fears and anxieties, the best things are things that cannot be taken away from one.' So said he, and among those best things that his friends will treasure will be the remembrance of that simple, kindly, cultured, high-souled, serviceable citizen and man.

We come now to works about the royal. '**Albert King of the Belgians**' (Methuen), by Charles d'Ydewalle, is an interesting study of a regal democrat and an outstanding personality. Albert in uniform, correct, kingly, aloof, upholder of ceremonial, was outwardly very different from Albert in mufti (often of a dreadful reach-me-down character) when touring alone in a small motor or on a bicycle, climbing mountains or skating. Still another Albert was the student in library or workshop conscientiously making up for the handicaps of a royally defective education. By nature he was reserved and shy, not a good 'mixer,' expecting to be misunderstood yet inflexible in his high purpose and duty; outwardly rather cynical and unbelieving of his undoubted position as a national and world hero, inwardly warm-hearted and affectionate, inspiring a devotion which he never quite understood. As the author says, he was

'incapable of small-mindedness himself, yet he loved gossip. Brave as Bayard, he made a great to-do at the slightest indisposition; having an iron constitution, illness caught him unawares and he loathed taking care of himself. Kind and charitable at heart he was often caustic and biting in his manner. The soul of simplicity, this simplicity was only equalled by his immense pride.'

Impartial to all parties, he guided his ministers while making intimates of none. 'He towered above the Government. He had only to raise his little finger to calm a crowd that would have shouted down both the

ministers and its own leaders.' The book is an intimate portrait of a man, great in his achievements in war and peace and humanly great even with trifling pettinesses.

There is an extraordinary fascination about the ways of princes, and no royal person has outdone the Kaiser William—whom Brigadier-General W. H-H. Waters will not allow us to call the Ex-Kaiser—in that respect. He is not to be numbered with the great emperors or rulers, so much littleness having been merged with his largeness, so much clay with the genius which some—our author amongst them—have discerned in him; but he has used his opportunities brilliantly and always somehow has filled the picture-frame, thereby drawing to himself the curiosity, with the admiration, or otherwise, of his fellow-men. General Waters in '**Potsdam and Doorn**' (Murray) has fed to the full that curiosity and interest. In frank talks, truthfully recorded by a courtier and military Boswell, the Kaiser expressed himself on all manner of subjects: the war, the Russian *débâcle* and many other aspects of the world of high affairs during his lifetime. He had no reticence and, indeed, talked so much that the General, with his confessed tendencies to interrupt, could hardly get a word in; and even then on one occasion the Empress Hermine had to plead that her husband should be allowed to go on. He went on. It all is interesting and in nothing more so than in the Kaiser's explanation of the 'scrap of paper' remark. Whatever the value of his justification may be, at any rate we do know now that he actually used those historic and disputed words.

In volume after volume rapidly the tragic history of Imperial Russia is being revealed, and every aspect of the movements which in the end brought catastrophe has been dealt with by advocates or by enemies of the Romanoff dynasty. In our last number we contemplated the unhappy career of a Terrorist, Spiridonova; and now comes, as a contrast from her point-of-view, the frank account of his experiences by General Mossolov, the head of the Russian Chancellery for the sixteen years which ended with the Revolution. '**At the Court of the Last Tsar**' (Methuen) is by no means a one-sided record. The General was a proved loyalist; but he recognised the defects—in any case he saw them after

the event—which proved to be fatal to that autocratic system. It is clear that he had no love for the unhappy Tsarina whose weaknesses and obstinacies he depicts, it almost seems, with an ungenerous joy; but while he did love the Emperor he also saw in him the fatal flaw of an inherent distrust of those with whom he worked. Referring to the staff who served the Tsar faithfully to the end the General sums up: 'Each one of these men did his duty. But every one of us felt that we never succeeded in inspiring in the Sovereign the confidence without which the difficulties of our task inevitably became more than mortal man can overcome.' The complex family side of the Tsar, his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, is interestingly displayed, and of course the sinister shadow of Rasputin falls on these pages.

An immense amount of literature has been written about the Stuarts, but there is yet room for a book like Miss Eva Scott's '**Six Stuart Sovereigns**' (Allen and Unwin), which attracts by its balance, scholarship, accuracy, impartiality and lack of verbal fireworks. The Stuarts from James V of Scotland to James II of England present a series of character studies of perennial interest. The extraordinary charm of Mary, Charles I, and Charles II was as marked as the grotesque uncouthness of James I and the humourless obstinacy of James II. Nearly all qualities, good and bad, are shown in the Family, but the good in the end were almost as much rewarded with disaster as the bad. A malign fate seemed to brood over the dynasty, successfully opposed for a few periods, but with the impending gloomy end ever casting its shadow. One point the author rightly makes clear is that if the Stuarts were often overbearing and tactless in their dealings with their parliaments, those parliaments were usually so intractable, unreasonable and obstinate that even an archangel would have been severely tried to work with them or endure them long.

In the last words of his 'English judgment' of '**George Washington**' (Harrap), Mr Michael de la Bedoyere confesses that the secret of the greatness of the Father of the United States perished when he died; and so concludes a biography which is as honest an attempt as any to comprehend the hidden heart of the first

American. But why 'English judgment'? The expression suggests bias, as surely as the words 'American judgment' of Washington would do. Why not historical judgment? Doubtless Mr de la Bedoyere has used the expression to remind readers that his record is discriminating and not one of those efforts of unsullied glorification which in the end only hurt the reputation of the subject. In this work Washington, although he remains something of an enigma at the end, is made a human figure, with faults and virtues; a hot, rapid temper alternating with the coldness of shyness, and at least a hint of untruthfulness, which would not be referred to if it were not for the over-told, unfounded story of his little axe—the small faults being combined with extraordinary courage and devotion to his duty when the necessity was evident. Was ever a man less well-served by those he led? Desertion, sluggishness, and treachery were continuous on the side of the Americans; and the wonder is that still they won their war. But the stupidity and slackness of the British Government was immeasurable then, and Howe, their early general, too ardent a lover of the luxuries and debasements which soften a man to be eager or victorious. The story of the loss of the American colonies is inevitably sad to an Englishman; but told with the truthful spirit of this biography it is not painful while it is instructive.

The marvellous story of La Pucelle has found an eloquent exponent in Mr Milton Waldman, whose 'Joan of Arc' (Longmans), especially in its later chapters beginning with her earlier fighting and continuing with the long-drawn Trial, is written with dramatic force, clarity, and point. Possibly he is over-prone to verbal smartnesses which, without adding to its humanity, a little detract from the fineness of the theme, as in the flippant association of 'fleshly intimacy' (on p. 45) with 'the intimacy of Heaven.' It is, moreover, surprising to find from the witness of the bibliography that so up-to-date a student of the personality and history of Joan as he has not read Miss Margaret Murray's 'The Witch Cult in Western Europe,' for she throws most valuable light on the reasons why the Church was so vindictively determined to prove Joan a witch and to burn her. That she was not a witch is proved by that last tremendous scene

with 'Jesus,' the ultimate word, rising from her lips ; but no history of the Maid can be complete that ignores or overlooks such evidence as Miss Murray produces of certain possible influences brought to her childhood. From the same publishing-house comes a kindred volume on a less-known theme, 'Edmund Campion,' by Mr Evelyn Waugh. Well and imaginatively written with an excellent spirit of fairmindedness, this is entirely successful. Despite its brevity the author brings out the fullness of the desperate, dangerous character of the missionary enterprise of the Tudor Jesuit and also his personal charm. Campion lives again. One is, however, a little perplexed as to how he went by river from Dover to Hythe. Perhaps things geographical were different then !

'The Times' began this year with a notable historical issue to celebrate its 150th birthday. This issue found so much favour that it has been reprinted in volume form, 'A Newspaper History, 1785-1935' (Times Publishing Co.), and makes an interesting record, fully illustrated, of a remarkable journalistic achievement. Even the names of those connected with Printing House Square make attractive reading and explain the world-wide influence of 'The Thunderer'—John Walter, Thomas Barnes, Henry Brougham, J. T. Delane, Sir William Howard Russell, Henri de Blowitz, G. E. Buckle, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Sir Valentine Chirol, C. F. Moberly Bell, Lord Northcliffe, and as time is ever present as well as past, there should be no omission of names like Geoffrey Dawson and John Astor still carrying on the great tradition. The book gives a clear account of the many branches of newspaper work—editing, production, publication, distribution, news-getting, paper-making, machine designing, and subsidiary activities.

The infinite, diverse, stimulating, baffling and much else aspects of the Divine are curiously illustrated by three volumes of serious appeal which happen by accident to be ranged together on the reviewer's table. The first is severely philosophical, though again as often in such case, the mental effort required by the theme is well-rewarded by its circumstance. Under the absolute title 'God' (Macmillan), Professor John Elob Boodin of the University of California has put together a cosmic philosophy of religion, in which he discovers the eternal

Spirit of truth, goodness and beauty, and in its ultimate developments love. Not only has he examined the fundamental bases, so far as they may be determined, of accepted religion, but the endeavours of recent thinkers to express what are their ideas of God. 'The God we discover as cosmic control, as mathematical and æsthetic genius, is also a God to whom we can pray and whom we worship'; and it is in this respect that Professor Boodin's work is so much more humanly acceptable than many of the philosophical or scientific theses devoted to that greatest of searchings, purposes, and necessities. Our second book comes from the fanciful pen of M. Maurice Maeterlinck. '**Before the Great Silence**' (Allen and Unwin) consists of many apothegms of very unequal value, mainly inspired by the benevolent wisdom of the Emperor Hadrian. To quote would be likely to mislead; and on the whole would not help? This probably will find its place as a satisfying bed-side book. It is prudent; it is well-expressed; it is not exciting. Thirdly, Mr Oliver Baldwin, whose chivalrous life has been full of hazardous adventures, tells the most famous of stories '**The Coming of Aïssa**' (Grayson), otherwise known as Jesus of Nazareth, in his own independent fashion. Necessarily, in telling his human tale and disowning the orthodox as well as the merely legendary details and conclusions, Mr Baldwin is likely to displease many; but yet he writes with reverence for the personality of Aïssa, as for the spirit of truth and loving-mindedness, as well as with courage; and again proves that he belongs to the often-misunderstood but noble-purposed company of the Quixotes.

There were giants in those days, remarks Mr Edmund Blunden at the opening of his apt appreciation of '**Edward Gibbon and his Age**' (Arrowsmith), this year's Arthur Skemp Memorial Lecture at Bristol University. His brochure is an excellent example of much-in-brevity. It describes the essential with a nice economy of words. Of course, he notes the old prejudices against the historian and the misjudgments due to the tastes of the time to which even Coleridge and Charles Lamb gave expression. As to the attitude of religious partisans like Dean Milman, that belongs to the inconvertible and may as well in future be ignored. The greatness of Gibbon's

work, which, as Mr Blunden notes, was the finest intellectual fruit of his age, still lives and needs no—bush. Gibbon may be skipped, but never can be ignored. His labours were so worthy of the vastness he essayed that his imitators hitherto have been the poorer for the comparisons they invited; and what would we not give for the History of the Rise and Fall of Ancient Greece to have been written by that same witty, wise, purple, and interested pen!

In discussing '**William Cowper and the Eighteenth Century**' (Ivor Nicholson and Watson), Mr Gilbert Thomas has a subject after his own heart. In the earlier parts we felt that he was too easily liable to digress, and that through his interest in the social conditions of England at the time and the Evangelical Revival—he was apt to forget his poet; while throughout he seems overwilling to spoil the flow of his narrative with passing corrections of the misjudgments of other recent biographers. What do they matter? The poet's the thing. The flaws, however, are soon forgotten in the appeal of the whole. He has done well in bringing out as definitely as may be the psychological conditions of Cowper, and especially in pointing out that the weaknesses for which the influence of John Newton has been condemned were innate with him or, at least, were evident before he and Newton met. Not even the intellectual, the spiritual character of Swift is more difficult to estimate than is that of Cowper; and it speaks well for the insight of Mr Thomas that he has succeeded so well in making for his readers a living, breathing, loveable personality out of that 'castaway,' that 'stricken deer,' that 'shyest of mankind,' whose life, if not a long disease as Pope declared rhetorically his own life to be, was yet of exquisite suffering combined, undoubtedly, with exquisite joy.

Whether Professor F. C. Green of Toronto will be rewarded adequately for the scholarship and the pains he has taken and given to the writing of his critical survey of French and English literary ideas in the eighteenth century—somewhat oddly and not helpfully entitled '**Minuet**' (Dent)—is doubtful; but he deserves for it appreciation and the added reward known generally as sales. His studies cover a very wide span, as, of course, the period dealt with suggests, in which, incidentally, are

brought out the essential differences that existed between the French and English mental atmospheres and genius. With our friends beyond the Channel there were Boileau, Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau ; and with us Pope, Gray, Richardson. Only so can we suggest the generous scope of the work and its difficult variety ; yet the Professor succeeds in his purpose. Different, opposite, as in many respects the geniuses of the nations are, he is able to discover evidences of the influence of each on the other, and thereby justifies, with plentiful wit and abundant grace, his ambitious effort.

It does the heart good to meet with so competent and whole-hearted a champion of misunderstood genius as Professor Vivian de Sola Pinto proves in his full-length literary portrait of John Wilmot, the second Earl of Rochester, and the friend, crony, and shrewd, sometimes dangerously bitter critic of King Charles the Second. This work, '**Rochester**' (Lane), is so well done that readers who may be indifferent to its particular subject will yet enjoy it as a study of a time which, although it sparkled with wit and had some will towards fine achievement, was suffering disillusionments through the lingering results of an exhausting Civil War, with its frequent break-up of families, and years of unsettled and corrupt government. Rochester in many respects was a supreme human representative of the Restoration period ; a master in prose and verse, witty, immoral, heartless in many ways, wild and capricious often to eccentricity—and he could be very eccentric, as was shown in his escapade as a quack doctor and master of astrology in hired lodgings on Tower Hill—impulsive without thought of the consequences, and brave, as he showed himself when a gentleman-volunteer aboard ship in the naval fighting with the Dutch. His reputation, highly-coloured and dark, was chiefly due to his follies, and helped by the spoken and printed ill-judgments of his rivals and enemies in the spheres of politics, licentiousness, and love. Professor Pinto, with an uncertain case before him, is at pains to justify his tarnished hero ; and although it looks as if he has sometimes over-stated the possibilities, as in his suggestion that Rochester's views of matrimony, expressed in the bitter '*Satyr against Marriage*' and in his attacks upon religion, came from a man whose 'high

expectations' in those institutions were disappointed, yet such satire in that age was merely customary to one whose pen could prick with ridicule and laugh with brilliancy at anything established and who had no great store of decency in his heart. But of that we cannot surely know. If the plain citizen of these our days is often a mystery to his fellows, how deep an enigma must so contradictory a sprite as the Earl of Rochester have been to his own age and even more so to ours. Professor Pinto has set before his readers a fascinating personal problem, which enables its subject to be better thought of than earlier was possible.

Not all of us are Dickensians ; but many are happily so, and they, the devoted and enthusiastic, are likely to receive a shock when they read, as they must do, Mr Thomas Wright's revelations about the Master. The earthliness of the gods can hardly be disclosed comfortably, as this occasion proves. The latest '**Life of Charles Dickens**' (Herbert Jenkins) is almost the more disquieting through the very gentle, continuous manner in which its discoveries are pressed home ; and, while it is always a pity when the hidden ugly passages of a great man's life are divulged, that too frequently is the price that must be paid for outstanding prominence and fortune. Mr Wright, in the course of his full book, tells faithfully, and without over-stressing, the story of Dickens's intrigue with the actress, Ellen Lawless Ternan, after his home-life with his wife Catherine Hogarth, the mother of his ten children, had collapsed ; and, so far as may be, justly excuses Miss Ternan's share in the unauthorised partnership, though certainly not that of Mr Dickens. And there we leave it. Blot as it was, and wilful, wanton, it yet was consequent of a personality and gifts which gave the world a vast treasury of enjoyment ; and possibly without the temperament that in his case responded instantly to impulses and produced his faults, we should not have had from him the good things which strengthened the world's laughter and (in his time anyhow) sweetened its tears. One cannot think the better of Charles Dickens for the newest revelations of this book, but that only makes it the more necessary to remember the multitudinous offspring of 'Boz' who were the children of joy and genius. It is curious that Mr Wright in noticing

that Sir Henry Fielding Dickens was at divers times Recorder of Deal and of Maidstone has overlooked the greater fact that for years he was the Common Sergeant in London.

Miss Susanne Howe's amusing-pathetic study of '**Geraldine Jewsbury: Her Life and Errors**' (Allen and Unwin) could well have been done without; but being written it is worth reading. The earnest, eloquent, man-chasing, well-meaning spinster, who came from Manchester to make a sort of figure in London literary society, amid the Carlyles, Kingsleys, Froude, and other lights of the time, and who wrote novels and reviews of fiction industriously, might easily have been made—as some have made her—a figure of fun. But Miss Howe is too discriminating and sympathetic to be so unjust. Miss Jewsbury's life was not easy; while her passionate wish to adore—it might be Mrs Carlyle, it might be this Egyptian adventurer, that Australian bushman—and to be necessary to the happiness of those about her was so worthy and natural, being a result of the restrictions that most Victorian women had to endure, that one can only respect her motives even when she was most elaborately giving herself away. This book illustrates anew the old truth that we suspect not a tithe of the comedies and tragedies in the lives of men and women that are happening all the time almost under our noses.

Although Professor Salvador de Madariago describes his '**Don Quixote**' (Clarendon Press) as 'an introductory essay in Psychology,' it is a good deal more than that, as all lovers of the greatest of novels will be glad to know. It is, indeed, an acute and searching study-in-brevity of Cervantes' motives for writing his book, with analyses of the characters of Dorothea, Cardenio, and especially of the Don and Sancho Panza, whom the author bravely calls the two greatest men that Spain has produced. Psychology, of course; but the subtitle only feebly suggests the scope of the volume. Like Hamlet, Don Quixote is so well-known to lovers of literature that the many questions evolved from reading it naturally occur and generally have been considered; yet the Professor has much to say that is illuminating, especially on the influence, the one on the other, of the Don and his squire, as well as on the growth of the ideals

of the knight and the increasing enlightenment of mind and heart of his plodding masterly servant. It is full of suggestion, especially in bringing out the truth that the Don's most dreaded enemy was the consciousness that it all was an illusion. Yet the book strengthens the confidence—the unassailable conviction—of all his lovers that this supreme gentleman was “worthy in his earnestness and good faith to overstep the borderline of sanity on the side which touches the divine.”

The custom frequently practised by incumbents in the old days of keeping journals and making their timely, trivial entries has often been a source of helpful information on passing events and social conditions; and is so again with ‘*The Diary of Thomas Crosfield*’ (Oxford University Press), which Dr F. S. Boas has industriously edited. Something of the labour involved is illustrated in two of the facsimile pages given, which show the original to have been what Tony Lumpkin called ‘a damned cramp-piece of penmanship.’ The result, however, is worth some one else’s efforts, for although Crosfield’s notes were scrappy, terse, and varied, the kindly and dutiful cleric, who held livings in the Isle of Wight, Westmorland, and Yorkshire, reveals details of interest as seen from the wisdom of Queen’s College, Oxford. He lived in the troublesome times of the first Charles and we find references to Laud’s administration, to Felton’s stabbing of Buckingham, to bonfires for the birth of the future James II, to the siege of Rochelle; but the main interest of the Diary is of Oxford and Queen’s, their administration and preferments, with troubles and fears over politics, as well as over those students who would not adhere to the wishes of the Provost in the formal cutting of their hair.

Mr Arthur Irwin Dasent’s ‘*History of Grosvenor Square*’ (Macmillan) might almost be called a Select Study of Strawberry-leaves (ducal growth), Society (snob’s dream variety), Sport (chiefly of kings), and Scandal (in high life). In spite of irritating digressions and discursions and a trying method of scattering information about the same house in different chapters, the book is eminently readable. The author must have worked hard in gleaning information from old parochial rate-registers, and he has succeeded in com-

piling a wonderfully complete record of the successive tenants of every house. A little more careful proof-reading, however, would have saved him from several obvious errors. It is edifying to know that one house alone (No. 3) has sheltered 2 dukes, 2 marquises, 5 earls, 3 viscounts and a baron, most of them of irreproachable character, which is more than can be said of the past residents of many of the houses; and Mr Dasent presents us with a strongly flavoured and well-coloured bouquet of aristocratic scandals, chiefly matrimonial, with which few other London localities could compete. On the other hand there are many pillars and paragons of virtue who perhaps are not so amusing to read about, but who help to make an entertaining volume.

The name of Kenya still suggests such opportunities for controversy and party clash, that we opened Elspeth Huxley's two-volume study of that great region, its establishment and partial development, with some uncertainty. It was needless to be so fearful. The author has frank opinions and expresses them with a courageous determination; and he would be a curmudgeon, a little-Englander of the poorest type, who did not accept with respect and admiration her sincere statement of the troubles, anxieties, fine public and imperial spirit, hopes and prospects of that '**White Man's Country**' (Macmillan), as provocatively she calls it. We are not disposed to quarrel with her over anything, although much that she says is disputable. Detraction of our Empire-makers, of the inspiring spirits and courageous hearts who have ventured beyond the frontiers to establish places wherein our kin may live has often been too ample and frequent, as well as mightily unjust. This voluminous work, besides being a record of the development of a state in East Africa, is a tribute to the late Lord Delamere, who lived for that work and gave to it a whole-hearted energy, enthusiasm, alert ability and consistency. He died in harness and was buried—as Rhodes was buried—on a height in the country he loved; and as the years pass the more will his name be revered by those who know of his public efforts and achievements, and not the least so probably by the best of his old opponents.

For the full half of a normal life-time, Dr Malcolm

Burr has been in touch with Montenegro and Serbia; and there can be no doubt, after reading his book of reminiscences, infelicitously entitled 'Slouch Hat' (Allen and Unwin), that he has left the best part of his heart somewhere in the Balkans. He knew Montenegro in the flourishing days of that astute old rascal Prince Nikola; he served during the War as commanding-officer of a labour battalion, chiefly manned by his beloved Serbs; and after the War settled with his family in Macedonia. He writes throughout in the breezy pleasant anecdotal fashion which in his earlier books has proved enjoyable; and incidentally gives glimpses of the war-years that for him must have been most laborious. His happiest pages are those which describe the people, peasants, and officials, whom he met again in peace-time. Many of them had been his 'constituents' as he loves to call his former rank-and-file. It is clear from the incidents recorded that his affection for them was returned: *Zdravo Gosp' Kapetane!*

So many theatrical biographies have been occasions for sticky adulation interspersed with the flatteries of press-cuttings that it adds to the pleasure of reading Mr A. E. W. Mason's tribute to 'Sir George Alexander and the St James' Theatre' (Macmillan) to find it discriminating. But then Mr. Mason is an artist with close experience of his subject and who knows how to turn a phrase and avoid verbal emptiness. He has enjoyed writing this book, and incidentally cleared his heart of certain natural dislikes by expressing them, including the old-time hurtful booing of the gods, and the ill-mannered practice of certain present-day players who will have their private jokes and fooleries on the stage when they should be giving their whole thoughts to their work which the audience has paid to see. Also, he provides brilliant pen-miniatures of Henry Arthur Jones, Henry James, Pinero, and Oscar Wilde; while in connection with the last of those playwrights he is able to serve the memory of George Alexander well. For Frank Harris, whose biographical studies showed an imagination, if such it may be called, which his over-rated stories lacked, in his Life of Wilde said things of the actor which stuck in the reader's mind. They were lies, as Mr Mason proves, and it is well to know it; for Alexander, if not a great actor,

was better than competent and a true and charming man, whose gifts on the stage and in the choice and production of his plays made the St James's (how much better that sounds than Mr Mason's St James' !) a prosperous centre of enjoyable art for more than a quarter of a century. It comprises an attractive chapter of theatrical history, though burdened in this book with rather too many of the statistics that gladden the heart of a box-office.

Sir Charles Mallet has fulfilled a labour of love in writing about '**Anthony Hope and his Books**' (Hutchinson). He has been thorough and true; but, somehow, something of the charm and more of the wit that were Anthony Hope Hawkins appear to have eluded him. It is an excellent monument to a friend and a talented man; but at the end of it, though modified by the glorious letter written to Lady Hawkins by Sir James Barrie, the main impression left is not of the artist who roamed in Ruritania, but of the professional writing-man weighing doubtfully at every year's end the financial rewards of his considerable output. Next to that inadequate impression of Anthony Hope we discover again the moral that no success seems sufficient to the seeker of glory in any sphere; and, curiously, in spite of the fortune he made and the happiness he gave to fiction-readers and playgoers all the world over, for lack of the fullness of his heart's desire he was conscious of a disappointment. "I have leisure for a masterpiece," he sighed in a letter to his kindly and sympathetic "Griss"—"not the rest of the equipment, however"; which is a little sad remembering how richly he gave provision to defeat the sadness of others. But is that not always so? Has a sincere worker in any of the arts ever reached his own recognised goal?

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